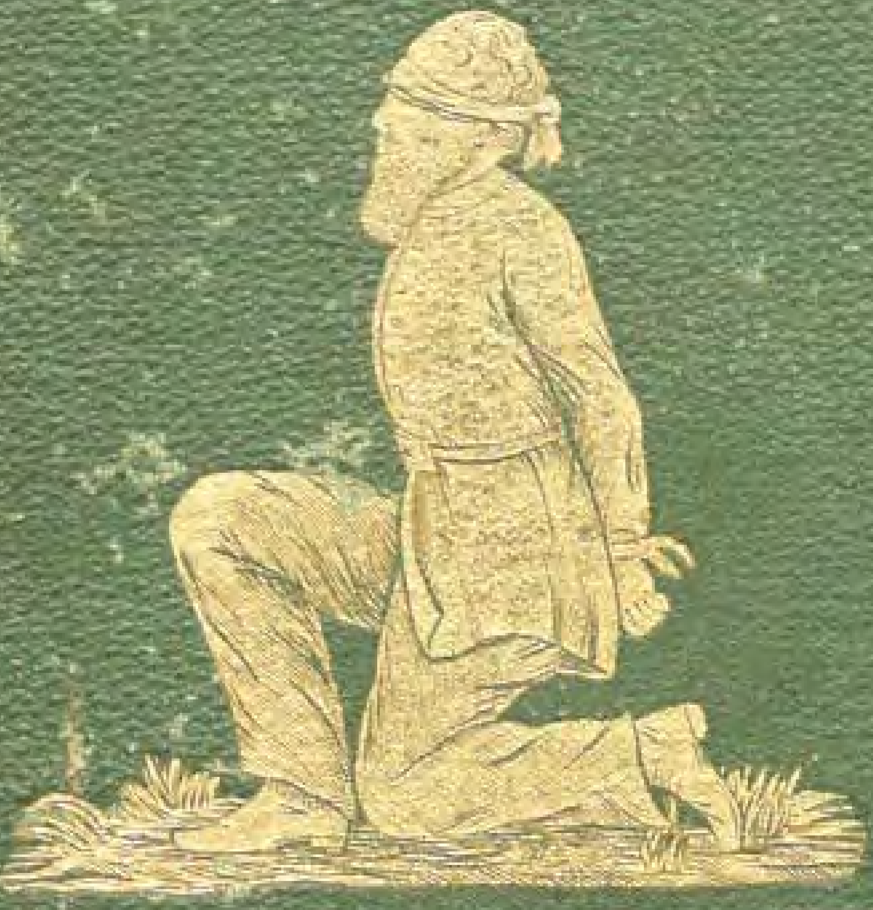
CAPTAIN FRY



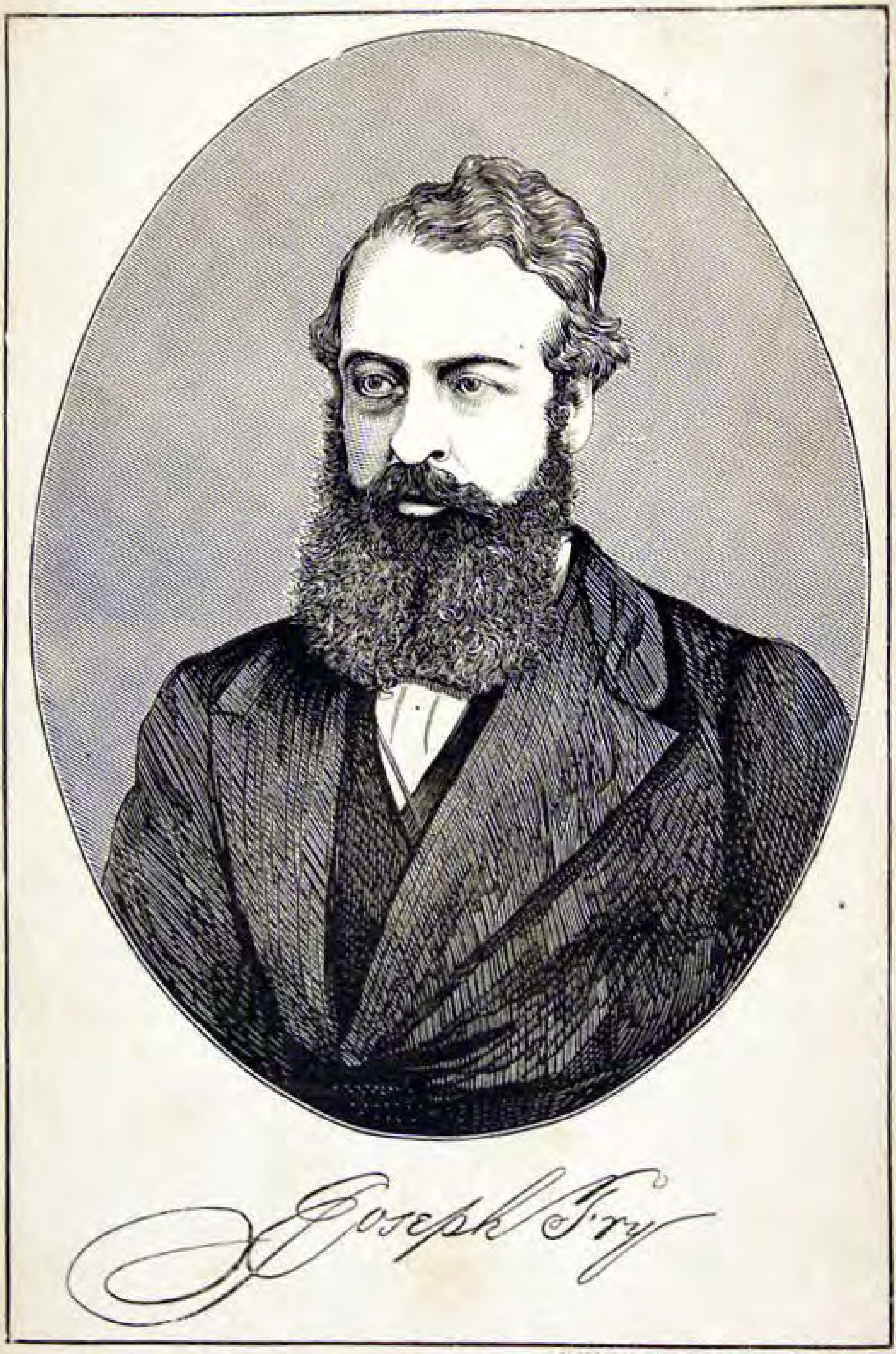
THE CUBAN MARTYR

C. W. Grandy

RS 15
85 [illegible]

In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY.



Joseph Fry

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS.

LIFE

OF

CAPT. JOSEPH FRY

THE CUBAN MARTYR.

BEING

A FAITHFUL RECORD OF HIS REMARKABLE CAREER FROM CHILDHOOD TO THE TIME OF HIS HEROIC DEATH AT THE HANDS OF SPANISH EXECUTIONERS; RECOUNTING HIS EXPERIENCE AS AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. AND CONFEDERATE NAVIES, AND REVEALING MUCH OF THE INNER HISTORY AND SECRET MARINE SERVICE OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

BY

JEANIE MORT WALKER,

OF NEW ORLEANS.

Published for the Benefit of the Widow and Orphans of Capt. Fry.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

HARTFORD:
THE J. B. BURR PUBLISHING CO.
1875.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874, by
THE J. B. BURR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

DEDICATED

TO THE

Friends of the Widow and the Orphan;

TO THE

Compatriots of the Hero;

TO THE

Lovers of Free Cuba;

TO HIS BROTHERS,

The Fellows of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences;

AND TO

Sir Lambton Lorraine,

THE BRITISH DEFENDER OF AMERICAN HONOR.

"The noblest gift a hero gives his race
Is to have been a hero!"

GEORGE ELIOT.

"Lubenter quiesceremus libertate partâ;
Quiescemus amissâ, perlubenter."

"Willingly would we have died to liberate our country; not having been able to liberate her, we die still more willingly."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

"What though we fail! we feed the high
Tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in our *people's* breasts."

GEORGE ELIOT

PREFACE.

INSPIRED as it is by the tenderest sympathy for the widow and orphans of the "Cuban Martyr," I trust that my little memorial volume may touch the hearts of all his countrymen with a keener sense of their own bereavement, through the simple recital of his virtues. To know what *he* was is to realize what *they* have lost.

By a sudden, cruel blow bereft of husband and father, their protector and support, a heart-broken, invalid widow and seven young children — the eldest a fair, delicate young girl, the oldest son a cripple from infancy, the youngest scarcely more than a mere babe — are left totally unprovided for. To the bitter agony of their great grief are added the trials and hardships of poverty. They suffer in silence, shrinking from the publicity into which they have been forced. They make no appeal to the sympathies — to the charities — of the world.

Shall they continue to struggle on unaided? Let every heart that thrills over the story of his life respond freely to this appeal, and gladden their stricken hearts. Let their "luxury of woe" be superseded by the luxury of that ease and comfort which his life-long exertions failed to secure to them. Let not his last words prove vain: ". . . people will be kinder to you now, Dita;" "God will raise up friends for my poor widow and fatherless children."

New Orleans, August, 1878. THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

"For the main point in biography is to present *the man* in all his relations to his time, and to show to what extent it may have opposed or prospered his development; what view of mankind and the world he has shaped from it; and how far he himself may be an external reflection of its spirit." — GOETHE.

"IN all ages the biographies of great men have been fruitful in lessons; in all ages they have been powerful stimulants to a noble ambition; in all ages they have been regarded as armories wherein are gathered the weapons with which great battles have been won." Thus writes George H. Lewes, in his "Story of Goethe's Life." He also says, "Humanity reveals itself in fragments. One man is the embodiment of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it; we bestow the laurel crown on both. In virtue of a genius such as modern times have only seen equaled once or twice, Goethe deserves the epithet of 'Great.' Nor is it in virtue of genius alone that he deserves the title. Merck said of him that *what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote.*"

Goethe, though a great man, and a great poet, was "an inconstant lover and a tepid politician." His life was one of serene quiet. The friend of princes and the favorite of fortune, he knew nothing of those struggles which make the hero. He died in the quiet calm of old age, surrounded by all those most dear to him.

This is one of the "fragments" in which "humanity reveals itself."

Here is another, strong in contrasts. JOSEPH FRY, though not a great poet, was a great man. Of him, too, it may well be said that "what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote." His life itself was an epic poem. An idolizing husband and an indulgent father, his life was one long but vain struggle with misfortunes; one unbroken series of disappointments. But amid all the hardships and sorrows of poverty, he ever displayed a courage, a chivalry, a tenderness, a fidelity unsurpassed by the heroes of history or of romance.

He was endowed with exceptionally fine natural capacities, and his mind was well cultivated. He read much and thought deeply, being especially fond of speculating on abstruse subjects. He possessed large scientific attainments, and his inventions and discoveries will yet be of value to the world; though, unfortunately for himself, he had not the kind of genius which could put them successfully before the world or carry them into practical operation on a large scale.

His *physique* corresponded grandly with his chivalrous character. His eyes were of rare beauty and peculiar mesmeric power. He was of noble and imposing figure; tall, of almost gigantic stature, martial bearing, and singularly impressive appearance. He has been described as "a noble-looking old man, fully a head taller than any of his crew," but he was not an *old man*, for he was but little more than forty-five years of age, though hardships and anxiety had blanched his hair years ago. Withal, he was admirably proportioned, and, both in form and feature, recalled Hamlet's words, —

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

His record has been an honorable and a brilliant one, as the following pages will show. If a pure life, rich in honor, kindness, gallantry, truth, and faithful services, both in peace and in war, deserves remembrance, Captain Joseph Fry will never be forgotten.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, ANCESTRY, AND CHILDHOOD OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY. — A MISCHIEVOUS BUT WINNING LAD. — HIS EARLY SYMPATHIES FOR THE DISTRESSED. — MINISTERING AT THE BEDSIDE OF A DYING OLD NEGRESS AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE. — HIS PRANKS WITH THE COUNTRY WASHERWOMEN. — NICKNAMED "JOE LE DIABLE." — IMPRISONED IN A CLOSE CHEST. — GOES INTO THE PUBLIC STREET IN HIS NIGHTGOWN. — HIS MOTHER'S DISMAY. 27

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE JOE IS SENT NORTH TO BE EDUCATED. — THE OLD FRUIT-STALL KEEPER MISSES JOE. — AN INTERESTING TALE. — JOE'S MOTHER MOURNS HIS ABSENCE, AND PINES AWAY AND DIES IN HER GRIEF. — JOE IN CHARGE OF HIS QUAKER AUNTS IN RHODE ISLAND. — AT SCHOOL IN BALLSTON SPA, N. Y. — LEAVES SCHOOL. — ENTERS THE HARDWARE BUSINESS. — TAKES SUDDEN LEAVE OF HIS UNCLE. — HIS AMBITION FOR A MIDSHIPMAN'S BERTH. — IN WASHINGTON, PENNILESS AND ALONE. — SEEKS PRESIDENT TYLER, AND WINS HIS ADMIRATION. — RETURNS HOME WITH A WARRANT IN HIS POCKET, AND RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALL. 35

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN ENTERS THE NAVY. — WHILE AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL HE MAKES SEVERAL CRUISES. — ATTACHED TO THE STEAM FRIGATE MISSOURI. — THE FRIGATE BURNT OFF GIBRALTAR. — NARROW ESCAPE OF YOUNG FRY. — LOSS OF HIS OUTFIT. — CAPTAIN NEWTON'S TESTIMONIAL TO FRY'S CHARACTER AND HONORABLE CONDUCT. — PROMOTED TO THE GRADE OF PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. — CRUISES IN THE GULF OF MEXICO, ON BOARD THE VIXEN. — THE FLEET BOMBARDS VERA CRUZ.

— CONCLUSION OF THE MEXICAN WAR. — FRY VISITS HOME. — FALLS IN LOVE WITH AGNES SANDS. — HIS MARRIAGE. — ON BOARD THE WALKER, IN THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY. — IN COMMAND OF THE WILLIAM A. GRAHAM. — HIS DUTIES INTRODUCE HIM TO THE SOCIETY OF AGASSIZ AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED MEN, WHOSE APPROBATION HE SECURES. 46

CHAPTER IV.

IN COMMAND OF THE GRAHAM. — EXTRACT FROM MIDSHIPMAN FRY'S JOURNAL. — HIS AUNT'S ANXIETY. — HIS ESTIMATE OF SUCCESS — AT PENSACOLA. — THE LAUNCH OF THE DRY DOCK. — "CAPTAIN" FRY'S MEDITATIONS ON THE OCCASION. — THE VOYAGE FROM PENSACOLA TO CHESAPEAKE BAY VERY SEVERE. — THE PROVISIONS GIVE OUT. — A "BREAKFAST" AT LAST. — ARRIVAL AT NORFOLK. — ASKS TO BE RELIEVED FROM THE GRAHAM. — APPOINTED TO THE SUSQUEHANNA. — TRANSFERRED TO THE PLYMOUTH. — SAILS FOR THE EAST INDIES. — KEEPS A JOURNAL FOR HIS WIFE. 52

CHAPTER V.

ON BOARD THE PLYMOUTH. — FRY BEARS HIS LONG ABSENCE PHILOSOPHICALLY. — NOTES FOR HIS WIFE. — THE "COMFORTS" OF SICKNESS ON BOARD SHIP. — THE PLYMOUTH LEAVES NORFOLK FOR THE INDIAN OCEAN. — FRY'S COMMENTS ON HER DEPARTURE. — HIS PEN PICTURES. — MADEIRA AS SEEN BY FRY. — HOSPITALITY OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL. — DEATH OF LOPEZ, THE CUBAN PATRIOT. — FRY'S PREMONITION OF HIS OWN CAPTURE AND DEATH. — AT RIO. — ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR. — BOTANICAL GARDENS. — ROUNDING THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. — CHRISTMAS DAY. — FRY'S VISION OF HOME. — FROLIC AMONG THE MIDSHIPMEN. — DINING ON IMAGINARY VIANDS. — SCENE IN THE WARD-ROOM. 60

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE ANTIPODES. — JAVA. — MISERIES OF A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. — AT BATAVIA. — JUNKS AND JOSSES. — THREE DAYS ASHORE. — LUDICROUS SCENES. — TAKING

"TIFFEN," OR LUNCH. — A RELISH. — SHARKS' FINS MADE DELECTABLE. — BIRD'S-NEST SOUP. — CHINESE DINNER. — HOW THE TEA-LEAF IS PREPARED FOR USE. — FRY'S VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT BUITENZORG. — SPLENDID GROUNDS. — IMMENSE TREES. — THE BANYAN TREE. — BEAUTIFUL BIRDS. — JAPANESE WARE. — PASSAGE INTO THE CHINA SEA. — SINGAPORE. — FINE ROADS, ETC. — A CHINESE TEMPLE. — HINDOO TEMPLES. . . . 72

CHAPTER VII.

FRY TIRED OF HIS MODE OF LIFE. — CONTEMPLATES RETIRING FROM THE NAVY. — AN OFFICER'S VIEWS OF LIFE ON SHIPBOARD. — FRY MEDITATES ON HIS IDLE LIFE. — MACAO. — LETTERS FROM HOME. — A NATION IN BOATS. — TANKAS "MANNED" BY GIRLS. — EXPERT SAILORS. — FRY'S GLOWING DESCRIPTION OF THE TANKA GIRLS. — THEIR "MOTHER AT HOME." — A MINIATURE JOSS HOUSE. — A PORTUGUESE FAMILY IN CHINA. — THE SOAP FRUIT. — "CAMOENS' CAVE," THE CHIEF ATTRACTION OF MACAO. — HERE THE PORTUGUESE POET WROTE HIS "LUSIAD." 96

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLYMOUTH LEAVES MACAO. — AT AMOY. — THE CITY OUTVIES ALL OTHER CHINESE CITIES WITH ITS SMELLS. — A REMARKABLE JOSS-HOUSE DESCRIBED. — CHINESE REGARD FOR THE DEAD. — THEY ARE CREMATIONISTS. — THE MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT AT FOU-CHOU. — THEIR DELIGHT AT THE SIGHT OF AMERICANS. — FRY'S JOY ON MEETING THE LADIES. — HE FINDS DITA'S LIVING STATUE THERE. — MANDARINS. — A STREET SCENE. — MANNER OF SMOKING. — CONSECRATING A MAN-OF-WAR JUNK TO THE SERVICE OF JOSS. — AT NING-PO. — THE WAR-SHIP. — TAOU-TAI. — NING-PO FURNITURE. — FRY AT THE LOO CHOO ISLANDS. — HOMEWARD BOUND. — THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. 107

CHAPTER IX.

TWO YEARS OF HOME SERVICE. — PENSACOLA NAVY YARD. — AN EVENTLESS PERIOD. — AN INCIDENT WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO "THE CHRONICLES OF LEVI." — CAPTAIN LEVY DROPPED by the Naval Board. — The "Chronicles," written by Lieutenants Paul and Hoe, tell the Story. — An Insight into listless Life Ashore. 118

CHAPTER X.

In active Service again. — Cruise to the South Pacific. — "Lo, the Morning breaketh!" — Rounding Cape Horn via the Straits of Le Maire. — At Valparaiso, February, 1858. — Terrible Hurricane. — Fry sent Home on the Sick List. — Recommended to the retired List. — Placed in Charge of the Light-House Department of the Gulf Coast. — Surrenders his Trusts. — Officially complimented. — Resigns, January, 1861. — Casts his Fortunes with the South. — Pen Portrait of Fry by a Brother Officer. — Could not serve Two Masters. — Illustration of the Character and Course of Fry. 125

CHAPTER XI.

Confederate Record. — Captain of Artillery. — Letter of Captain Roy. — Fry doing Duty as a Commodore. — Approves and recommends the Turreted Monitors. — Contributes for the first Iron-clad Ram, the Manassas. — Establishes a Military and Naval Manufactory of Gun-carriages, etc. — Escape of the Sumter and the gallant Semmes. — Fry placed in Command of the Ivy. — Report of the Naval Expedition of October 12, 1861. — An interesting Document. — Transferred to the Maurepas. — Letters to his Wife. — Scenes on Board the Maurepas. — A providential Incident. — Capturing Commissary Stores, etc. — Distributes them to the People. — Federal Expedition up White River opposed by Fry. — Taken Prisoner. — Charge against Captain Fry refuted. 136

CHAPTER XII.

Fry placed on the Examining Board. — Visits various Cities. — Put in Command of the Eugenie. — Great Success. — Stationed at St. Thomas, Bermuda, as Government Agent. — Sent to Scotland for a Blockade-runner. — Pleasing Incident. — Makes several Successful Trips in the Ship Agnes E. Fry. — Sunk in Cape Fear River. — Captain Fry in Mobile Bay. — The great Naval Fight. — Preparations to run the Blockade. — Transferred to the Morgan. — Closing Scenes of the War. — Tribute to the Memory of Captain Fry by a Brother Officer. — Fry's great Bravery during the Fight in Mobile Bay. . . 166

CHAPTER XIII.

After the Surrender. — Without Home or Country. — Business Losses. — His mechanical Skill. — On the Board of Marine Inspectors. — Prohibited by the Legislature to act. — His inventive Genius. — Experiments with super-heated Steam. — Secures Letters Patent. — His Invention applied to Fruits. — Recommends it for disinfecting Purposes. — Member of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences. — Meteorological Observations in Louisiana. — Resolutions of the Academy on his Death. — Effort to raise the Trades to the Rank of Professions. — Sad Failure to secure a Living by keeping Boarders. — Reminiscences. . 190

CHAPTER XIV.

The Virginius. — Her History. — June, 1871, lands Ordnance Stores near Santiago. — Chased by the Bazan. — Convoyed by United States Steamer Kansas. — Lands on the Southern Coast of Cuba, bearing a Supply of Arms. — Accepts Command. — Blockade-Running and Penalties under the Laws of Nations. — Sails to Jamaica to take Charge of the Virginius. — Reception at Kingston. — Ten Days of Feasting and Mirth. — Letter of General Ryan. 214

CHAPTER XV.

Clearing of the Virginius. — Sails from Kingston amid the Cheers of the People. — Serious Accident to Dr. Govin and Associates. — Rescued by General Ryan. — Cuban Lads prevented from going with the Virginius. — Landing at Port au Prince for Materials of War. — Ordered out of Port. — The Spanish Man-of-War Tornado starts in Pursuit, and captures her. — Captain Fry shows his Papers, and protests. — The Spanish Officer's Reply. — Prisoners transferred to the Tornado. — A Prize Crew placed in Charge. — Sails for Santiago de Cuba. — Official Report of the Capture. — Account of the Chase by one of the Engineers. — The Tornado's Reception in Port with her Prize. — Court-martial. — Insurgent Leaders shot. — Burriel's Report. — Barbarity of the Spanish Soldiers, etc. 224

CHAPTER XVI.

Death of Captain Fry. — Question of the Legality of the Capture of the Virginius. — Mockery of Trial. — A Deed of ferocious Atrocity. — The British Consul's Protest ineffectual. — The American Consul absent. — A Combination of Perfidy and Sacrilege on the Part of the Cuban Butchers. — Fry's official Protest. — Marching to Execution. — Unwavering Tread. — How the Victims met their Death, as described by an Eye-witness. — A horrible Scene. . 267

CHAPTER XVII.

Fifty-three Victims murdered, and Ninety-three remaining. — Sir Lambton Lorraine protests. — The Cuban Butchers desist. — Sir Lambton's Reception in New York. — Declines a Public Ovation. — Silver Brick. — Sir Lambton rewarded by the British Government. — Burriel promoted to the Rank of Marshal of Spain. — Flag of Old England. 282

CHAPTER XVIII.

Public Opinion. — Indignation Meetings. — Baltimore speaks. — St. Louis Resolutions. — President Grant called on to issue a Proclamation, etc. — Meetings at New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere. — Proceedings at New Orleans. — How the Cuban Patriots regarded the Capture of the Virginius. — Opinions

OF THE LEADING PRESSES OF NEW YORK, ETC. — "JUSTITIA'S" COMMUNICATION TO THE NEW YORK HERALD. — EXTRACT FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER. 293

CHAPTER XIX.

DIPLOMACY. — CONFLICTING OPINIONS AS TO THE STATUS OF CUBA. — METHODS OF ARGUMENT. — SHOULD SPAIN BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BARBARITIES OF THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS? — REVERDY JOHNSON'S OPINION. — CONTRARY OPINION OF OTHER PUBLICISTS. — INSTRUCTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO GENERAL SICKLES, MINISTER TO SPAIN. — MR. SECRETARY FISH'S STRANGE PROCEEDINGS. — "THE GOSPEL OF PEACE." 315

CHAPTER XX.

RESTORATION OF THE VIRGINIUS. — LIBERATION OF THE SURVIVORS. — CONDITION OF THE VIRGINIUS AT THE TIME OF SURRENDER. — SHE SINKS IN EIGHT FATHOMS OF WATER OFF CAPE FEAR. — HER SURVIVORS IN PRISON. — SENT OFF IN THE NIGHT AS A MEASURE OF DIPLOMACY. — CONDITION OF THE PRISONERS WHEN RELEASED. — COVERED WITH FILTH, VERMIN, AND RAGS. — TAKEN BY THE JUNIATA TO NEW YORK. — SENT TO THE HOSPITALS. — MEDITATED BARBARITIES WHICH THE SURVIVORS ESCAPED. — BITTERNESS OF THE SPANISH PRESS. 330

CHAPTER XXI.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S SPECIAL MESSAGE, SUMMING UP THE VIRGINIUS AFFAIR, JANUARY, 1874. — THE LONDON TIMES' VIEW OF THE CASE. — THE NEW YORK HERALD'S COMMENTS, CONTRASTING THE COURSE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THAT OF THE UNITED STATES. . . . 340

CHAPTER XXII.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF CUBAN HISTORY. — CUBA'S MINERAL WEALTH AND AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES. — HER MARITIME POSITION. — LONGFELLOW'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND. — GOVERNMENT OF CUBA PRIOR TO AND SINCE

1837. — TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION. — HUNGRY OFFICIALS. — SKETCH OF LOPEZ. — HIS TWO EXPEDITIONS. — COLONEL W. S. CRITTENDEN. — THE LATTER EXPEDITION. — INCIDENTS. — COLONEL CRITTENDEN AND FIFTY FOLLOWERS CAPTURED AND SHOT. — CRITTENDEN'S UNSHRINKING BRAVERY. — REMAINS OF THE MURDERED VICTIMS DESECRATED. — LOPEZ VANQUISHED AND GARROTED. — GENERAL CONCHA, THE "BUTCHER OF ATARES." — OTHER EXPEDITIONS. — THE IMMORTAL CESPEDES. 360

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAST WORDS OF CAPTAIN FRY. — HIS LETTERS HEROIC POEMS. — LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER AGNES, NOVEMBER 4, 1873, HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME. — LETTERS TO DR. V. O. KING, MRS. DICKSON, HIS AUNT, AND TO HIS BROTHER WALTON. — LAST LETTER TO HIS BELOVED WIFE. — LETTER TO PRESIDENT GRANT. — NO NOTICE TAKEN OF IT. — CAPTAIN FRY'S LAST APPEAL FOR HIS MEN, IN A LETTER TO GENERAL BURRIEL. — COMMENTS OF THE PRESS UPON THE LAST WORDS OF THE SAILOR, GENTLEMAN, AND HERO, FRY. 426

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN FRY'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER. — HIS MOTHER A ROMAN CATHOLIC. — HIS BOYHOOD MOSTLY SPENT IN THE PURITAN HOME OF HIS GRANDFATHER. — A CATHOLIC EDITOR'S ENCOMIA. — A PROTESTANT WRITER'S PRAISE. — GENERAL QUESADA'S APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS. — A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS CELEBRATED. 459

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN FRY. — LETTER FROM MR. DE CORDOVA OF JAMAICA. — OTHER LETTERS. — "A NAME LUSTROUS IN ITS SUBLIME HEROISM." — "A CUBAN PICTURE," A POEM. — "O, REST YE IN PEACE." — REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE PRESS: THE MOBILE REGISTER, THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, THE NEW ORLEANS HERALD, TIMES, &C. — "VIRGINIUS," A POEM. — "AMICUS'S VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN FRY. 469

CHAPTER XXVI.

HELP FOR THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS. — CAPTAIN FRY'S SACRED LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN. — GENERAL QUESADA'S WARM-HEARTED APPEAL. — THE APPEALS OF THE PRESS SINGULARLY DISREGARDED. — RESPONSE OF ST. LOUIS. — VARIOUS ABORTIVE EFFORTS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE SUFFERING FAMILY OF CAPTAIN FRY. — "A WOOD AND COAL YARD" BUSINESS PROVIDED. — A FINAL APPEAL IN THE ELOQUENT LANGUAGE OF THE MOBILE REGISTER. 489

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

THE NAVY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO. — SEVERAL EVILS OF THE SYSTEM. — CAPTAIN FRY'S SUGGESTIONS OF AMELIORATION. — FLAGRANT ABUSES. — EXTRACTS FROM CAPTAIN FRY'S JOURNAL: A THOROUGH AND ABLE DISCUSSION OF THE NEEDED REFORMATION. — THE NAVY (THEN, 1854) "THE SPECTACLE OF AN INSTITUTION GONE TO DECAY." — THE SAILOR'S COMFORTLESS LIFE AND LABORS GRAPHICALLY PICTURED. — MERIT NO ASSURANCE OF POSITION IN THE NAVY. — "POSITION HAS THE EAR OF POWER." — "POWER, LIKE THE CUTTLE-FISH, CAN BLACKEN ALL WHO THREATEN IT." — CAPTAIN FRY'S DEFINITION OF EVIL. — WHAT FOLLOWED THE ABOLITION OF THE CAT-O'-NINE TAIL DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY, ETC. — THE SHAME OF A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT, ETC. 521

CHAPTER II.

DREAMS OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN JAPAN. — CAPTAIN FRY'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE IN REGARD THERETO, JANUARY, 1855. — HE SELECTS THE ISLANDS OF LOO CHOO, IN HIS FANCY, AS A PROSPECTIVE RESIDENCE. — LOO CHOO INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBED. — THE SITE OF "A PERFECT GARDEN FOR MAN." — DIFFICULTIES AND SACRIFICES WEIGHED, ETC. 539

CHAPTER III.

PREFATORY. — THE JAPAN EXPEDITION. — THE SECRECY ATTENDING IT. — NO NOTES OF IT IN CAPTAIN FRY'S PRIVATE JOURNAL. — THE REASON WHY. — SKETCH OF PERRY'S EXPEDITION. — JAPAN'S SECLUSION FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD. — PORTUGUESE, ENGLISH, AND DUTCH EFFORTS TO EXPLORE AND ESTABLISH RELATIONS WITH JAPAN. — THE UNITED STATES THE FIRST NATION, IN MODERN TIMES, TO EFFECT A TREATY WITH JAPAN. — HISTORY OF CERTAIN ATTEMPTS TO SECURE INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN. — EXPEDITION UNDER COMMODORE BIDDLE, 1846. — THE EXPEDITION OF THE PREBLE, 1849, UNDER COMMANDER GLYNN. — PERRY'S EXPEDITION. . 549

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION. — ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO VARIOUS PERSONS. — THE PRESS, ETC. — NOTICES OF THE PRESS. 588

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page

1. CAPT. JOSEPH FRY. Frontispiece. - - - - - 1
2. YOUNG FRY'S INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT TYLER, - 43
3. FRY RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION, - - - - - - 133
4. CAPT. FRY ON BOARD THE POWDER BOAT EUGENIE, - 169
5. RECEPTION AT KINGSTON, IN HONOR OF FRY, RYAN, AND VARONA, - - - - - - - - - - 223
6. TORNADO, IN PURSUIT OF THE VIRGINIUS, - - - 233
7. CAPTURE OF THE VIRGINIUS, - - - - - - - 237
8. SANTIAGO DE CUBA, - - - - - - - - 253
9. RYAN, VARONA, CESPEDES, AND DEL SOL, - - - 257
10. EXECUTION OF RYAN, VARONA, CESPEDES, AND DEL SOL, 261
11. EXECUTION OF CAPT. FRY AND HIS COMRADES, - - 277
12. SPANISH ATROCITIES, - - - - - - - - 281
13. SIR LAMBTON LORRAINE, - - - - - - - 285
14. BRITISH WAR VESSEL NIOBE, IN THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, - - - - - - - - 289
15. CHILDREN OF CAPT. FRY, - - - - - - - 431
16. MRS. AGNES E. FRY, - - - - - - - - 443

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, ANCESTRY, AND CHILDHOOD OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY. — A MISCHIEVOUS BUT WINNING LAD. — HIS EARLY SYMPATHIES FOR THE DISTRESSED. — MINISTERING AT THE BEDSIDE OF A DYING OLD NEGRESS AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE. — HIS PRANKS WITH THE COUNTRY WASHERWOMEN. — NICKNAMED "JOE LE DIABLE." — IMPRISONED IN A CLOSE CHEST. — GOES INTO THE PUBLIC STREET IN HIS NIGHTGOWN. — HIS MOTHER'S DISMAY.

JOSEPH FRY was born at Tampa Bay, Fla., on the fourteenth day of June, 1826. On the paternal side the ancestral record runs back to his great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Fry, of East Greenwich, R. I. In colonial times this worthy sea captain made voyages in the sloop Humbird from Narragansett Bay to the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea. Later in life he was a patriot of the revolution, until disabled by blindness from active services on sea or shore.

Joseph Fry, a younger son of this ancient mariner, having served his apprenticeship at the printer's art, in Rhode Island,—where he espoused Miss Anne Bowler,—removed to Albany, N. Y., where he published, in 1813, the first Directory of that city. Engaging subsequently in trade, he acquired a modest competence, maintaining throughout a long life an unblemished reputation for probity and discretion.

Samuel Fry, his eldest son, and the father of our hero, was born in Albany, and educated there. He chose the profession of law, and, after having been admitted to the bar, removed to the Southern States, residing, at different periods, in Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, and other cities. He became thoroughly identified with the South, loving her people and her institutions. In politics he was an uncompromising democrat of the "old school." He went to Florida as secretary to Governor Walton. He was a man of splendid natural talents and fine attainments, but of such singular reserve and modesty that he could never plead at the bar, and finally gave up the practice of his profession on that account. He held many responsible public offices, in both Alabama and Florida. He died in Augusta, Ga., shortly after the close of the late civil war.

He married Mlle. Marie Louise Senac, daughter of Pierre Senac and Agnes Krebs, of Florida. She was born in Pensacola, under the Spanish flag, of Creole parents descended from honorable French and Spanish families. She was a woman of very imposing presence, much above the medium height, and was very graceful and affable in her manners. She never spoke English, though understanding it, both as spoken and written. She possessed a mind of wonderful strength and rare capacity, though very feminine and retiring in her manners and disposition.

Soon after the birth of their eldest child, Joseph Fry, they removed to Key West, where the father had long held the position of deputy collector.

"Joe," as he was always called, early displayed great vivacity, and was very mischievous, though so engaging and winning in his manners as to disarm all resentment. He learned to talk at an unusually early age, and, when but eighteen months old, spoke both English and French fluently. At that tender age, it was a favorite diversion with his parents to feign not to understand the mother tongue of the other, when he would run from one to the other, translating the English message of the father into French in addressing his mother, and delivering the French reply of his mother in English.

At a very early age, he manifested that lively sympathy with persons in distress for which he was so pre-eminently characterized during his whole life. It is related of him, that when about five years of age, he was fond of playing near some springs on the outskirts of Pensacola, where they at that time resided. His mother, fearing that some accident might befall the daring child, forbade his going there alone. One day he was missed. After a hurried search about the premises, one of the servants went to the spring, but not finding him there, was returning in much alarm, when, hearing a childish voice proceeding from a miserable hut near by, she entered, and there found the lost child, seated in this wretched hovel, by the bedside of an apparently dying, aged negress, offering kindly words of consolation. He was carried home, and, when questioned by his mother, confessed that he was on his way to the forbidden spring, when he was startled by hearing low moans issuing from the hut. Entering, he found the old negress, who told him she was sick and dying for want of food and drink. He ran home for food for her; but fearing he might be prevented from returning, if discovered, he concealed himself until able, unobserved, to procure what he sought, when he flew back to the hut with it. He then brought water from the spring, and sitting down by her side, tried to console her by his childish prattle.

At this time he was the special dread of all the washerwomen of the country, who frequented the springs for lavatorial purposes, the water being supposed to possess peculiar cleansing and bleaching properties. He would steal away from home, armed with a squirt-gun; and woe to all their snowy linen spread upon the grass to bleach! They revenged themselves by calling him, "Joe le Diable," a *sobriquet* doubtless well earned by his numberless pranks, which, however, he atoned for by deeds of kindly thoughtfulness far beyond his years.

When about six years of age, he was sent on a visit to his maternal grandmother, in Mobile. It being impossible to keep him in sight during the day, she, in order that she might know where to find him, sent him to school. He did not remain there long, however. Finding the ordinary methods of restraint totally inadequate, the schoolmaster on one occasion, for some unusually mischievous outbreak, shut him up in a close chest for several hours. He was taken from it insensible, and carried home nearly asphyxiated.

At this time he was greatly exercised as to the choice of a profession. He had hitherto manifested a decided preference for the drayman's calling, but conceiving an ardent admiration for the Bishop of Mobile, whom he visited daily, his mind now wavered between the nearly evenly-balanced bishop and drayman.

Shortly after this his parents removed to Mobile. He was a source of great disquietude to his mother, continually running away, although she resorted to every imaginable method of keeping him at home. On one occasion she undressed him and put on his little night-gown, supposing that he certainly would not venture into the street in that garb. What was her dismay, missing him soon after, at finding her young hopeful in the street, flying his kite with as much nonchalance as though robed in the most approved costume.

A life-size portrait, in oil, painted at this age, presents a perfect model of boyish beauty. Seated in a crimson fauteuil, dressed in a dark-blue suit, with broad, falling collar and black neck-tie, the attitude and expression have all the gravity and dignity of manhood combined with the smooth, round face and rosy cheeks of childhood. We see there the glorious, large, dark eyes and broad, open forehead of later years. These only remained unchanged through life; though the eyes lost the careless, happy glance of youth, and were underlined with the dark traces of grief and anxiety, the forehead became seamed with care, and the dark, wavy locks assumed the iron-gray hue of age long ere Time had touched them with his frosty fingers.

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE JOE IS SENT NORTH TO BE EDUCATED. — THE OLD FRUIT-STALL KEEPER MISSES JOE. — AN INTERESTING TALE. — JOE'S MOTHER MOURNS HIS ABSENCE, AND PINES AWAY AND DIES IN HER GRIEF. — JOE IN CHARGE OF HIS QUAKER AUNTS IN RHODE ISLAND. — AT SCHOOL IN BALLSTON SPA, N. Y. — LEAVES SCHOOL. — ENTERS THE HARDWARE BUSINESS. — TAKES SUDDEN LEAVE OF HIS UNCLE. — HIS AMBITION FOR A MIDSHIPMAN'S BERTH. — IN WASHINGTON, PENNILESS AND ALONE. — SEEKS PRESIDENT TYLER, AND WINS HIS ADMIRATION. — RETURNS HOME WITH A WARRANT IN HIS POCKET, AND RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALL.

JOE'S father, proud of the manly beauty and quick intelligence of his son, desired to make him known to and loved by his northern relatives, and accordingly decided to send him North to be educated. This determination caused his mother the deepest sorrow, and her grief was not groundless, for she never beheld him again.

When but eight years of age, he left home under the care of a gentleman going to New

York, whence he was sent to his paternal grandparents, residing in Albany.

A few days after his departure, an old woman, with white hair streaming over her shoulders, and with insanity depicted in every feature, rushed into his mother's room, crying, "Where's my boy? What have you done with Joe? Joe, Joe, Joe!" she called loudly. Mrs. Fry was much alarmed at this strange violence, while the younger children gathered around her, clinging to her garments, and trembling with fear. The servants finally succeeded in calming this strange visitor; making her understand that Joe had gone far away, and would not return for several years. She gave a low cry, saying, in a moaning tone, "O, my son, my son, my son." Striding to the door, she turned upon the threshold, and raising her hand toward heaven, she invoked a malediction upon the heads of those who had deprived her of her child. Upon making inquiry it was ascertained that she was a poor half-crazed creature, who lived in a little shanty, in front of which she kept a fruit-stall. Many of Joe's missing hours had been passed there. When she went out to make purchases of fresh fruit, he would remain and guard her stall for her until her return. Often, when the old woman was sick, he had taken care of her, and attended to her stall at the same time. It is not strange that in her half-crazed brain she conceived the idea that he was her own child, for he had been as a son indeed to her.

A second and a third child followed Joe to New York. The tender mother pined for her children, but the father, sternly consulting only his own ideas of what was right and best, refused to call them home.

Receiving their education in New York, their English letters were but little consolation to the aching heart of the gentle Creole mother, and she gradually wasted away under her wearing grief, and sank into an early grave, leaving five young children, the youngest but a few weeks old.

The little orphans were placed under the care of two maiden aunts in Greenwich, R. I. The severely quiet, strict, Quaker habits of these excellent ladies ill accorded with the impulsive joyousness of childhood. The impress of the unwise restraints of this portion of his life is to be traced throughout Fry's whole career, and he frequently refers to it in his letters and journals.

The gentleman who had charge of him on his journey North was very fond of conversing with him in French. He would say to the travelers around him, "Listen to him. It is not often you can hear so young a child speak such French as that. He has the pure Parisian accent."

As soon as he was domesticated in his grandfather's family, he was sent to a private school, and afterward attended the "Albany Male Academy," making satisfactory progress in all his studies.

He also attended a boarding-school at Ballston Spa, N. Y. The first year he was dissatisfied, and was treated with great severity by the principal; but the next year a new principal was engaged, and Joe became very much attached to his school and to the teachers. He always maintained a tender regard and affection for the new principal, and after the close of the late civil war, entered into business engagements with him; which, however, resulted very disastrously for Captain Fry, as he not only sank all his own means, but also involved many of his friends in his losses, causing him great mental distress, as well as pecuniary embarrassment.

Leaving school at a very early age, he was employed by one of his uncles in the hardware business; but a few weeks sufficed to show his inadaptability to this occupation. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament could not brook the details of such employment, and his adventurous spirit chafed in the harness of commercial routine.

He greatly surprised his uncle, one day, by appearing before him with his valise in his hand, and the announcement that he was going to Washington for a midshipman's warrant!

"Why! it is preposterous," exclaimed his uncle. "Do you not know that your father has already made application, through the member of Congress from his state, and has been told that there is no possibility of obtaining an appointment, as there are already too many midshipmen?"

"Yes, I know all that, uncle; but I have a strong presentiment that I shall succeed."

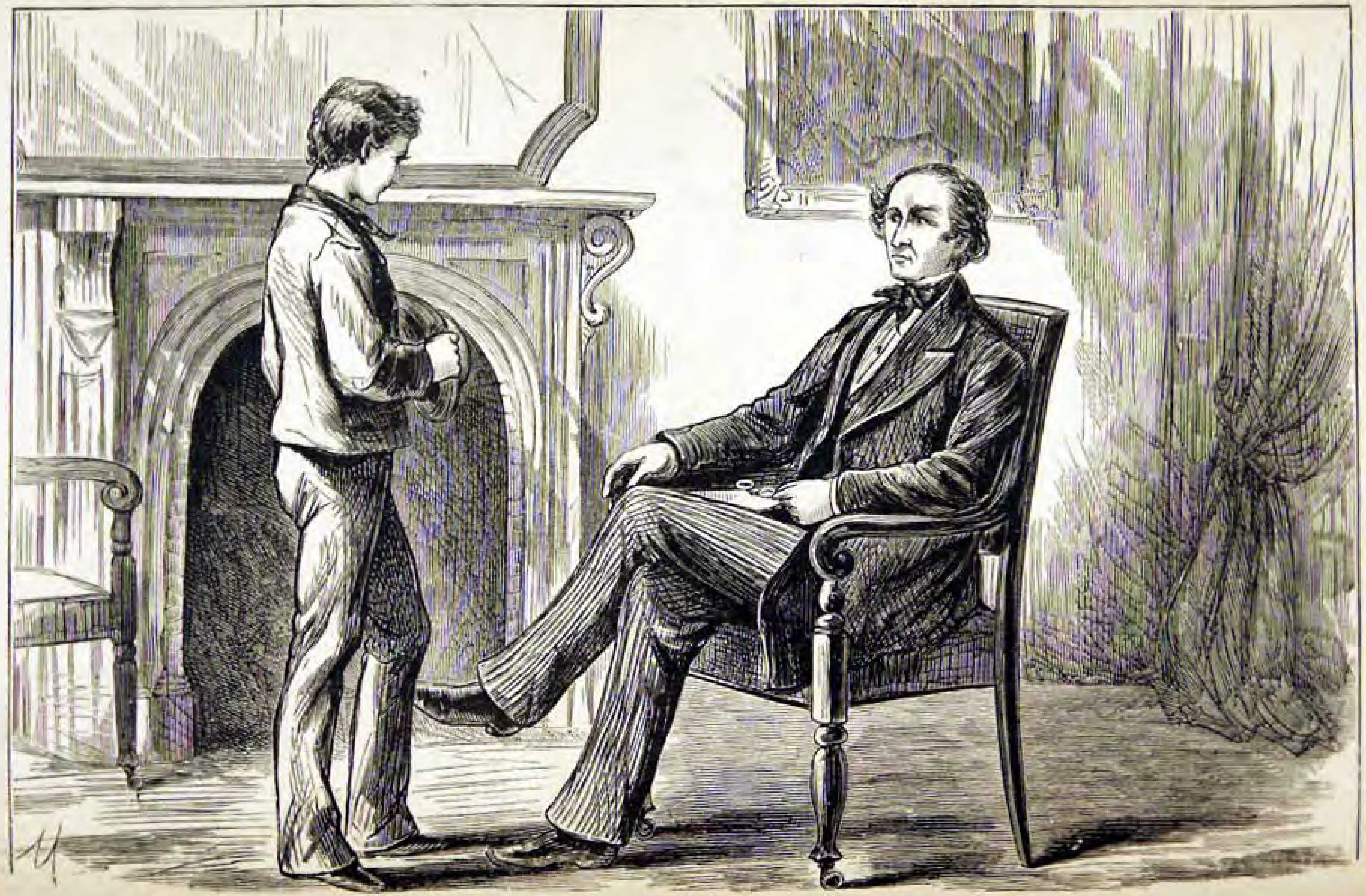
"What! a boy like you succeed, where men of influence have failed? What presumption!"

"Nevertheless, uncle, I will try. If I do not get what I want, I will try for something else. The fact is, uncle, I cannot any longer hold a position where I am ordered to carry pots and kettles around!"

His uncle very reluctantly advanced him a small sum of money, and he bravely set forth alone, on what was considered a quixotic expedition, with a light heart and buoyant step, inspired with the hope of success, and resolved that he would succeed.

Young Fry was a handsome, bright lad, with very prepossessing manners; and on his arrival in Washington at once won the interest of those to whom he related his errand.

He did not succeed in obtaining an interview with the President as promptly as he had anticipated, and, at the end of two or three days, found himself in a strange city, without money and without friends, and his errand still unaccomplished!



YOUNG FRY'S INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT TYLER.

He represented his situation to a gentleman who, from the first, had manifested great interest in him, and who at once told him not to be uneasy, that he would be responsible for his bills!

This kind friend also obtained for him an audience with the President, allowing him to make his own application in his own way.

President Tyler gave him a very kindly reception, and listened to his earnest appeal. Then, without any reply, either encouraging or otherwise, invited him to dine with him the next day.

Young Fry found himself one of a very distinguished party the following day — members of the cabinet with their wives; members of Congress; officers of the army and navy, etc.

He soon found himself the "observed of all observers," for it seems that his story had been whispered about, and every one showed a desire to see and converse with the venturesome lad. Many kind wishes were expressed, and everything conspired to render him hopeful and happy.

The President, won by his ardor and youthful manliness, granted his request, and the next day he received his warrant. The compliments which were showered upon him from so many distinguished men and beautiful women were sufficient to have turned the head of one older and wiser than he.

Ah! what a proud and happy boy he was when he returned home with his appointment! What congratulations from all quarters! He was frequently stopped on the street by strangers, and made to recount his adventures. But he bore his honors meekly, for, as he said to his sister, when relating the affair to her in later years, "Although I was so young, I understood perfectly that all this praise was paid to my *success.* Had I failed, although the effort would have been just as meritorious, I should have been set down as a fool, and would have had to endure the sneers of the very persons who applauded the most when I succeeded."

Several years after entering the navy, he was on a visit to Albany, and one day, whilst conversing with his uncle, who had designed making a hardware merchant of him, orders from the Navy Department were handed him. Upon reading them, his uncle remarked, "Well, Joe! it seems to me you are ordered about as much in your present profession as you were when with me."

"Very true, uncle," replied the nephew, remembering the former conversation, "but I have my pots and kettles carried around for me!"

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN ENTERS THE NAVY. — WHILE AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL HE MAKES SEVERAL CRUISES. — ATTACHED TO THE STEAM FRIGATE MISSOURI. — THE FRIGATE BURNT OFF GIBRALTAR. — NARROW ESCAPE OF YOUNG FRY. — LOSS OF HIS OUTFIT. — CAPTAIN NEWTON'S TESTIMONIAL TO FRY'S CHARACTER AND HONORABLE CONDUCT. — PROMOTED TO THE GRADE OF PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. — CRUISES IN THE GULF OF MEXICO, ON BOARD THE VIXEN. — THE FLEET BOMBARDS VERA CRUZ. — CONCLUSION OF THE MEXICAN WAR. — FRY VISITS HOME. — FALLS IN LOVE WITH AGNES SANDS. — HIS MARRIAGE. — ON BOARD THE WALKER, IN THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY. — IN COMMAND OF THE WILLIAM A. GRAHAM. — HIS DUTIES INTRODUCE HIM TO THE SOCIETY OF AGASSIZ AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED MEN, WHOSE APPROBATION HE SECURES.

HAVING obtained the coveted midshipman's warrant, young Fry entered the United States navy on the fifteenth of September, 1841.

He graduated from the United States Naval School at Annapolis, having made several cruises on board the receiving ship North Carolina, as a student of navigation.

His first experience as a naval officer was acquired on board the beautiful steam frigate Missouri, the pride of the navy. This ill-fated vessel was burned off Gibraltar, the officers barely saving their lives, losing everything but the clothing they had on. The loss of his naval outfit, which had cost him five hundred dollars, was a very serious misfortune to Fry, involving him in debt for its renewal, and crippling him for several years.

The following testimonial from his commander on the memorable cruise, was preserved by him with honest pride:—

"New York, May 30, 1847.

"Sir: Your letter of the twenty-fifth instant, via Washington city, is received. In reply to your request for a letter to be presented to the Board of Examiners at their next meeting, it affords me much pleasure to state that while you were under my command, on board the United States steam frigate Missouri, your character and conduct on all occasions met with my entire approbation.

"I am, very respectfully,
"Yours, etc.,
(Signed) "JOHN THOMAS NEWTON,
"*Captain, United States Navy.*

"Midshipman JOSEPH FRY,
"*United States Navy.*"

At the examination, which took place on the seventh of August following, he was promoted to the grade of passed midshipman.

His next cruise was in the Gulf of Mexico, where he was a participant in the exciting events of the Mexican war.

Texas, having declared her independence of Mexico, and established a republican form of government, was recognized as an independent power by the United States. On her application she was admitted into the American Confederation as one of the States of the Union. This was regarded by Mexico, who still claimed Texas as part of her own territory, as a hostile act. War was accordingly declared between Mexico and the United States, and an American squadron sent to the Gulf of Mexico, to co-operate with the army under General Taylor and General Scott.

Fry was on board the Vixen, one of the fleet engaged in the bombardment of Vera Cruz, in March, 1847, this being his first experience in naval warfare. After a series of brilliant victories, the war was brought to a close by the conquest of the Mexican capital.

Fry returned home, where he next ranged himself under the banner of the all-conquering hero, Cupid. He laid siege to the heart of a "fayre ladye" with such vigorous assaults that the citadel surrendered.

On the tenth of August, 1849, at the age of twenty-three, he was married to his first cousin, Agnes Evelina Sands, daughter of Major R. M. Sands, of Prince George, Md., who died in Florida during the Indian war, in 1836. Her mother was Adele Senac, sister of Marie Louise Senac, mentioned as the mother of Captain Fry. The marriage ceremony was performed by Archbishop Blanc, in the old Catholic church, on Chartres Street, New Orleans.

One who saw them in Pensacola, shortly after their marriage, says, "Never did the eye behold, or the artist dream of, a more lovely picture than was presented by this young couple. He tall, majestic, a very Apollo for magnificent beauty; his face, which in later years wore a look of subdued grief, then radiant with youth, love, and happiness. She with that rare loveliness peculiar to the Creole girls of the Southern States, with glorious, large, dark eyes, and a Madonna look of purity and innocence."

Fry now served for several years on board the vessels of the United States Coast Survey, especially the Walker; and in 1851 he was placed in command of the schooner William A. Graham, carrying her from Mobile to Norfolk, Va.

This was "a government vessel on scientific duty," attached to the Coast Survey, and he had the gratification of finding himself thrown into the society of persons of note, of whom the lamented Agassiz and Professor Hale kindly expressed their approbation of his "nautical and gentlemanly qualities," in a public paper.

His father and sister accompanied him as far as Key West. The celebrated Swedish authoress, Frederika Bremer, and the well-known Southern writer, Mme. Le Vert, of Mobile, were to have been of the party, but for the great calamity of the burning of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, by which they lost their baggage.

CHAPTER IV.

In Command of the Graham. — Extract from Midshipman Fry's Journal. — His Aunt's Anxiety. — His Estimate of Success — At Pensacola. — The Launch of the Dry Dock. — "Captain" Fry's Meditations on the Occasion. — The Voyage from Pensacola to Chesapeake Bay very severe. — The Provisions give out. — A "Breakfast" at last. — Arrival at Norfolk. — Asks to be relieved from the Graham. — Appointed to the Susquehanna. — Transferred to the Plymouth. — Sails for the East Indies. — Keeps a Journal for his Wife.

From a journal kept at this time by Midshipman Fry, I am permitted to make the following extracts: —

"I shall never forget the intense anxiety of my dear aunt E—— when she learned that I was to be captain of the schooner, and go to sea; and that the safety of the vessel and all on board, depended upon my knowledge and skill.

"*Ah! he is so young!*" she would exclaim. "*If he could only get —— to go with him.*" This was an old Creole, half dock-loafer and half fresh-water sailor, whom she imagined to be a man of experience, and who could take care of me!"

Of the change in his reception, occasioned by his new position, he says very truly, —

"The world worships glory, and people are as ready to promote the interests of the successful, where it may be done without self-sacrifice, as they are to oppress the unfortunate with their scorn. As criminals are unfortunate, so all who are unfortunate become, equally with the criminal, the objects of suspicion, distrust, and often persecution. In order to succeed in the world, one must never appear as a suppliant. The bold and resolute, the unfeeling, the selfish, and the tyrannical, always flourish, while modest virtue goes to the wall."

Rather melancholy conclusions to have reached so early in life!

Entering Pensacola harbor in time to witness the launch of the dry or floating dock, he writes, —

"It was a pleasant day, and nearly every soul for miles around Pensacola had gathered together to witness the launch of the largest object that ever was made to float since the days of Noah's ark. The harbor presented a very lively spectacle, with the numerous small sail that dotted the surface, and the beautiful Walker making an occasional circuit amongst them."

He confesses, with the ingenuous vanity of a youthful officer, —

"I fancied myself quite a naval hero, as I maneuvered the Graham, laying off and on, luffing up and bearing away, and imagined that the schooner worked to the admiration of all the people on shore, whose attention I supposed to be divided between the dock and the schooner, the two most important objects *to my own mind.* Alas for the vanity of human expectations!"

Captain Fry "flourished extensively on shore, and had much business with important people," who regarded him with some curiosity, "for it has not occurred during many years that so young an officer has had the good fortune of sailing a government vessel in the capacity of legitimate commander. I mention this, not to prove that I had any reason to be vain, but to show you the state of the navy as compared with the prospects and conditions of officers who lived long ago. Perry and McDonough were scarcely two years older than I now am, when, as *commodores*, they engaged fleets with the English, and captured them. As for me, at the rate of past promotions, it will be fifteen years yet before I shall be made a lieutenant, and I have already served ten years."

The voyage from Pensacola was a very unpleasant one for the young commander, from adverse winds, squalls, and gales. He says of his trials, —

"The sails were so old that I had to reef them to save them from being blown away whenever the wind freshened. They were so thin you might see through them in places, and I had to have them patched every day.

"Calms and squalls alternating for several days, our provisions began to give out. The men placed themselves upon an allowance of bread and water, which was all they had left, and only two meals a day. I had nothing but some rice and lard, upon which I subsisted for several days. I managed to get one day's provisions from a schooner, and a pilot-boat nearing us, we got bread and pork enough from her to last us in. Had another nor'-wester blown, and then been succeeded by a calm, I should inevitably have drifted into the Gulf Stream, and we should all have starved to death. My men were getting weak on their low diet when we spoke the pilot-boat.

"At last a breeze sprung up, and we ran into Chesapeake Bay, anchoring at night where, next morning, we could go on shore and breakfast. *Such a breakfast!*

"At a little store near the landing provisions were kept for the fleet of vessels lying in the harbor. I bought what was needed for my crew, and then asked if I could get breakfast for myself. The man's wife, a beautiful country girl I then thought her, seemed taken somewhat aback, but started off, and in half an hour such piles of waffles, bacon and eggs, and other homely productions met my view as were equaled in enormity only by the appetite I brought to bear to their utter demolition. The work was absolutely murderous on my part!"

Arrived at Norfolk, circumstances led Fry to request that he might be relieved of the command of the Graham. This request was granted, and quitting the coast-survey service, he was ordered to Washington, where he applied for orders to the East Indies. He was appointed to the Susquehanna, but was subsequently transferred to the Plymouth, on account of "complaints on the part of four passed midshipmen, six midshipmen, and one other individual, who were all crowded into an apartment not nine feet square." It is not strange that they protested against any further addition to their numbers!

And now followed an absence of several years from his young wife and a little daughter of a few months old.

The long leisure hours of a sea voyage to China would often have hung heavily upon his hands had he not occupied himself in writing.

Recognizing the fact that the incidents of a sea-faring life possess a peculiar interest to "shore-going people," and remembering how vague and indistinct become the recollections of even the most interesting occurrences after the lapse of years, and feeling the want of occupation for the many idle hours which are the lot of midshipmen, he early formed the habit of keeping a journal, finding it, as he says, "a delightful recreation when writing with the image of a loved wife in the mind's eye, feeling that the kind heart and loving nature of the beloved one who alone is to peruse the pages will see no faults to condemn, or, if seen, will pardon them."

The following pages are gleaned from such a journal, kept solely for his own occupation, and his wife's perusal, from 1851 to 1854, during a voyage to China and Japan, as passed midshipman. The reader will bear in mind that I give it literally, as it was penned by a young midshipman, amid the noise, confusion, and turmoil of a man-of-war, and intended only for the indulgent eyes of a loved wife — to whose courtesy I am indebted for the privilege of their perusal, and the permission to copy such portions as I might judge to be of interest to the general reader.

I have made the extracts somewhat copious, believing that they portray *the man* more vividly, more truly to the life, than could possibly be done by any mere descriptive phrases.

CHAPTER V.

On Board the Plymouth. — Fry bears his long Absence philosophically. — Notes for his Wife. — The "Comforts" of Sickness on Board Ship. — The Plymouth leaves Norfolk for the Indian Ocean. — Fry's Comments on her Departure. — His Pen Pictures. — Madeira as seen by Fry. — Hospitality of the American Consul. — Death of Lopez, the Cuban Patriot. — Fry's Premonition of his own Capture and Death. — At Rio. — Its beautiful Harbor. — Botanical Gardens. — Rounding the Cape of Good Hope. — Christmas Day. — Fry's Vision of Home. — Frolic among the Midshipmen. — Dining on imaginary Viands. — Scene in the Ward-room.

The prolonged absence from his loved ones was necessarily a source of much grief and mental anxiety; but Fry philosophizes bravely over it, striving ever to find a drop of honey at the bottom of the bitterest cup.

"What appear to us most serious evils often prove to be, in point of fact, our greatest blessings. We do not know what is best for us at all times; but could we but bring ourselves to believe this, and remember it at all times, our happiness would be greatly promoted. But few, if any, escape their share of trials; it is necessary that we should suffer in order that we may enjoy with greater zest those blessings which, were we accustomed to them continually, we should cease to recognize as such. I have been very happy with you, my Dita; but, had not the preceding years of my life been years of sorrow, I might not have been so keenly alive to the happiness of our union. Even now the sorrow that I feel depends for its very existence upon the former bliss I experienced, and arises wholly from the contrast; and but for this sad separation, I should lose the pleasure of anticipating and the bliss of realizing the reunion for which we hope."

True to his philosophy, he finds a gleam of comfort even in that most comfortless of all conditions, sick on board ship.

"It is a horrible thing to be sick on board of a man-of-war; but there are advantages and disadvantages in every walk of life. We have skillful physicians always at hand, medicines and food furnished freely, and as good care taken of us as circumstances can possibly admit of. Although it is true that we miss the sympathizing look and ministering hand of loved ones, we yet have the comfort and satisfaction of feeling that those who love us are not saddened by witnessing our sufferings."

On the twenty-third of August, 1851, the United States man-of-war Plymouth sailed from Norfolk, Va., for the Indian Ocean. Fry writes thus: —

"There were sad hearts enough on board, for none could say how long the ship would be gone, or who should survive to return in her. Many sad changes must, in two or three years, take place in the social condition and relations of so many individuals. In all probability, among our two hundred souls there are those who see their native land for the last time; yet *all* hope to return. All have too much to live for to feel willing that this should be the last sunset their eyes should ever behold over the land containing what, to them, is the whole world."

". . . A light breeze, and the ship's yards brace sharp up, and our noble vessel proves that she possesses in a remarkable degree one of the best qualities of a ship. A few days out, and we experience a sharp gale. Some grow seasick, and some grow sick of the sea, as they think of dear wives, and children, and homes, left far behind. One gentleman, quoting Haliburton's wit, remarked, that 'if Britannia ruled the waves, he wished she'd rule them straight!' There was some little excitement attending the blow, but by far more disgust; as nearly every one on board experienced to his perfect satisfaction — or dissatisfaction, rather —

'. . . the pulse's maddening play
That thrills the wanderer on the trackless way,'

and had a fair opportunity of comparing Byron's description with their own experience of a sea life."

Madeira — with its beautiful mountain scenery, its lovely city, Funchal, "in a nest on the side of the mountain," its streets paved with the smooth, round pebbles from the beach, which no carriage wheels ever break — has been described too often to offer any novelty.

The people are portrayed by Fry as "poor but industrious, not very moral, and *badly off for soap*, which, being a government monopoly, is so expensive that common people cannot use it.

Riding out into the country, he says, —

"We found the sweetest heliotrope, as well as the largest, that I ever saw; it grew nearly as tall as the Louisiana crape myrtle, and formed hedges. The cattle of the country browse upon geraniums and other, to us, rare flowers, which grow wild, in the most magnificent profusion, and in the greatest variety.

"How I enjoyed these rides! Each horse was followed by a groom, who kept up with the horse all day, up hill and down. When the horse galloped very fast, the groom would seize upon the tail, and follow on![*]

"I enjoyed the hospitality of our consul, John

---

[*] Might not the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals find a valuable hint here? When, for every step taken by the horse, the driver takes two, he must enjoy a "fellow-feeling" which should make him "wondrous kind"!

Howard March. He is very wealthy and a regular prince of a fellow. Whether he has visitors or not, the same amount is always provided. This being generally known, no one hesitates to dine at the consul's for fear of trespassing upon his hospitality.

"We spent nine days at Madeira. As we were preparing to leave, a Spanish steamer came in, and brought news of the capture and death of Lopez. She was just from Havana, and we learned afterward that she had on board a number of the prisoners taken with Lopez."

Poor Fry! little did he dream that, twenty years later, a similar fate to that of Lopez was to be his own; that he was to die in the same cause, a victim to the same perfidious barbarity, meeting his fate with the same heroic courage. Lopez, however, was even denied the death of a soldier. The *garrote* — that hideous machine, with its fatal iron collar choking out the last gasp — was his fate.

Prophetic of Fry, Lopez walked to his death with a firm tread, addressing to the crowd words of piety and patriotic fervor, then calmly resigning his pure, brave spirit to God. His last words were, "*Adios, Cuba querida!*"

A run of thirty-one days of calm and rainy weather carried them to Rio, of which Fry thus writes: "Earth boasts no more beautiful scenery than the harbor of Rio — a very fairy land, with its lovely bays, its distant mountains, its nearer hills, its sandy beach."

He describes in graphic language the famous botanical gardens, with their rare and beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers. He was particularly struck with the "groves of camphor, cinnamon, and clove." A peculiar feature which he mentions is "a raised walk, lined on either side, for several hundred yards, with ornamental palm trees of a peculiar species, the trunk of which looks as if smoothly turned and shaped, tapering gradually from the base to the intersection of the leaves, where the diameter is less than one third of what it is at the base — an alley of them, all so exactly alike as to appear the work of art rather than a natural growth."

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope without touching land, they enter east longitude on the eleventh of December, "in seventeen hundred fathoms, or ten thousand two hundred feet, of water, a thirty-two pound shot taking thirty-five minutes to strike the bottom."

Christmas day brought with it sad, sweet thoughts of home and far-distant loved ones.

"How many little darlings are sleeping restlessly, disturbed by dreams of stockings stuffed so full! Bless their little souls! I hope not one will be disappointed. When I think how very easy it is to add to the real happiness of childhood, I cannot understand how any one can be indifferent to it. The memory, in after life, of those happy moments when the imagination was so vivid, and the heart so easily impressed, constitutes a source of pure and living pleasure which is unrivaled.

"One who has passed an infancy, childhood, and youth of wishes not gratified, longings not to be appeased, ardent expectations disappointed, and baffled hopes, feels that he began life too early, and that he has been wrongly deprived of childhood's inalienable privilege — happiness. I do not advocate injudicious indulgence, but children are frequently tried cruelly and unnecessarily. They are wantonly exposed to temptations, trials, disappointments, and regrets, equal in intensity to those of mature age, though unsupported by reason, which teaches to avoid evil, or by philosophy, which aids to endure what cannot be cured. It is a merciful provision of Nature that childish grief is of comparatively short duration, and its sources of enjoyment abundant and varied. How heartfelt and unalloyed are those early joys! How pleasant to remember the quick throb of the heart, the joyous, impulsive leap into the air, the hearty shout at the realization of some cherished desire! Who, on the other hand, cannot recall the heavy shock of some overwhelming sorrow, the agony of mind at the announcement of some casualty? How completely absorbing is each grief! How peculiar the mixture of doubt, hope, anxiety, with which the child looks up to the bystander, — be he who he may, — conscious that, were he only interested, so much might be done! It is astonishing, when we reflect upon it, how carelessly we disregard the feelings of children, for the impressions received in infancy and childhood color the remainder of life; they are stamped in indelibly. My wife! if in my early days I had known such a being as yourself, I should have been happier and better as a child; even as, as a man, I have been made better by associating with you. What an influence for life, for eternity, do you exert upon my soul! I am happy, I am benevolent, I have pleasant thoughts, and, though far from home, would ever be happy while memory lasts, could I withdraw myself from the world, the world with which I have no sympathy, the world of people for whom I care not, this world of the Indian Ocean!

"Ah, my Dita! you are yet sleeping. Soon you will arise, go early to church, say prayers for all, even for me, Dita; and God will answer such prayers, and bless me in some way I know not of. Ah, had I the power to influence your dreams, and that you might wake to find them true!"

On Christmas day, as a substitute for the lacking reality, the midshipmen had a merry make-believe dinner,—molasses and water for port wine, a magnificent "no-turkey," etc.,—congratulating themselves aloud, for the benefit of listeners, on their forethought in having secretly, while in Rio, provided so bountifully for the occasion, drinking so many toasts, and making such noisy speeches, apparently carousing so deeply as to induce the belief among the sailors that they were all intoxicated, especially as they repeatedly called the steward to carry out the empty bottles. Going on deck after dinner, the sailors regarded them with intense curiosity and open-mouthed grins, in anticipation of the expected sequel; but perceiving no symptoms of the supposed drunkenness, as they preserved the customary grave deportment of passed midshipmen "on their dignity," the grins gradually subsided as the truth dawned upon their minds, and the game became apparent. "And so the frolic was over; but we were miserable enough, after all, in spite of our gay make-believe."

In painful contrast with this innocent frolic was the grand dinner of the ward-room, with its unlimited supply of champagne, etc.; "where they got merry and more merry, noisy and more noisy, enjoying exceedingly the fun, until it culminated in a general row, one officer being finally suspended by the captain for drunkenness and disobedience to orders. It is thought he will resign from the navy, and go home. We all sympathize with him exceedingly, for he is kind-hearted and gentle, and all like him very much."

"December 29.

"There are many pretty sick fellows among the officers since Christmas. . . . The ship is sad, from the captain down. Thoughts of home, sad thoughts, mixed with serious reflections and despondent feelings; and all the result of Christmas carousals!"

CHAPTER VI.

At the Antipodes. — Java. — Miseries of a Stranger in a strange Land — At Batavia. — Junks and Josses. — Three Days ashore. — Ludicrous Scenes. — Taking "Tiffen," or Lunch. — A Relish. — Sharks' Fins made delectable. — Bird's-nest Soup. — Chinese Dinner. — How the Tea-leaf is prepared for use. — Fry's Visit to the Governor's Palace at Buitenzorg. — Splendid Grounds. — Immense Trees. — The Banyan Tree. — Beautiful Birds. — Japanese Ware. — Passage into the China Sea. — Singapore. — Fine Roads, etc. — A Chinese Temple. — Hindoo Temples.

Reaching the Antipodes, Fry endeavors to find some consolation in the thought that he has reached a point in distance from home, beyond which it is impossible to pass. One step in either direction is inevitably nearer home!

"January 11, 1852.

"A glorious fine day, with a fresh trade-wind blowing for three or four days. We hope that in passing the Straits of Sunda, we will stop for a few days at Batavia, in the Island of Java. We hope to get in soon. Our ship is getting light; we have been consuming two hundred and ten gallons of fresh water for fifty days, and as many pounds of beef or pork, to say nothing of beans, bread, etc.; we shall soon have to go on rations! At any rate, if we go to Batavia, we shall have fine appetites. Only think, Dita, of the fine fat dogs, nice rat pies, cat-and-mouse stew, and the elegant bird's-nest soup! How fat we shall all get!"

After a run of sixty-two days, the Plymouth came to anchor in the roadstead of Batavia.

The following extract from "A Seven Months' run around the World," by James Brooks, depicts very graphically the miseries of a stranger in a strange land, only briefly alluded to by Fry, in his Journal.

"What a miserable life it is to be in a country where you can understand nothing through your ears, except the yelling and mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, and the crying of babies, strapped on their mothers' or little sisters' backs! Even dogs bark, not in English, but in a Japanese way. The baby-crying is the only real familiar sound to greet my ears. The cocks have a new way of crowing, and the hens of cackling. None of the birds sing as our birds sing, if any of them sing at all, though they make an infernal noise for birds. There are no sheep to bleat and make you happy; and the cows, if there are any, and the bulls, but very few, are so well drilled they never low or roar. The temple bells, even, are not our bells. They do not speak English, or French, or German, or any other European language, but utter notes of their own. I should, therefore, have the blues in such a deaf and dumb land, if American and English friends had not sprung up in all directions. The fish, all, are new fish, as well as the birds; the trees, most of them, new trees; the flowers all new, if we had not imported many of them into America. I cannot even go a-shopping alone, where there is anything wonderful to buy. I cannot tell what I want; and when I do, I cannot get at the price of it, especially in measures and weights, all new to us, and worse, by far, than the kilometers and kilogrammes of our French and Continental neighbors. If the rascals that went to work at that Tower of Babel had had any idea of what a confusion in the world they were making, do you think they would have tried to build it? Here I am in a Yeddo street, staring and stared at, knowing nothing, and profiting nothing from Greek, Latin, or some considerable smattering in several European tongues. I would (perhaps?) give up all my five or six years of Greek and Latin if I could only speak five or six words of Japanese, — such as, 'What's the price of this or that?' or, 'Show me some silks, or crapes, or satins, or fans, or lacker, or copper engraving.' Here are thirty-five millions of living Japanese, and I have spent years of my life studying *dead* Latin, and *deader* Greek (I would do it over again, though), and I can't read the names of the streets, or the numbers of the street! I do not know even my letters! I want to ask a million of questions, — such as, 'How do you weave or spin *that?*' or 'carve this?' or, 'Why do you stable your horses' heads where we put the horses' tails?' 'Why do you mount your beasts on the wrong side?' 'Why don't you use wheelbarrows in lieu of bamboo baskets, when digging canals in Yeddo?' 'Why do you saw backward?' 'Why do you plane backward?' But I cannot talk; I am deaf; I am dumb; I might as well be a horse in Yeddo, when alone, as a man in the streets all alone!"

Captain, or rather Midshipman Fry wrote thus of Batavia:—

"It would take months to relate the impressions made upon my mind by the numberless objects I met with worth mentioning or describing. I spent three whole days on shore in a perpetual whirl of excitement. How often I wished for you, Dita, to gaze with me upon the beautiful scenes and strange objects which we met at every step! As I write, images crowd upon my brain in wild confusion, and I am out of patience at my lack of descriptive powers.

"Among the first things that excited our curiosity were the Chinese junks—vessels strange in construction and ornamentation, and carrying an odoriferous freight, of which the perfume was far from heavenly, *Celestial* though it was! Every *junk* has its *joss* stuck all over with rows of little flags.

"Passing between two long walls or breakwaters,—which form a canal safe and easy of passage, however rough the sea may be outside,—we landed at some stone steps, where we found carriages, and little horses of most diminutive size. No one walks; so we entered carriages; but we attempted in vain to start. The little horses would not budge until, after much whipping up and assistance in pushing and pulling rendered by the bystanders, they finally moved off prancingly.

"We had to wait some time for the lowering of a drawbridge, the mechanism of which was very curious, and interested me much. The sides of the road, and the banks of the canal, were lined with avenues of trees of exceeding richness of foliage, and in great variety. At last we reached our hotel, where we found the *gallery* fitted up as a parlor, or rather, the parlor outside of the front walls! We were highly pleased with the effect of these front-gallery parlors. The result was particularly fine at night, when they are lighted up by lamps with many-colored shades hung against the walls.

"After arranging about our rooms, we asked for lunch, or *tiffen*, as it is here called. A little table is set out with chicken stew like our own, besides curry and other East Indian dishes in so great variety as to charm hungry sailors just from a long voyage. We tasted dish after dish, and ate mangoes and other fruit. The tea is perfectly delightful, and would be a great comfort to many a poor old woman who swallows her 'Bohea' with great gusto, but who knows nothing of the genuine article. At dinner we had so many dishes that we were, I may say, hours, tasting them, and the Malays behind our chairs were constantly removing dishes and helping us to others, done up in a style not to be surpassed even by *Creole cooking*, which it resembles very closely. The curry reminds me strongly of *gumbo filé*. The coffee, the real Java, is delicious."

The following detailed account of a similar dinner, by a more recent writer,* will be found interesting in this connection:—

---

* Walter A. Rose, in Appleton's Monthly for June, 1872.

"The table was covered with various dishes, or rather bowls, the steaming contents of which filled the room with vapor. As it was growing late, and would be dark long before dinner was finished, numbers of paper lanterns, suspended in festoons from the ceiling, illuminated the room. . . . The first course was laid out in a number of porcelain saucers, prettily painted, and consisted of various cold appetizers. Though fully determined not to be fastidious, I rejected a relish of *earth-worms*, salted and dried, which seemed to be much patronized, and took as a tonic a small cup of *soy* — a kind of sauce made from beans — and a few thin slices of ham. The second course was smoking hot, and all the viands which composed it swam in soup. Some bowls contained a heterogeneous compound of pigeons' eggs, duck, and fowls chopped very fine, and a multitude of other ingredients only discernible by taste; others, little balls made of sharks' fins, a peculiar kind of sea-slug, and pounded shrimp. . . . The next dish, or compound, presented for our delectation, was bird's-nest soup, that epicurean luxury which holds such high rank in the *cuisine* of China. I was in duty bound to taste this, so did not wait a second invitation from my host. I confess I was disappointed. Whatever nutritious properties it may possess, it was nevertheless almost tasteless, and, though my olivaster companions partook of it with much gusto, and evident appreciation, I did not consider it even the equal of vermicelli soup, which, in appearance, it much resembled. These nests, however, command very high prices, especially those which are white, and of a fine and delicate texture. When properly prepared, they resemble isinglass, and are subject to a high import duty. They are principally brought from the south end of Sumatra, and are the produce of a species of swallow. In shape they much resemble a saucer, with one side flattened by adherence to the rocky sides of caverns. In preparing them for the table, they are thoroughly cleansed and placed with a little *ginseng* inside the body of a fowl, which is allowed to stew all night; they are then torn to shreds, reboiled in good stock, and served up with hard-boiled pigeons' eggs and soy.

"When this course had been removed, hot wine was handed round. . . . Edibles of a solid nature were now placed upon the board by the neat-handed domestics. Carp and red mullet, which attain great perfection here, played *vis-a-vis* to ducks, fowls, and the innumerable ragouts, without which a course would be considered incomplete. . . . This course was succeeded by what is invariably a sign that the feast is drawing to a termination; each person was supplied with a bowl of rice, and tea was served in place of wine. . . . Then, as if by magic, the table was strewn with many-hued flowers. The gorgeous beauty of the peony vied with the wax-like purity of the camellia japonica; yellow and white azalias blended their blossoms with the lovely rose; the deep crimson carnation contrasted finely with the virgin whiteness of the jasmine flowers; and their exquisite aroma crowned our senses with delight. Fruits are the concomitants of flowers, and at Chinese feasts appear simultaneously with them. Before us were piles of delicious yellow mangoes and bananas, oranges, figs, pomegranates, and trays of *carambolas, le-chees,* and other foreign fruits. . . . At a signal from our entertainer, we all arose, and followed him into an adjoining apartment, dispersed about which were many beautifully carved ebony tables, some of them richly inlaid with ivory, porphyry, and mother-of-pearl. . . . Several servants soon appeared, each bearing a tray, upon which were arranged a multitude of small porcelain tea-cups, tastefully and fancifully painted, with covers upon them to prevent the aroma from evaporating. The Chinese eschew milk and sugar, and brew their favorite beverage very differently from foreigners. A few leaves of choice growth and early gathering are placed in the bottom of a cup, and upon these boiling water is poured. The infusion exhales a delicious aroma, and in flavor far excels the decoction which Western housewives delight to drink, and designate tea."

I will also insert the following from a recent contributor to the same journal, with regard to the preparation of the tea leaf: —

"The peasantry collect the leaf, each family its own little parcel, sun-dry it before the doors of their little cabins, and convey it to some pack-house in the district, loosely packed in cotton bags. In every district there are many pack-houses owned or rented by native tea dealers from the ports; the peasant thus has the advantage of competition. The tea dealer empties the bags into great heaps, from which the leaf goes through the process of 'firing,' in cast-iron bowls made for the purpose. He then sorts into qualities, packs in the usual leaded chests, and sends it to a treaty port to be sold in open market. . . . The finest tea, composed of the tender, budding leaf, is necessarily limited in quantity, as the leaves are very small, and only a small proportion can be picked without injuring the plant. When the 'chops' of such teas reach the treaty ports, they are the object of active competition. Each foreign house has its friends among the dealers, and exerts all its influence to secure these so-called 'fancy chops.' The finest Congous and Souchongs go to Russia and England."

The following passage from Fry's journal shows his love for, and appreciation of, the beauties of nature: "Our consul, Mr. Reed, got an order from the governor for post-horses, and gave his own traveling carriage; and we went to visit the country seat or palace of the governor, at Buitenzorg. We were accompanied by two Dutch officers, who were sent by the Dutch admiral to show us the place. At about six o'clock in the morning we took coffee and cigars, and started off, a party of ten. Our consul had given us a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law. Stopping at his house, our attention was drawn to a clothes-line on which were stretched quantities of female apparel, which, grotesque as it may appear, saddened us by the recollections they brought up of happier days. Such things are not seen every day by poor sailors. The gentleman not being at home, we went on to Buitenzorg.

"The grounds comprise some five hundred acres, though apparently much more extensive. The walks and drives through them are magnificent, and are tastefully laid out. There are thousands of varieties of trees, each bearing a label with its name upon it. Some are very wonderful, either for size or for some peculiarity of growth. One immense tree had thick roots as large as my leg, all lying upon the surface of the ground, and growing into each other as they radiated from the trunk, forming a curious network. There was one immense specimen of the banyan tree, having all its lower horizontal branches supported by natural columns. Another extraordinary tree had neither leaf nor branch, but, like an enormous serpent writhing in agony, pursued its tortuous way, up one tree, around it, and along its branches to another, twisting itself into such sudden and severe contortions as defy description or belief. We spent four or five hours walking around these grounds, meeting new and beautiful objects at every turn. We gathered fruit from the nutmeg tree ourselves, and saw apparently every species of flower under the sun, beautiful birds and butterflies, herds of hundreds of deer, grazing quietly. In a wire cage were two of those diminutive deer called Java moose, about the height of a rabbit. Further on we found another large wire house, inclosing several trees, and tenanted by pheasants of different species. In another were some doves, partridges, and a magnificent bird with a most lovely crest of blue, downy feathers. We passed on, and found cages containing monkeys, panthers, boa constrictors, deer of enormous size that came and thrust their heads where we could rub their noses. We then visited the palace, and saw two beautiful statues on the porch, a cage containing remarkable monkeys, and another with a bird of paradise. It is said that a live bird of paradise has never been seen in England or America, and we were told that one thousand pounds sterling is a standing premium offered for one in England.

"We went to the top of the palace, and had a most glorious view of the country around. In the rear is a range of mountains with a smoking volcano. The garden is bounded partly by a rapid river that winds and twists about, and is led into the grounds and forms a beautiful lake, in which swans were gracefully swimming. There were bathing houses of basket or wickerwork, beautifully paved with water of crystalline clearness. We were growing fatigued, and returned to our hotels with weary limbs but cheerful hearts."

What a pure touch of nature is this simple recital of the effect upon the wanderer's heart of the homely sight of a clothes-line hung with women's garments! How graphically he describes the strange vegetation of that far-off land, and the caged animals of a governor's private menagerie! Such an excursion must have been a rare treat to the nature-loving sailor boy, landing from the long cruise of nearly seventy days.

Nor is he less appreciative of the beauties of art.

"At Batavia there is a store that is exclusively Japanese in its contents, and full of curiosities. You are aware that the Japanese are a people so well satisfied with their own institutions, customs, laws, religion, etc., that they do not permit intercourse with foreigners of any nation, and have resisted the efforts of all people to land or have any contact with them, the Dutch being the only people with whom they hold any intercourse, except the Chinese, even that being limited to two ships a year.*

"The Japanese are an exceedingly ingenious people. The japan ware, of which *papier maché* is but a poor imitation, is very beautiful. I wish I could describe the process to you. Imagine a warehouse filled with furniture all covered with mother-of-pearl work most exquisitely executed; flowers and birds of the brightest and richest hues, even the ground and water represented in mother-of-pearl, inlaid in pieces so minute as to seem like grains of sand; bouquets, wreaths, birds of paradise, peacocks — all glowing in the most gorgeous colors. I have made the beginning of a collection for our little girl. If I had the means, I would take home a perfect museum for her; but of course all the handsome things are very expensive."

Leaving Java, they continue their journey eastward.

---

* See Addendum for sketch of "Perry's Expedition," the Plymouth being one of the squadron employed in that undertaking.

"February 10.

"This is exceedingly dull business. There are several passages into the China Sea, and the periodic wind, called the north-east monsoon, blows down the sea, creating a strong current in the different straits. We are anxious to get on, but the current is so strong that we hardly make anything against it, and we are almost desperate. We have been out eight days, and are no nearer China than when we started.

"March 7th — STRAITS OF BANCA.

"We are to-day trying to leave the northern entrance of these straits. We are nearly through, being thirty-four days out from Batavia. It is not known whether we stop at Singapore or at Manilla, on our way to Canton. We expect to find letters at the latter place, but cannot possibly get them under thirty or forty days, when it will be seven or eight months since our last dates from home.

"I am completely disgusted with the idle, worthless life I lead, and the poor prospects ahead of me.

"My Dita! I find I am beginning to bear our separation better! I do not think it is because I am so much the creature of habit, as because, a large portion of the cruise being accomplished, *hope* now enters largely into the combination of circumstances and feelings.

"I expect to see a great deal on this cruise, and I enjoy the prospect of seeing so many strange things, and especially the pleasure I anticipate in telling you of them. We have fine moonlight nights now, and the fact that you gaze upon the same moon, only twelve hours later, makes me wish that I could inscribe a message for you upon her fair face! How I envy her the privilege of watching over you and gazing upon you every night!"

" . . . April 4.

"Singapore is a pleasant enough place, but does not compare with Batavia. The first day I went on shore, I started off in a *palanquin*, with the captain's clerk, and rode over the finest roads I ever saw, were it not for the material of which they are made, which throws off an impalpable red powder which penetrates the clothes and hair, and stains everything it comes in contact with.

"We went first to the store of a Mr. Whampoa, a Chinese merchant of great wealth, and consequent respectability. The lower part of the building was a sort of grocery, or provision store, and counting-room; up stairs is a dry goods, millinery, and general curiosity shop, containing the greatest variety of fancy articles, rice paintings, filigree card-cases, crape shawls, etc.

"From Whampoa's store we rode to the *Chinese Temple.* The Temple, or Joss-house, contains shrines inclosing the divinities — representations in wood of a very fat and very dull-looking man, seated in the recess. The whole of the inner part of the temple is beautifully carved, with figures of gods, demons, etc., ugly enough, all of them.

"We visited the *Hindoo Temple* next, but saw nothing of peculiar interest, except the devotion of the priests, who would not allow us to examine critically and irreverently their gods.

"We next visited the *Mohammedan Mosque.* I have great respect for the Mohammedans, for they practice their religion faithfully, and glory in it. At one side of this mosque is a large basin, twenty feet square, filled with water, in which the faithful wash their feet before going to their devotions, with stepping-stones from the basin to the mosque. In their devotions they fall prostrate, with their foreheads upon the stone floor.

"We next went to the Chinese Theater, a funny place, where the people gaze at the play from the streets, and to see which there is, consequently, nothing to pay. You never heard such *music* in your life. It is fearful, and yet they seem to think the more they get of it, the better. They beat gongs and kettles, and blow instruments of piercing sound, and make a deafening roar, which is perfectly excruciating. The representation was simply absurd."

The following particulars with regard to the Chinese Theater, from a more recent writer, will complete the picture:—

"The first thing that strikes the European spectator of a Chinese play, is the total absence of scenery and stage properties. When, for instance, some of the characters are supposed to go away, and only appear again in the next scene, this is denoted by their turning their heads away from the audience, while the other actors proceed with their parts. It often happens, too, that when an actor has to sit down, there is no chair upon the stage; in which case he gravely bends his body as though he were sitting, and remains in that position until the scene is over! The costumes, on the other hand, are very rich, and are accurate imitations of those of princes, mandarins, etc., mostly of thick silk, embroidered in gold and silver. . . . As for the actors, they are excellent mimics; they arrange themselves in very picturesque groups, and their memory is so good that they require no prompters."

To return to Fry's journal.

"We next drove out to Mr. Whampoa's garden, and were much interested in what we saw. He has a fine collection of strange animals. A young elephant is used to plow with, and we were entertained with an exhibition of his accomplishments. Among the animals were a number of tapirs. I did not visit the house, which is said to be beautifully furnished and equipped, its paintings, etc., being very fine."

In the official report of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, I find the following additional items concerning Mr. Whampoa:—

"With a Chinese merchant, who seemed to be imbued with the true spirit of hospitality, many of the officers of the ship formed an agreeable acquaintance, and were charmingly entertained at his house. This gentleman's name is Whampoa—a man of courteous bearing and great intelligence, and who had made considerable progress in the English language, which he spoke with some fluency. His country residence was the most beautiful on the island. The house was large, commodious, and tastefully furnished, and the rooms were filled with objects of curiosity and virtu. Surrounding the dwelling were extensive pleasure grounds and plantations, on which the various productions of the island were cultivated to great perfection. There were collections of strange animals and rare birds. The residence of the hospitable Whampoa, where Commodore Perry dined and passed the night, was surrounded by all that could delight the eye, or add to the enjoyment of life."

CHAPTER VII.

FRY TIRED OF HIS MODE OF LIFE. — CONTEMPLATES RETIRING FROM THE NAVY. — AN OFFICER'S VIEWS OF LIFE ON SHIPBOARD. — FRY MEDITATES ON HIS IDLE LIFE. — MACAO. — LETTERS FROM HOME. — A NATION IN BOATS. — TANKAS "MANNED" BY GIRLS. — EXPERT SAILORS. — FRY'S GLOWING DESCRIPTION OF THE TANKA GIRLS. — THEIR "MOTHER AT HOME." — A MINIATURE JOSS HOUSE. — A PORTUGUESE FAMILY IN CHINA. — THE SOAP FRUIT. — "CAMOENS' CAVE," THE CHIEF ATTRACTION OF MACAO. — HERE THE PORTUGUESE POET WROTE HIS "LUSIAD."

"IN about ten days more I shall hear how you were three months ago, Dita! When two years more shall have rolled around, my ship will leave for the United States; and when she gets there, our daughter, if alive, will be four years old — quite a young lady! She will be almost too big to play with the toys I have bought for her. At Canton I must get advice as to what to get for her. I shall find lots of things, and mean to make her the dispenser of happiness to all the innocents in the neighborhood. . . . Ah, if I only ever realize my hopes of enjoying my home, what happiness it will be! I often fancy myself with my little girl. I am so anxious that she shall be happy, and that she shall love her father."

"April 18.

"Ten months ago to-day our ship went into commission. What a long time we had to look ahead! and now, one third of the cruise is accomplished. It is thought that the Saratoga will go home this fall, which will make two years since she went into commission. The Marion has gone home, after being out only two years; and if we are allowed to do likewise, in fourteen months more we will ourselves be returning!

"I am so anxious to lead a different sort of life, that I can hardly make up my mind to remain in the navy after this cruise. It is so hard to be separated from you for so long a time, that I feel sometimes that I could risk everything to be with you. I reason with myself in this way: 'I can certainly earn, by hard labor, as much as I now leave you by allotment; there are ways enough open to me of at least gaining an honest livelihood, and I ought, by perseverance and unremitting industry, with what advantages I possess in the way of my professional knowledge, to be able to obtain employment at any time; and then, with the testimonials I possess, I would have a very decided advantage. Now, if I stay in the navy, I shall be long in gaining promotion by any means, and, though my pay is sure, I shall waste my whole life in this idle way, and, having my mind running upon home all the time, be consequently miserable all my life. I feel sometimes I will try it, and trust to God for health and strength. I should gain health of both mind and body by active exercise, and happiness in working for my family and being with them; and then, when the time comes for me to die, I should have the happiness of closing my eyes for the last time amid the forms and faces I love best. I consider myself degraded in serving here as passed midshipman; for I am not of the slightest use on board ship, except in doing duty in place of some lieutenant who may happen to fancy himself sick. The lieutenant, if necessary, should die in the discharge of his duty, and let the passed midshipman step into his place — to die in his turn and let others be promoted. I do not fancy exposing my life merely to protect a more fortunate officer, however willing I might be, and am, to give it for my country.' "

" MACAO.

"We arrived here on the twenty-second, and dispatched a boat to the shore immediately for letters. I received three or four of those fine large letters which are the envy of all who see them, and which are readily distinguishable by their size, and the beautiful style in which they are directed. You cannot imagine the delight with which I devoured their contents. I am glad you wrote so much of our dear pet. O, my Dita, the longing I feel to take the dear little thing to my heart is agonizing! Yesterday I was on shore, and saw a beautiful child of about the same age as ours. I was almost crazy at the sight. *Twenty months old!* How she must prattle by this time! I fancy I can see her trotting about, following you around the house. What a recompense for the hardest toil of the day would it not be to me, could I only lie down on the floor and have a good romp with her at night!

"And now for Macao, and what I saw, felt, and did. You probably know that a very numerous Chinese population lives entirely in *boats;* some of them so small that one pities the poor unfortunates who live so miserably. They are born, grow up, marry, and raise children in these boats. You would be astonished to see mothers, with infants at the breast, managing the sails, oars, and rudder of the boat as expertly as any sailor. The *tanka* is of very light draft, and, being able to go close in shore, is used to land passengers from the larger boats. As we neared the shore, we noticed small boats pulling toward us from all directions. Soon a boat, "manned" by two really pretty young girls pulling oars, and a third sculling, came alongside, calling out earnestly, '*Takee me boat!*' '*Takee me boat!*' They had beautiful teeth, white as ivory, brilliant eyes, and their pretty faces, so earnest and pleading, were wreathed in smiles as we gave them the preference over others that joined us from all quarters, clinging to the sides of our large boat, and impeding our headway. The boatmen tried in vain to drive them off. One brute of a fellow splashed repeatedly a poor girl, who, though not at all pretty, had such a depth of meaning and such a sad expression in her eyes and face as charmed me completely. It would have interested any one to hear her scold back, and to see the flashing of her eyes, and the vivid expression in every feature. When I frowned at our sailor, the sudden change in her face from anger to smiles, the earnest '*takee me boat*,' as she caught evidence of sympathy from me, was beautiful. We were assailed with these cries from so many, and there was such a clamor, that, in self-defense, we had to choose a boat and go. The first-mentioned girls, on account of their beauty, won the majority, and their boat was clean and well furnished, which is more than could be said of many of them. I caught the look of disappointment which passed over the features of the girl I have described, and it haunts me even now. Trifling as it appeared to us, such scenes constitute the great events in their poor lives, and such triumphs or defeats are all-important to them.

"Upon entering the tanka boat, we found the mother of the young girls, and a young infant dressed *heroically*. The infant was the child of the prettiest one of the girls, whose husband was away fishing. The old woman was quite talkative, and undoubtedly gave us lots of news!

"They had a miniature temple on the bows of the boat, with Joss seated cross-legged, looking very fat, and very red, and very stupid. Before him was an offering of two apricots, but Joss never deigned to look at it, and apparently had no appetite. I felt a sincere respect, however, for the devotional feeling of these poor idolaters, recognizing even there the universal instinct which teaches that *there is a God.*

"I called upon the commodore, who received me with great courtesy, and gave me a very interesting account of the voyage out, by the way of Mauritius, of the Susquehanna, to which I was first appointed. She has gone on to Amoy.

"I made the acquaintance of a Portuguese family, named Lurero. The young ladies are quite accomplished, speaking French, Spanish, and Italian, but no English. They came down to receive the visit of our consul and lady, who called while I was there. Mr. Lurero gave me some specimens of a *soap-fruit*, and showed me the tree. The fruit is an exceedingly fine soap, which, without any preparation, is used for washing the finest goods.

"We expect to hear of the sailing of the 'Japan Expedition' by the next mail. When Commodore Perry arrives, we shall be kept so busy that time will fly rapidly, and we shall soon be looking forward to our return home, unless Japan disturbances (which are not seriously anticipated) delay us.

"I did not tell you of my visit to 'Camoëns' Cave,' the principal attraction of Macao. This 'cave' was the resort of the distinguished Portuguese poet Camoëns, who there wrote the greater part of the 'Lusiad.' The cave is situated in the midst of the finest wooded walks I ever saw. The grounds are planted beautifully, and immense vases of flowers stand around. The grounds are not level, but lie up the side of a slope or hill, irregular in shape, and precipitous on one side. There are several fine views, particularly that of the harbor and surrounding islands."

I will here reproduce the following additional items regarding Camoëns, from the pen of Walter A. Rose:—

"Macao had a particular interest for me as the first foothold that modern civilization obtained upon the ancient shores of 'far Cathay,' and as the birthplace of one of the finest epic poems ever written. . . . On one of those calm and beautiful nights peculiar to sub-tropical climes, I stood alone upon the white sea-wall, and no sound fell upon my ears save the whirring monotone of insects in the trees above the hills, the periodical chime of bells from anchored ships, and the low, sweet cadence of the incoming tide. I thought it must have been such a night as this that inspired Camoëns when he wrote,—

> ‘Now Cynthia’s rays with gentle lustre shone,
> Reflecting from the sparkling silvered waves;
> In harmony the starry sky appeared,
> A field celestial, strewn with heavenly flowers.
> The furious winds, pent within distant caves,
> In quiet slumber, undisturbed reposed;
> But through the silent night the watchful guard
> On board the fleet their usual vigils kept.’

“Three enormous boulders of gray granite, hoary with years, mossy with lichens, constitute the cavern wherein the famous Luis de Camoëns found the retirement and inspiration that gave birth to the ‘Lusiad.’ The Cave of Camoëns is now barred with iron portals, through which, however, a view of the interior is obtained. On a lofty pedestal in the centre, upon which stands a finely-executed bronze bust of the poet, are three stanzas from the poem in bronze letters. As I stood gazing upon the features of the illustrious bard, my heart echoed a later poet’s sentiment,—

> ‘Man’s inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.’

“From one of the western terraces the view was magnificent. The declining sun was slowly sloping to rest in the bosom of the sapphire sea, which sparkled and shone with vivid golden light stolen from the rich rays of Phœbus. Here and there light clouds, tinged with roseate and amber lines, flecked the clear azure dome of heaven; and far away upon the horizon, the white sails of vessels could be descried — specks of life, relieving and enhancing the glorious blending of colors."

Camoëns' visit to Macao occurred during his banishment from Portugal in consequence of his pertinacious courtship of a lady of rank, whose parents did not desire an alliance with the poet, who, though of respectable family, was poor, and looked upon as an adventurer. He proceeded to Goa, in India, where he again involved himself in trouble by writing his "Absurdities of India," and was banished to the Moluccas, whence he visited Macao.

The derivation of the title of his poem is this: *Lusus,* the companion of Bacchus, is represented to have made Portugal his adopted country. Hence it was called Lusia, and its natives Lusians; hence the "Lusiad," the epic poem of Portugal.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLYMOUTH LEAVES MACAO. — AT AMOY. — THE CITY OUTVIES ALL OTHER CHINESE CITIES WITH ITS SMELLS. — A REMARKABLE JOSS-HOUSE DESCRIBED. — CHINESE REGARD FOR THE DEAD. — THEY ARE CREMATIONISTS. — THE MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT AT FOU-CHOU. — THEIR DELIGHT AT THE SIGHT OF AMERICANS. — FRY'S JOY ON MEETING THE LADIES. — HE FINDS DITA'S LIVING STATUE THERE. — MANDARINS. — A STREET SCENE. — MANNER OF SMOKING. — CONSECRATING A MAN-OF-WAR JUNK TO THE SERVICE OF JOSS. — AT NING-PO. — THE WAR-SHIP. — TAOU-TAI. — NING-PO FURNITURE. — FRY AT THE LOO CHOO ISLANDS. — HOMEWARD BOUND. — THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

FROM Macao the Plymouth proceeded to Hong Kong, thence to Amoy, whence Fry writes, —

"June 22.

"I went on shore a few days ago to view the goodly city of Amoy. All Chinese towns have a strong odor, that pervades the atmosphere, and sickens every one unaccustomed to it; but this city of Amoy, has a thousand horrid smells, which gagged and stifled me at every step. I breathed through the folds of my handkerchief, and hurried on. The streets are so narrow that I could almost touch the houses on opposite sides at once. The houses are built low, with but one story, and placed so near each other as to exclude the rays of the sun. The people in one house see and hear everything that passes in that of their opposite neighbor.

"We visited a Joss-house, and found it a very remarkable building. The gate opened into a sort of court surrounded by representations of Joss in his various moods and conditions. In one place he was playing, with a delighted expression of countenance, an instrument resembling a lute; in another he was in a listening attitude; again he was represented with a demoniacal expression of fury. There were Josses in black, as ugly as the devil; and in other colors, uglier still; but the majority were gilded. In the center of the court was the temple, highly ornamented and curiously constructed, especially the roof, which was all *open work.* The court and all the inner temple was supported by stone pillars, upon which were carved, in alto-relief, figures of dragons writhing about them. The temple is surrounded by out-houses, in which the priests live. From this central temple there is a walk to the after-part of the court, which continues to the wings, and leads out to a most romantic spot at the base of a hill, completely covered with rocks of immense size, which threaten, apparently, to descend and overwhelm the temple — gods and all — in a complete smash.

"The Chinese are careful about their *graves*, or rather of their *dead*, for there are no graves. Before tombs or vaults stand jars with covers cemented on; there are the urns in which the *ashes* of the dead were deposited. Our guide, observing a midshipman examining curiously a bone which he had picked up from beside an urn, exclaimed angrily, 'Putee down,' 'No can takee up;' adding sorrowfully, 'What for takee up?'"

The Plymouth now proceeded on a cruise up the coast of China, stopping at the different ports.

Fou-Chou was found to be quite a missionary settlement, and the missionaries highly delighted to see these, the first Americans who had visited their port. Fry was equally pleased to find himself among them, especially the ladies and the little children. He writes,—

"You cannot realize how delightful it was to me to meet with these good people, who reminded me so much of home; and I was very happy with them. Foreigners rarely visit the port, and this was the first man-of-war that had ever landed there, from our nation; in fact, the first of their countrymen they had ever seen there, and they were as happy in the meeting as we were. While taking tea, the lady from the next house came over with her little boy in her arms, and she looked so much like you, dearest, that it quite startled me. I had been struck in church by the strong resemblance of figure, neck, profile, and eyes, and was very glad to see her again. A sweet little girl of two years old was lying asleep by her mother in church. When the service was over, I could not resist the temptation of hanging over the little thing, and fanning her as she slept.

"The missionaries present so great a contrast to the rest of the world, that I cannot help wishing for the peace and purity of their lives.* I visited them frequently, and enjoyed their society much better than that of gayer people. I feel assured of their sincerity and goodness, for we never hear any scandal from them. Their piety must be genuine, for they make no parade of it.

"The morning after our arrival, I was entertained by seeing some Mandarins. At a little after sunrise I saw a Chinaman put down a camp-stool, and immediately a queer-looking old fogy take his seat upon it and commence gesticulating to others, dressed all alike, and who were apparently servants, and flew about evidently upon urgent business. He appeared to feel his consequence immensely. One servant fanned him, while another brought him tea; a third stood by with a pipe, which he must have lighted twenty or thirty times in the course of fifteen minutes. Their process of smoking a pipe is very curious. They do not fill it and smoke it as we do, but act as differently in this as they do in every other matter. The pipe is constructed to hold water: a tube is let down into a cylinder at the side, communicating with the stem; a pinch of tobacco is rolled up and put in the mouth of the tube; the servant then blows upon a piece of burning paper, which ignites into a blaze; handing the pipe to the Mandarin, he applies the fire; the tobacco is consumed in three puffs, and the ceremony has to be repeated. After a while, a second Mandarin, of a higher rank, came to the same spot, and it was very amusing to see them. They both made a rapid rushing bow, as if they were going to dash their heads together, like goats in a fight, at the same time clasping their hands and smiling as they rose.

---

* See Addendum for "Dreams of Life in Japan."

"Several more came, of different ranks, and the same ceremony was observed, until one of still greater position came, when the whole row bent to him with clasped hands. They then all went into boats and worshiped Joss, and then went off to a man-of-war junk, where they beat gongs, and made quite a fuss consecrating her."

"August 6.

"I have been spending several days among the missionaries at Ning-Po. They appear to be extremely zealous in their good work. The Chinese regard foreigners more favorably here than elsewhere in the Chinese empire, and the missionaries have a great deal of influence, and do much good.

"We visited officially the Taou-tai and the Admiral, and were received with firing of small cannon and Chinese music.

"I would describe the Ning-Po furniture to you, but that I hope to have some pretty specimens of it for you. Independent of the inlaying, which is very pretty, the carved work is very curious, and worth having. I have ordered a miniature bedstead, couch, table, and chairs, for our little daughter's baby-house, and in Canton I will get a china tea set to correspond.

"Beautiful picture frames are made, carved with groups of figures, trees, flowers, etc., and inlaid with ivory very prettily."

Passing over the next two years, May, 1854, finds Fry at the Loo Choo Islands, the objects of the Japan expedition successfully accomplished, and with every indication of a speedy return home.

"Many articles of the navy rations are already short, our bread spoiling, and indications of a speedy return are manifesting themselves. There will be nothing left for Commodore Perry to do, and he will be in a hurry to get home to reap the fruits of his successes."

But it was not until the sixth of November that they passed out of the Straits of Sunda, and entered the Indian Ocean, homeward bound. He then writes, —

"We were fortunate enough at once to take the trade-winds, and at this moment are almost flying on our way home. The weather is just cool enough to be pleasantly bracing; the sky clear, except when the trade-clouds, in large, detached patches, float by.

"We have everything we can desire, except sufficiently grateful hearts for God's mercies to us, and are as happy as people can be who see some prospect of a speedy termination to a long-continued separation from all they love best. . . .

"O, Dita! that passage down the China Sea was dreadful. We toiled incessantly, day and night, for twenty days, when the blow ceased, and it fell calm, and left us at the mercy of a current that caused us to lose in two days all that we had gained, inch by inch, for three weeks! We were fifty-one days getting to Singapore, and eleven to Java Head, the whole of which distance is sometimes made in eight or ten days. We are now going at the rate of nearly ten miles an hour over a stretch of five thousand four hundred and sixty miles, the distance to the Cape of Good Hope from the Straits of Sunda. The whole distance from China is sixteen thousand miles; but we may depend upon fast winds nearly all the way now, and hope to arrive off New York early in February.

"All my anticipations, faint as they were, have crumbled away, in regard to the action of

Congress upon the Navy Bills. Not one of the bills from which I had hoped so much became a law.*

"I hope, my Dita, for better times, and that, in the enjoyments of our society, we may forget our troubles, and learn to recognize in them trials from God for our own good. How much happier we should be in this world, if we would only cultivate the hope of happiness in the next! How insignificant our cares would seem when viewed in their relation to our eternal interests! May God grant us light, and hope, and strength, and faith, and patience!"

Here we close the journal. If I have been copious in my extracts, it is because I felt that they afforded an insight into the very heart of the real man, portraying his character as no words of mine could do.

We have seen the young naval officer in the performance of his duty; the honest, upright man, striving to make his way in the world; the affectionate, almost idolizing husband; the tender, devoted father; the humble, earnest Christian, longing to know his duty, and willing to do it.

---

* A bill to create an intermediate grade of second lieutenant, and a bill for the relief of the Missouri sufferers.

No two persons can see the same things with the same eyes, or receive the same impressions from them. Hence the scenes and events portrayed present some elements of novelty and interest as described by the young midshipman in the simple, unadorned language of entries in a private journal for his young wife's reading.

CHAPTER IX.

Two Years of Home Service. — Pensacola Navy Yard. — An eventless Period. — An Incident which gave Birth to "The Chronicles of Levi." — Captain Levy dropped by the Naval Board. — The "Chronicles," written by Lieutenants Paul and Hoe, tell the Story. — An Insight into listless Life Ashore.

After an absence from home of nearly five years, Fry was once more reunited to his family, and enjoyed two years of home service, being stationed at the Pensacola Navy Yard.

During this period nothing transpired worthy of record. A trifling incident which had occurred at the Navy Yard some time previous, was made the subject of an amusing *travestie*, a copy of which I found among Fry's papers.

A certain Captain Levy, of the navy, had been dropped by the action of the Naval Board. Having basely slandered one Antoine Collins, hotel-keeper at Pensacola, and a most worthy man, the offender was duly punished by his brother officers, and the following account of the transaction written by Lieutenants Paul and Hoe: —

THE BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER, ...	Commodore A. J. Dallas.
MASON, ...	Lieutenant Mason Hoe.
JOHN, ...	Commander John Gwin.
ANTHONY, ...	Keeper of Hotel, Pensacola.

The King's Home, Jefferson's estate, Monticello; the Idol, Jefferson's statue.

I. And it came to pass, in the days of Martin, king of the people, that great ships were sent out to far countries, to guard the commerce, and to carry gold and silver for the merchants.

II Now, these ships had captains, who were men of great skill and prowess upon the seas; and Alexander was the chief captain over all the captains, and he was beloved of the people, seeing that he had ruled them with justice and wisdom.

III. And John, one of the captains of Alexander's ships, falling sick, he received permission to return into his own land.

IV. Alexander wrote unto the king's ministers, saying, "Send me another captain instead of John, that none of the king's ships may fall into the hands of the enemy."

V. In the mean time, a young man named Mason commanded instead of John.

VI. Mason was a young man, and violent, but much beloved by the people.

VII. And behold, when the king had read the letter of Alexander, the chief captain, he called a council of his ministers; and when they had communed together, they appointed one Levi, saying, "This man hath eaten the bread of the people, for, lo! these many years, and hath not served his country."

VIII. And the king commanded that he should be sent instead of John.

IX. Now, this Levi was a Jew; but he did not worship in the synagogue, for in those days the Jews were scattered abroad.

X. Levi was also rich, having ensnared a rich woman in a far country; and when she found that he had dealt deceitfully with her, she paid him a ransom, and let him go.

XI. And Levi was despised by the people, knowing that he had dealt deceitfully and treacherously with the woman,

XII. And seeing also he had offered to the people a brazen statue, as an idol, which they accepted not.

XIII. They were sorely grieved that, with his riches, he had purchased the king's house; and they murmured, saying, "Shall the king's house become the tabernacle of a Jew?"

XIV. And behold, when Levi received the king's commandment, he took his servants and his raiment, and travelled into the South, and sojourned for a short time in the chief city.

XV. And he girded himself up, and left the chief city; and touching at Mobile, he journeyed by sea, and landed at a place called in the Spanish tongue *Pensacola*, where the king's ships lay.

XVI. And behold, he dwelt at the house of a publican named Anthony. Now, this publican was much respected in the city for being an honest and just man.

XVII. Now, Levi, while he tarried here, behaved himself haughtily before the people; and when Anthony heard of it, he desired him that he should leave his house.

XVIII. And Levi departed, and went unto Mobile. And behold, when he met there with those who were of the king's house, he spoke falsely of the publican, saying, "While I tarried at this man's house, about the ninth hour, I went in unto my chamber, and lo! I found this man therein; and his staff was by his side.

XIX. "Now, his intention was to rob me, seeing I had much gold and silver with me." But the bystanders believed him not.

XX. And one of these who was present and heard these things journeyed unto Pensacola, and told them unto the publican; and when he heard it, he was moved with indignation.

XXI. And when John's ship returned from Mexico, Levi took shipping, and returned unto Pensacola, to take charge according to the king's command.

XXII. And passing by the ship, he hailed unto him, saying, "Send me a boat to take my servants and my stores." And Mason asked him, saying, "Is that Levi, our captain?" and he answered him, "Yea."

XXIII. And they sent him a boat, and brought his raiment, his servants, and his stores; but Levi himself passed on to the city.

XXIV. And in the evening, as he walked out, the publican met him by the way, and desired to speak with him.

XXV. But Levi refused him haughtily, saying, "It is not meet for me to speak with a publican in the street; come again at a more convenient season, and I will hearken unto thee."

XXVI. Then the publican was filled with wrath, and caught him by the garment, saying, "Sir, thou must hearken unto me now, for thou hast borne false witness against me."

XXVII. And when Levi would not hearken unto him, but spoke disrespectfully unto him, the publican was filled with wrath, and wrung his nose, and spit upon him, and treated him despitefully, and laughed him to scorn before the people.

XXVIII. And all the congregation laughed, and reviled him, saying, "Where has the spirit of the king's warrior fled?"

XXIX. And Levi withdrew himself from the people, and went in unto his ship, and shut himself up for many days.

XXX. The rest of the acts of Levi are not recorded in the Book of Chronicles.

CHAPTER X.

IN ACTIVE SERVICE AGAIN. — CRUISE TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC. — "LO, THE MORNING BREAKETH!" — ROUNDING CAPE HORN VIA THE STRAITS OF LE MAIRE. — AT VALPARAISO, FEBRUARY, 1858. — TERRIBLE HURRICANE. — FRY SENT HOME ON THE SICK LIST. — RECOMMENDED TO THE RETIRED LIST. — PLACED IN CHARGE OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF COAST. — SURRENDERS HIS TRUSTS. — OFFICIALLY COMPLIMENTED. — RESIGNS, JANUARY, 1861. — CASTS HIS FORTUNES WITH THE SOUTH. — PEN PORTRAIT OF FRY BY A BROTHER OFFICER. — COULD NOT SERVE TWO MASTERS. — ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHARACTER AND COURSE OF FRY.

IN 1857 we find Fry again in active service, with every prospect of a pleasant cruise to the South Pacific.

Under date of Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 29, 1857, he writes thus: —

"Waiting for a suitable wind to proceed to sea. At muster, the first lieutenant read, in the presence of the captain, officers, and crew, the captain's internal rules and regulations for the government of all on board. The captain made a short and appropriate address to the crew, commending their good conduct up to the present moment, and promising every indulgence — consistent with the performance of duty — to the well behaved, and certain punishment to such as should deserve it. The men and officers appeared well satisfied with their captain, their ship, and each other, as well as with the prospect dawning upon them of a pleasant cruise, foreshadowed in the care and interest manifested by the captain in the comfort and well being, the discipline and order, of everything relating to the subjects of his command."

Passing Pernambuco on the twenty-sixth of December, they made the run to Rio in thirty-one days, the "quickest on record."

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1858, I find the following entry: —

"Our purser is a gentleman of over forty years of age, who has been but recently appointed, and to whom matters relating to ships are new and often repugnant. He has sustained severe affliction in the loss of children,

— and otherwise, — and has commenced this life rather late to make the change in habits and associations pleasant.

"He has been sick, nervous, and unhappy, without receiving any extraordinary degree of sympathy — for they who go down to the sea in ships are not famed for the possession of the gentlest sympathies, or for the manifestation of tender emotion at the sight of suffering in others. He, however, has not yet been hardened in like manner, and, fancying *me* to be the 'prey of secret grief,' was not so absorbed in his own trouble, but that a ray of sympathy found its way into his soul. I found the following lines in pencil in my room last evening, over his signature: —

'FOR JOSEPH FRY.

'FROM HIS FRIEND, C. C. JACKSON.

'"Lo, the morning breaketh!"'

'Lift thine eyes, O child of sorrow!
Lift from earth thy tearful eyes!
See, there dawns a joyous morrow
Far in yonder skies!

'Lo, the clouds are swiftly breaking!
Hope's bright sun gleams forth to cheer
Thy sad heart to gladness waking
From its night of fear.

'What though fortune's frown oppress thee,
Though thou drain'st life's bitterest cup;
Jesus stoops from heaven to bless thee —
He will bear thee up.

'Though — thy dearest ones forsaken —
Thou dost roam the trackless sea,
Let thy faith remain unshaken —
Jesus loveth thee!

'To despair yield no dominion
O'er thy spirit's drooping wing;
Soon released, on angel's pinion
Thou in heaven shalt sing

'Praises to the Lord who led thee
Through a world of sin and strife;
He who by the wayside fed thee
With the bread of Life!

'Gave thee drink from that blest fountain
Whence such healing waters pour;
Traveller, on God's holy mountain
Thou shalt thirst no more!

'AT SEA, SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN,
January 26, 1858.'"

Rounding Cape Horn, they accomplished what few navigators are able to do — make the passage through the Straits of Le Maire, having a fair wind and a smooth sea.

In the course of some sixty days, they had passed from the severe cold of New Hampshire, through the heat of the torrid zone, into the extreme cold of south latitude fifty degrees. They reached Valparaiso on the twenty-third of February, after having experienced a fearful hurricane, such as struck terror into all hearts; but they escaped without any accident, not even the splitting of a sail.

Fry was subject, at that period of his life, to an affection of the heart, and the motion of the vessel augmented his sufferings so much that he was finally sent home on the sick list, and recommended by the ship's surgeon to go on the retired list; as the aggravation of the malady, caused by the motion of the vessel, might occasion its fatal termination very unexpectedly.

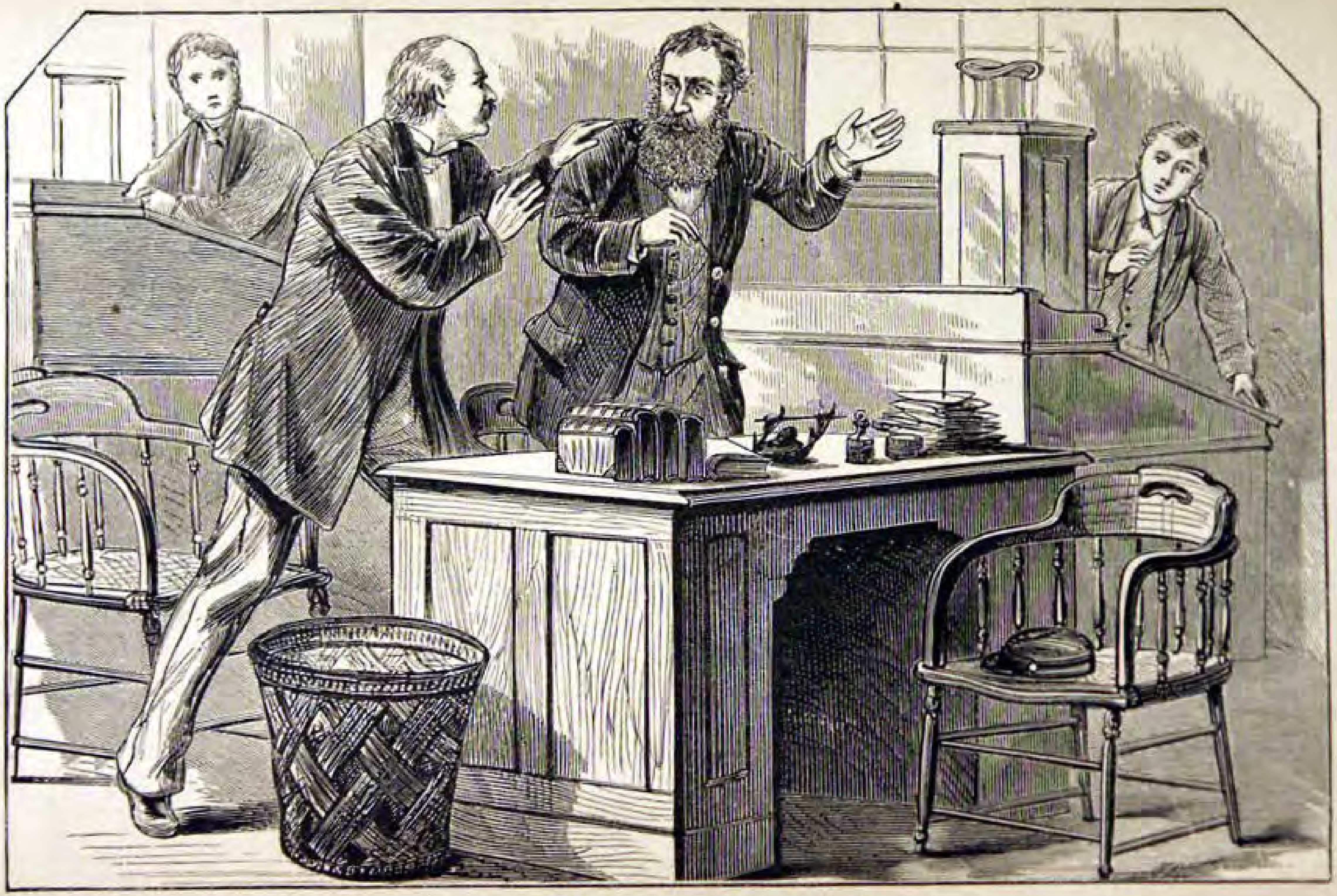
He accordingly returned home, and, after recruiting for some time, was placed in charge of the Light-house Department of the Gulf

Coast; which position he held until the breaking out of the late civil war, discharging his duties faithfully and honorably, finally surrendering everything with which he had been personally intrusted in such perfect condition that he was officially complimented for the superior order of all matters under his control.

Having surrendered everything under his charge to the United States officials, he resigned his commission on the twenty-sixth of January, 1861, the very day on which Louisiana, his adopted State, seceded from the Union.

Thenceforth his fortunes were cast with the South, the land of his birth, the home of his love.

Ranging himself under the banner of the Confederacy, he served her faithfully from beginning to end, believing conscientiously that he was but doing his duty. Believing her rights infringed, her liberties attacked, he — true to the spirit he had ever shown — attached himself to the side of the weak and the oppressed, fighting, as he thought, not to subvert the Constitution, but to sustain the true principles of Republican liberty.



FRY RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

One who knew him long and intimately[*] writes me thus of him:—

"He was then in charge of the Eighth Lighthouse District — a position for which he was well qualified, involving, as it did, not only his professional talent as a mariner, but those scientific and engineering qualifications which he possessed in the highest degree. His strict personal attention to the duties of the office commended him to all with whom he did business. With strict justice, he did what was right in his best judgment, from which he never swerved. No consideration could induce him to allow any imposition upon the government which he served. . . . He was in my office when the gun was fired announcing that our beloved State (Louisiana) had been voted out of the Union. He started from his seat, exclaiming, 'I must resign! I cannot serve two masters! I am southern born! with the South I must stand or fall!' I tried to persuade him against too hasty action, as I was of the opinion that a peaceful solution of the question at issue would soon be reached, and that injudicious action on his part would endanger his position in the navy. He replied that, as a true-born American, he could not stop to think of family, friends, or self, when his country's welfare was at stake. He wrote his resignation on the spot, and forwarded it to Washington at once. I believe he was the first United States officer to resign in Louisiana."

---

[*] Captain John Roy, who is himself honorably mentioned by Admiral Semmes in his "Memoirs of Service Afloat."

The resignation of a commission in the navy was no slight matter to a man to whom his profession was his only fortune. Where he was, promotion and honors, probably a competency for his old age, awaited him. Going with the South, the future was dark and uncertain. In case of victory, his future could not be bettered; in case of defeat, ruin and starvation stared him in the face. And yet a hesitating thought never entered his mind. In his opinion, but one path lay open to him honorably to pursue, and that path he entered unhesitatingly, and walked undeviatingly.

The language of Robert E. Lee, in his letter to his sister, informing her of his resignation, might have been used by Fry:—

"In my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part *against my native State.* With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission, and—save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my services may never be needed—I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

CHAPTER XI.

Confederate Record. — Captain of Artillery. — Letter of Captain Roy. — Fry doing Duty as a Commodore. — Approves and recommends the Turreted Monitors. — Contributes for the first Iron-clad Ram, the Manassas. — Establishes a Military and Naval Manufactory of Gun-carriages, etc. — Escape of the Sumter and the gallant Semmes. — Fry placed in Command of the Ivy. — Report of the Navel Eepedition of October 12, 1861. — An interesting Document. — Transferred to the Maurepas. — Letters to his Wife. — Scenes on Board the Maurepas. — A providential Incident. — Capturing Commissary Stores, etc. — Distributes them to the People. — Federal Expedition up White River opposed by Fry. — Taken Prisoner. — Charge against Captain Fry refuted.

Pending the organization of the Confederate navy, Fry, unable to remain inactive, tendered his services to the army, and, as "captain of a regiment of artillery," was placed in command of the barracks below New Orleans. He held this position but a short time, however.

The Confederate navy having been organized,

S. R. Mallory, "the most efficient Secretary of the Navy the United States ever had," holding that position in the Confederacy, with the venerable Lawrence Rousseau, the hero of forty years' honorable service in the Federal navy, as commanding naval officer in New Orleans, Fry resigned his honorable position and rank in the Confederate army, and reported for duty in the navy, where he felt he belonged, and where he believed he could render more efficient service.

Captain Roy writes me of him at this period,—

"I lost sight of Captain Fry, after his resignation, for some months. When I was again brought into contact with him, he was acting as assistant to Commodore Rousseau. It was then that I saw and admired the sterling worth of Captain Fry. Commodore Rousseau was old, and not as active as he had been, and the almost unlimited power of the Commodore devolved upon Fry. To him were intrusted the many projects submitted for gunboats, guns, gun carriages, etc., all of which he carefully examined, recommending their purchase or rejection, as seemed most likely to benefit the government.

"As yet nothing had been known of *Turreted Monitors*, with revolving gun carriages, commanding the whole circle of the horizon. A model of a gunboat, with two turrets, very similar to those afterward used by the United States, was submitted, by a citizen of New Orleans,* to Commodore Rousseau, and by him referred to Fry for his opinion. He saw its advantages at once, and reported favorably. The commodore authorized him to recommend five light-draught gunboats, on the turret principle, to be built for the lake. He wrote to Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate Navy, recommending that these boats should be built as rapidly as possible. Mr. Mallory referred the matter to parties in Richmond, who are supposed to have reported adversely, as the boats were not built. The good service done in the United States Navy by boats built *after this identical model*, proves the correctness of the judgment of Captain Fry. About this time he was instrumental in the construction of the first 'iron-clad ram,' the Manassas. He also instituted a manufactory in the Custom House in New Orleans, where both naval and army gun carriages and platforms were made.* In his duties he was careful of the smallest details relating to the government. I remember on one occasion a bill for transportation of ordnance was referred to him. He thought the charge was larger than was right, and sent a messenger to various other parties for an estimate. The result was, that the transportation was afterward done for just one half the first charge. This is but a trifling illustration of the principles of uprightness and honesty which guided all his transactions, and by which he was governed all his life; whether serving the United States or the Confederate States, in public life or in private, he was severely *conscientious*. . . . No labor that he could perform, no invention that he could contrive, to forward the interests of his country, was left undone or withheld. He devoted much thought, time, and labor, in his leisure moments, to perfecting a process of rapidly drying the gun carriage timber that was used in the Custom House workshops."

---

* The original model is still to be seen in that city.

---

* Admiral Semmes, in his "Memoirs of Service Afloat," attributes the establishment of this manufactory to my informant, Captain Roy, himself, "whose services" he says, "I was fortunate enough to obtain. . . . He contrived, most ingeniously, and constructed out of railroad iron, one of the best carriages (or rather slide-and-circle) for a pivot-gun which I have ever seen."

Fry was afterward dispatched to Montgomery and elsewhere, on special business for the Navy Department, being engaged in this and similar service until placed in command of the Ivy, a small tender of the forts, and letter of marque.

Admiral Semmes had been during this time engaged in fitting out the Sumter, which had been turned over to him "a dismantled packet-ship, full of upper cabins and other top-hamper, furniture, and crockery, but as unlike a ship of war as possible." Carrying but five days' fuel, and with no accommodations for the crew of a man-of-war, she was nevertheless transformed into the renowned *privateer* which played such havoc with the Federal commerce in her brief career of six months, having captured seventeen ships, and kept five or six men-of-war constantly in pursuit of her, thus effectually weakening the blockade force, etc. The transformation was effected under inconceivable difficulties. "With no navy yard with well-provided workshops and skilled workmen, ready with all the requisite materials at hand to execute orders, everything had to be improvised," two long months being consumed in making the necessary alterations and additions.

The mouths of the Mississippi River were blockaded in May, 1861, the steamer Brooklyn having taken up her position at Pass-à-l'outre on the 26th, and the Niagara and the Minnesota a few days later. On the 18th of June, the Sumter dropped down to the barracks to receive her powder, and then ran down to an anchorage, where she remained several days, that her crew might be drilled, before attempting to "run the blockade." On the 21st of June, the Ivy reported that the Powhatan, which was blockading the South-west Pass, had left her position in pursuit of two ships, which were supposed to be laden with arms and ammunition for the Confederates. Here was apparently a fine opportunity of getting out to sea; it was lost, however, by the refusal of a pilot from the light-house to go on board the Sumter, and the Powhatan returned to her station the next morning. The Ivy was dispatched to the pilot's station at the South-west Pass, but returned with the reply that there were no pilots on duty!

The Ivy was again dispatched with a written order for the arrest, if necessary, of three or four of the most experienced pilots of the bar. This brought the captain of the Pilots' Association, and several pilots. The Ivy was now dispatched to the city, returning with a supply of coal, etc., and on the 30th of June, the Brooklyn having gone off in chase of a sail, the Sumter's anchor was gotten up in "double quick," the propeller started, and off she bounded "like a thing of life," and was soon out upon the high seas. The Brooklyn had only chased to the westward some seven or eight miles,—being hidden from sight by one of the spurs of the Delta,—and speedily made chase. As she crossed the bar, the Sumter was barely out of reach of her guns, the group of officers on her quarter-deck being plainly visible, many of them glass in hand. By skillful maneuvering, the Sumter at once began to gain perceptibly on her pursuer, and the chase was soon abandoned.

The anchorage at the "Head of the Passes," which had been occupied unmolested by the Sumter, was now taken possession of by the Federal vessels, and held by them until they were dislodged by Commodore Hollins.

The Ivy, now commanded by Captain Fry, continued to report the movements of the vessels of both fleets, telegraphing in September for a rifle-cannon with which Fry hoped to be able to "disable the Niagara's machinery." He writes of the Ivy, "She is a very good vessel to run away from the enemy in, but utterly worthless as a war-vessel. . . . All I can do is to keep a lookout on the motions of the enemy, and report them from day to day. . . I visit one or both of the Passes every day, and make them fire up every time; they appearing to suppose that I want to get out."

On the 12th of October occurred the gallant ram exploit of Commodore Hollins. A steam-tug had been transformed, under Fry's superintendence, into a nondescript iron-clad, by means of bars of railroad iron fastened to the hull of the boat, and to a frame work above the decks, a stout iron prow being secured to the bow, several feet below the water line. The Federal fleet consisted of the Richmond, the Vincennes, the Preble, and the Water Witch. The Richmond, being higher up the Pass than the other vessels, was first assaulted by the Ram Manassas, some of her planks being started below the water line, though the force of the blow was broken by a coal schooner lying alongside.

As the ram drew off, a broadside was fired into her from the Richmond without effect.

The following extracts from a rough draft of a report to Commodore Hollins, found among the papers of Fry, will be found interesting.

Whether it was copied and forwarded in this form, I am unable to say.

"Confederate States Steamer Ivy,
October 14, 1861.

"Sir: I have the honor to communicate to you the following report of the events connected with the expedition of the 12th inst., so far as they relate to the steamer Ivy, under my command.

"After reaching the point at which you stopped with the different steamers, I drifted until I could distinctly see the loom of the lights on the deck of the ship nearest the telegraph station, as I judged from seeing a bright light in the operator's house. Suddenly a succession of rapid discharges from this vessel occurred, followed by others from a different direction, and then after a pause all was still, the pause being preceded by the flight of a rocket. It had been previously reported to me that a rocket had been thrown up, but not seeing this followed by any unusual demonstration, I awaited quietly the result. It was some time after this report that the broadsides from the Preble were fired. The steamers Tuscarora and Watson passed me then, with the fire-rafts in tow, and, following the line of the left shore, commenced to light their fires, and proceeded down, as I judged, directly upon the enemy. I kept them in view, and it was the universal impression that the ships were on fire and being consumed, until, the fires being well lighted, they emerged from the flames.

"My anxiety for the Manassas was intense. I believed her calculated to run down a single vessel, but not to sustain a cross-fire at a short distance directed at her sides. My delight was unbounded to see her slowly emerge from the smoke, an immense volume of it conveying the impression she was herself on fire. Her progress was so slow I was convinced she was crippled; but her commander declined my offer of assistance until she got aground. I then parted two lines in trying to get her off, and went in search of assistance, and communicated to the flag officer, and to the McRae, the intelligence of the Manassas having sunk the Preble, as it was not doubted she had gone down.

"The Tuscarora being on shore as well as the Manassas, I was on the point of going to the assistance of the former steamer, when, it being daylight, the enemy's forces were discovered together in the South-west Pass. It occurred to me, that on discovering the weakness of our force, the Richmond might return. I started down the Pass to engage them until the two steamers might be gotten off; but the enemy crowded on all sail, and pursued their flight till they reached the bar. I there engaged the Richmond, Water Witch, and Preble, at long range, they replying to my fire with rifled cannon. It was my intention to keep stern to them, presenting as little surface to their fire as possible; but this was impossible, and the efforts made to keep the Ivy's head up stream retarded our progress. Meanwhile their shots reached us, passed over and by us. Shortly after, the flag officer, in the Calhoun, accompanied by the Jackson and Tuscarora, appeared, when a white flag was displayed by the Richmond. I was astonished beyond measure at this, and stopped my fire. Being in the presence of the commander-in-chief, I started to report the circumstance, when the flag was hauled down, the act being *preceded* by the discharge, as I believe, of an eleven-inch gun and her whole broadside. The only explanation of the flag of truce which suggested itself to my mind was, that the sloop of war being aground with her stern to us, the Richmond being also in the mud, they presumed our other steamers were armed with rifled cannon, and, being at our mercy, they meant to make an appeal to us to stay proceedings. When we started up the river, they fired their whole broadside, which appeared as if they had intended to decoy us within certain range of her guns, to destroy us.

. . . . .

"Finding that it was useless to continue at long range, I ran down within easy range of the enemy, and firing so as to take perfect aim at him, my shell exploded alongside of his smokestack. It was then reported to me that the flag officer was calling us, and I reluctantly left at the moment when I was able, for the first time, to hull the Richmond every time. The sloop of war was within easy range of us; but my hope was to have crippled the steamer on the bar, and so I disregarded the firing of the sloop of war and of the Vixen.

"The next morning, by order of Lieutenant Commanding —— (name undecipherable), I visited the bar, and found that at daylight two transport steamers had gotten the sloop of war off. The Richmond appeared much farther in than the rest, and by the stern I could not tell whether she was afloat or not; but she appeared to be so. A pilot told me he had watched the whole fight, and that one of our shells had struck her on the quarter, and that the *scar* was plainly visible through his glass.

"It now only remains for me to speak of my officers and men. They all acted to my perfect satisfaction. Midshipman Robinson displayed all the qualities I expected of him. My clerk, Mr. C. F. S. Sands, took an account of the shots fired from each vessel, a matter requiring much coolness under fire. Midshipman Roby possesses the qualities of perfect courage and coolness in a degree I have never seen excelled, if ever equaled.

I believe he will be distinguished to an eminent degree during the war; and I cheerfully recommend him to you, and through you to the Department, as an officer to whom may be confided any trust requiring intelligence, coolness, and judgment, under the most trying circumstances. I have seen him on three several occasions under fire, and a reputation previously achieved was fully sustained.

"Mr. Sands' report of the brush with the enemy was as follows:—

Number of guns fired by the Richmond, .	107
" " Vincennes, .	16
" " Water Witch,	18

"On the part of the Confederate forces, as follows:—

By the McRae, ...	23 guns.
" Ivy, ...	26 "
" Tuscarora, ...	6 "

"I have the honor to be, sir,
"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"Joseph Fry,
"*Lieutenant Commanding.*"

On the eighteenth of October, General Lovell took command of the Department. The river fleet was ordered to Fort Pillow, Lieutenant Fry retaining command of the Ivy. He was thus spared the pain and mortification of witnessing the fall of his beloved New Orleans, the ensuing April.

The external line of defense on the north passed through Bowling Green, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, etc., the Federals holding Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, and Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. An inner line, including Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, etc., soon became the outer line, by the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, in its turn abandoned for a third line, still more contracted and more strictly defined.

After doing good service on the Ivy, Lieutenant Fry was transferred to the Maurepas, and saw active service in the defense of these various points.

His letters to his wife form a perfect bulletin of this portion of the war, with the exception, however, of the very items in which *we* are most interested, namely, his own individual share in it; for he was not a man to say much of his own exploits, however brilliant and daring they may have been, and were, as we know from others.

On the fifteenth of March, 1862, he writes with a sad heart of the evacuation of New Madrid,—

"Our people yesterday put it out of our power to fight the Federal gunboats, thus giving the enemy a stick with which to break our own heads, placing a fortification between us and Island No. 10, to pass which we should run the chance of being disabled. . . . I intend, though, dear Dita, to make a name for the Maurepas, with God's blessing on my efforts. If we win our independence, I mean my children shall have no cause to blush at their name. My officers are all ready and eager for service, and I do not think will be first in a retreat."

On the twenty-first, he wrote,—

"I have been leading a most active sort of life since I came here, and this is the first morning that I have not been up at daylight. I do not think I have averaged more than three hours' sleep in twenty-four for the last five days.

. . . We have been struck eight or nine times by cannon balls, and probably by thirty or forty balls. The deck has been covered with splinters; my back, also; my stove-pipe cut in two in the cabin; my table, secretary, sideboard, looking-glass frame, etc., all smashed and scratched; and yet nobody hurt, except one man, who had a twenty-four-pound cannon ball pass between his feet without touching him!—cutting his trousers, however, and knocking him, heels over head, about twenty feet. His feet swelled up, and he was laid up for two or three days, but is about again. . . . I could fill pages if I were to tell you one half we have seen and done within a few days. . . . All the gunboats, except the McRae and Ivy, have been hit by cannon balls. . . . I have just seen a Memphis paper, giving an account of our fight. It speaks of us last, although we began the fight some time before any other gunboat got in it, and says we got one shot through our pilot house, and another cut our hog-chain, when the fact is, we received eight or ten shots, besides being pretty well riddled with rifle shots. We had been there three days, and had three fights with shore batteries. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

On the first of April, he wrote again, —

". . . We, and the Pontchartrain, and the Polk, have been running past their batteries, in turn, nearly every night; and although they try their best, they have never hit one of us. . . . I forgot to tell you that, night before last, just after passing the enemy's batteries, I heard a shout, as I thought, *on the bank.* We were within forty yards. I stopped the boat, and shouted repeatedly, but could get no answer. At last I heard groans, and sent a boat on shore. This occupied an hour, as the current was so swift the boat could hardly pull up against it. A man was found in the river current, clinging to a branch, in an almost exhausted state. I asked him why he did not answer when I called. He answered, he could not. It was almost pitch dark. He had been riding a fine horse, got into a stream, his horse drowned, and he saved by a miracle. The enemy had not fired at us, for some unknown reason. If they had done so, I would not, probably, have heard his cries or groans; so I believe the whole thing providential, entirely."

This incident, so simply and naïvely related, is probably as striking an instance of reckless, unselfish daring in the cause of suffering humanity as has ever been placed on record. To stop a gunboat, and hold her motionless under the guns of the enemy's battery for an hour, attracting attention at the same time by repeated shouts in order to ascertain the source of a shout and subsequent groans, heard apparently on the bank, is a deed worthy of the noble heart and humane spirit of Joseph Fry, and deserving of more enduring record than I can hope to give it in these unpretending pages.

His letters abound with exhibitions of the same pure spirit of humanity and regret at the inevitable cruelties of war. "I hope we made no widows to-day," is his frequent exclamation after a gunboat fight.

After the fall of Island No. 10, the Confederate forces were drawn within still more contracted limits. The river fleet was stationed at Randolph, ten miles below Fort Pillow, and Fry's boat was kept busy running up and down the river between those two points. On the twenty-first of April he wrote to his wife, —

"I sent a letter to General Beauregard yesterday, proposing that we shall fortify Fort Randolph with our guns. We could do twice the amount of good with them on land, and will — if we have time to mount our guns — check the enemy there, should they take Fort Pillow. Should they run by here at night, there is nothing to check them this side of Memphis; but if we fortify Fort Randolph, we can make a strong fort of it."

Resistance proving ineffectual, Fry took the Maurepas up White River, where his men cleared the country of Federals from St. Charles to Jacksonport, Ark., capturing commissary stores and burning cotton. On one occasion they captured about one hundred hogsheads of sugar, and a large quantity of provisions of all sorts. He sent word to the country people for miles around, and they came from all directions with wagons and carts, wheelbarrows and baskets, helping themselves freely and gratefully. Learning that a Federal fleet was ascending the river, the Maurepas and two wooden boats were, in order to obstruct their passage, sunk across the channel at St. Charles, Ark., by orders of her commander, after the removal of her valuables, her guns being used to form a battery on the heights. Here occurred an incident of which several contradictory versions have recently been published.

A Federal expedition, fitted out at Memphis, including the gunboats Mound City, St. Louis, Lexington, Conestoga, and a number of transports, was sent up the White River to the relief of General Curtis, who was supposed to be on his way down from Missouri. At St. Charles they were stopped by Fry's battery. The gunboats, led by the Mound City, closely followed by the St. Louis, opened fire on the battery on the sixteenth of June. A shot from one of Fry's heavy guns penetrated the steam-chest of the Mound City, by which she was immediately enveloped with scalding steam, her men leaping from the port-holes into the water. A Federal account of the affair, published in western papers, states that "the men in the water were fired upon by Fry's express command;" but a deed so barbarous is so utterly incompatible with what we know of Fry's humanity and high-toned honor, that it becomes an impossibility to give it credence. The aspersion called forth a number of indignant denials from both ex-Federals and ex-Confederates, of which I will reproduce only the following from eye-witnesses and participants in the affair.

The first is from Captain John V. Johnston, who was first lieutenant of the gunboat St. Louis, in which capacity he participated in nearly every river battle of the war, beginning with Fort Henry. On the publication of the statements above mentioned, Captain Johnston called at the office of the St. Louis Globe to give his voluntary testimony to the brutality and falsehood of the charges against the memory of Captain Fry. He met in the office a reporter, with whom he had been well acquainted during the war as a war correspondent. The following conversation then took place, as published in the St. Louis Globe:—

The Globe reporter asked Captain Johnston what he knew of the truth or falsehood of the charge against Captain Fry.

Captain Johnston. I know them to be false; they never had any foundation whatever.

Globe Reporter. Had you an opportunity of seeing what took place then, and would you have seen the shooting of men in the river, if it had occurred?

Captain Johnston. Certainly. The Mound City, under command of Captain Kelly, went ahead. The St. Louis, under Captain McGonegle, who is now dead, followed. When the Mound City's steam-chest was cut, of course her machinery stopped, and she drifted down the stream. The St. Louis passed her, and took her place. The rebels continued to fire their artillery, because there was no signal of distress given, and no truce asked; and the St. Louis kept up a brisk fire on the fort all the time.

[The captain here made a correct diagram of the fort, the river bank, the river, and the gunboats.]

Globe Reporter. How many men were killed while in the river?

Captain Johnston. I heard of but very few. A great many jumped into the stream after they had been scalded, and died as a result of the scalding. They were literally mad, of course, and did not know what they were doing; but those who were shot in the river were shot with grape and canister, which the rebels were trying to fire into the port-holes of the St. Louis. They fired from a high bluff, and, as they were not able to depress their guns sufficiently, their shots went over us and fell into the river, hitting a few of the men who were struggling there.

Globe Reporter. Didn't the rebel infantry fire at our soldiers in the water?

Captain Johnston. Not at all. They made a rush to board the Mound City with pikes, but the St. Louis kept the Mound City from drifting into the bank; so they couldn't get aboard of her.

Globe Reporter. Did you see Captain Fry after the battle?

Captain Johnston. I did. He was badly wounded, and, as he passed the St. Louis in a yawl, as a prisoner, he asked me if I had a surgeon on board. I told him I had not, but that there was a good surgeon in the Conestoga, down the stream. He went to the Conestoga, and there met Captain McGonegle and several other officers whom he had known in the navy before the war. They asked him in my presence if he had ordered the shooting of men in the river. He unqualifiedly denied it, and said he hoped his old classmates would not think he could be guilty of such a thing.

Captain Johnston related a great many other incidents of the battle,—all proving beyond doubt the bravery of Fry, and his innocence of the foul charges now trumped up against him. We know him personally to be a competent witness in the case, and to have been present in the engagement referred to. His story is plain, straightforward, and truthful in every respect.

As an officer on board the St. Louis at the time of the explosion on the Mound City, he was both an eye-witness and a participant in the affair, the St. Louis being the only iron-clad, besides the Mound City, engaged in the fight.*

Another gentleman, an ex-Federal officer also, who assisted Fry on board the Federal gunboat, got a surgeon for him, and stood by him while his wound was probed (a silk handkerchief being drawn entirely through his body, which agonizing operation he stood without flinching), fully corroborates the statements of Captain Johnston in a published communication on the subject, adding, "Captain Fry would not have taken undue advantage of any one; he was a man too pure in spirit and noble in sentiment; and whatever charges of this nature may have been made against him, are altogether without foundation."

Such statements as these. voluntarily offered for publication by those who were ranked among

---

* Captain Johnston being in New Orleans in July, 1874, in command of a river steamer, I had a very pleasant interview with him, in which he fully confirmed the above statements, giving me some additional details, which prove the impossibility of Captain Fry's having given any such order, or that any such order was given at all.

"the enemy" at the time of the occurrence, should forever set at rest all such questions, did not the whole tenor of Fry's life make such a deed an absolute moral impossibility.

In addition to this, I have a certified account of the affair from one of Fry's own men — the one, indeed, who "pulled the lanyard" for the shot which disabled the Mound City, and who was then sent to Captain Fry to report the disaster. He states that Fry was at least a quarter of a mile further down the river bank, with Midshipman Roby and two small Parrott guns. Having had to run that distance to reach Captain Fry, he can testify that it was a physical impossibility for Fry to have given the order to fire on the men who leaped from the Mound City into the water to avoid the escaping steam.

Fry was not wounded during the engagement, but by a stray shot during the retreat.

Captain Fry himself, in after times, when "fighting his battles o'er again," said of this White River affair, that it had been reported to him that the Federals were sending small boats loaded with armed men from the gunboats below with a view of cutting off his retreat from the rear. Under these circumstances Lieutenant Roby with five or six riflemen was stationed to open fire on these boats, in order to interfere with their design of cutting off his retreat. This was probably the true explanation of the affair which has been tortured into the charge of the grossest inhumanity.

Being thus wounded and a prisoner, Fry was carried to the hospital at Memphis with the Federal wounded, whence he wrote as follows (the Federal surgeon Dr. H. Beauchamp acting as his amanuensis): —

"U. S. N. Hospital Ship, Red River.
"Off Memphis, June 22, 1862.

". . . You will no doubt be surprised to learn that I am a captive, and wounded. . . . My wound is not very painful, but, as the nerve of motion is cut, I cannot use my right arm; therefore I am compelled to get the aid of another to communicate my condition. The surgeons do not consider my wound dangerous; time and patient waiting will do all toward my recovery.

"I sunk the Maurepas to close the channel in

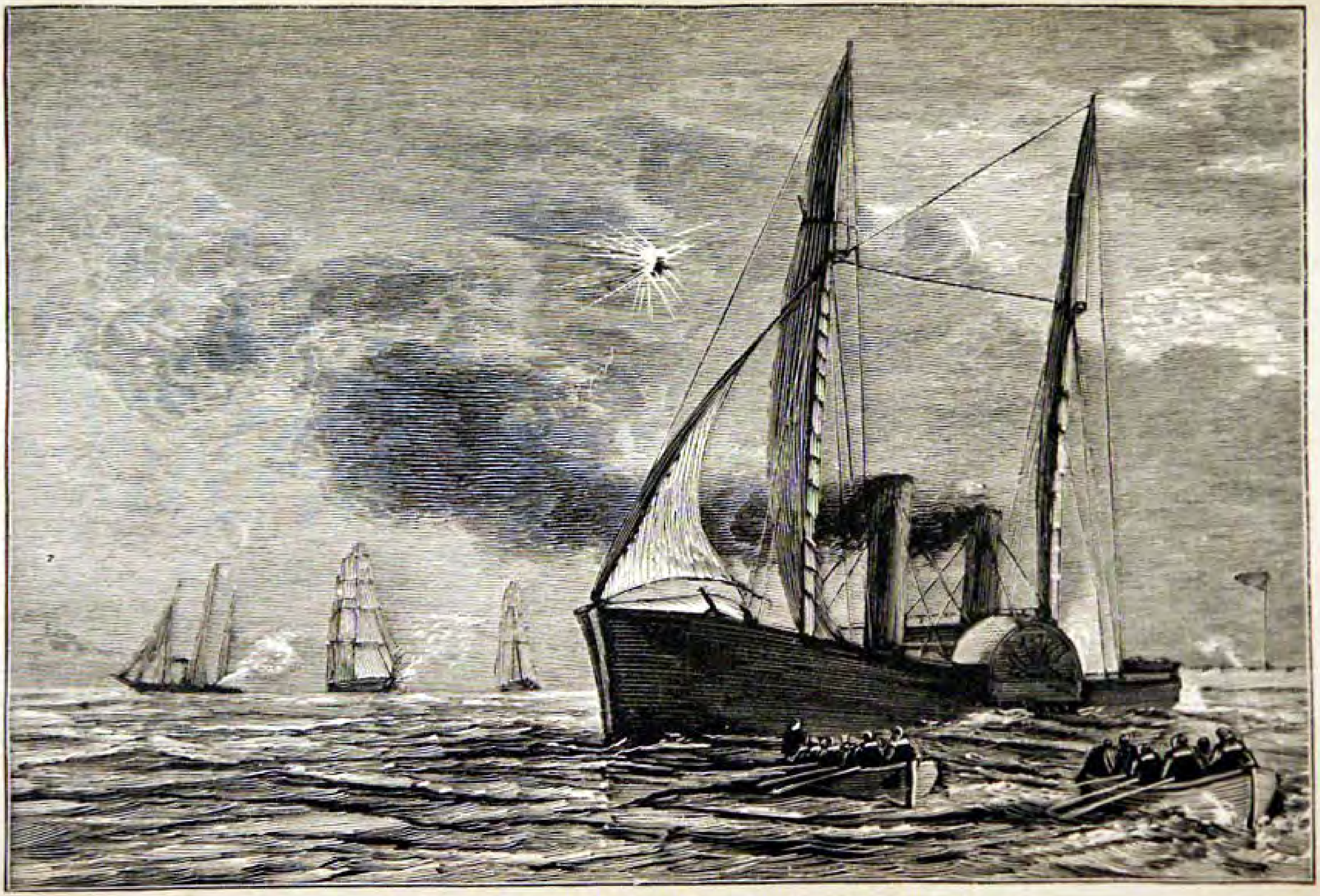
White River, to prevent the Federal gunboats (four in number) from ascending. I then landed my crew, and, assisted by Captain Dunnington with two guns' crews from the Pontchartrain, and some forty or fifty riflemen, fought the gunboats until a large land force in our rear compelled us to retire up the bank of the river. I lost six or eight of our men, and was the only officer captured or wounded that I know of."

CHAPTER XII.

Fry placed on the Examining Board.—Visits various Cities.—Put in Command of the Eugenie.—Great Success.—Stationed at St. Thomas, Bermuda, as Government Agent.—Sent to Scotland for a Blockade-runner.—Pleasing Incident.—Makes several Successful Trips in the Ship Agnes E. Fry.—Sunk in Cape Fear River.—Captain Fry in Mobile Bay.—The great Naval Fight.—Preparations to run the Blockade.—Transferred to the Morgan.—Closing Scenes of the War.—Tribute to the Memory of Captain Fry by a Brother Officer.—Fry's great Bravery during the Fight in Mobile Bay.

After his exchange, Fry rejoined his family, then in Georgia, and remained with them for several months, in wretched health from his wound and the privations he had endured.

Unable to remain long inactive while his services were needed by his country, he, with his arm still in a sling, applied for orders. He was ordered to Richmond, where he was placed on the Examining Board, visiting Charleston'



CAPTAIN FRY ON BOARD THE POWDER BOAT EUGENIE.

Savannah, Montgomery, Mobile, and other southern cities in the performance of his official duties.

When his health was sufficiently restored to admit of more active service, he was placed in command of the government blockade-runner Eugenie, sailing under the Confederate flag in his official capacity.

Here he proved himself a skillful, daring commander, and met with remarkable success. Here, too, he exhibited the same indomitable courage for which he had already distinguished himself; the same self-sacrificing spirit in the cause of duty, and the same pure humanity.

On one occasion the Eugenie, when coming in loaded with gunpowder, ran on the bar outside of Fort Fisher, within range of the guns of the blockading squadron. Fry was ordered from the fort to abandon his vessel in order to save his crew from what was considered an inevitable explosion. Determined to save his ship or perish with her, he sent off, in small boats, all of the men who would go; and then remained at his post, with shells falling in the water all around him; lightened her, and with the tide carried her safely in—a deed of cool gallantry not surpassed in the annals of war. He stood the chance of being blown up, without the excitement of battle to nerve him, for he had no armament with which to return the fire. To have made his escape to the adjacent coast would have been easy, and would have been obedience to orders; but he could not abandon his vessel and her precious cargo—so needed by his country—merely to save his own life.

Running the blockade of course enabled Fry to procure many comforts and luxuries for his family, of which they, in common with all the people of the South, had hitherto been deprived.

On one occasion he writes from Wilmington, under date of July 17, 1863,—

"God has favored me with a successful voyage, and I have arrived with a valuable cargo, and some comforts and necessaries for you." After enumerating a long list of articles, provisions, clothing, etc., he adds, "You will find some *Cod-Liver Oil*, *Chloroform*, and *Cantharides Ointment*, which you will please give to Dr. B——, as I bought them for him *to do good with for God's sake*, remembering our little boy, whom He saved through Dr. B——'s instrumentality. You will find *mustard*, too, which you must share with the sick." Enumerating a list of presents for various parties, he adds, "It is such a luxury to be able once in my life to reciprocate kind acts!"

In the spring of 1864, he was stationed for some time at St. Thomas, Bermuda, as government agent for the Confederate Navy; after which he was sent to Scotland to bring out a new blockade-runner, building on the Clyde, which, in honor of her future commander's wife, was named the Agnes E. Fry.

While in Scotland a pleasant little incident occurred to Fry, the recital of which may serve to vary the monotomy of these saddening reminiscences of the days of the Confederacy.

Standing at his window one day, humming a favorite air, Fry unconsciously raised his voice until he finally sang aloud the closing verses of "*Partant pour la Syrie.*" He hears an echo! The song is repeated in a clear soprano voice, with an unmistakable French accent! Looking in the direction of the voice, he perceives upon an adjacent balcony a group of elegantly dressed ladies and noble-looking gentlemen, evidently foreigners. As he descended the stairway, he met upon the landing a gentleman in magnificent uniform, who saluted him courteously as he passed on. Upon inquiry he ascertained that the gentleman was *Plon-Plon*, the Prince Napoleon! It will be remembered that *Queen Hortense* was the reputed author and composer of the charming *chansonette* which Fry was singing, and his thus singing it while standing in such close proximity to the group of French travelers, was evidently regarded by them as a delicate personal compliment, which was as delicately acknowledged.

Returning home in charge of "the finest ship that ever entered Wilmington harbor," Fry made several successful trips with her. To show the high esteem in which he was held, and the absolute confidence placed in his skill and ability, I venture to make the following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs. Fry by one of the owners of the vessel: —

"RICHMOND, October 8, 1864.

" . . . A telegram from Wilmington advises me that the fine steamer A. E. Fry had returned safely to Bermuda, after four unsuccessful attempts to run through the blockade into the former port. The ship is owned partly by the firm of Crenshaw Brothers, in connection with the government, and is commanded by your husband, Captain Joseph Fry. I have not been informed of the circumstances, but am satisfied that the skill and good judgment of Captain Fry have saved the ship from capture or destruction. . . . "

In November he made a successful run into the harbor, and on the 10th wrote from Smithville, near Wilmington, thus:—

"Many vessels have arrived here since I first left Bermuda, and it is also true that many have been lost trying to get in. God has watched over our safety, and prospered us wonderfully. I have been chased over and over again; . . . have had the yellow fever on board; have headed for the bar about seven times in vain. . . . I never was so happy in my life as when I at last arrived, and thought I should be with you in three or four days; nor so miserable as when I found they wanted me to try and go out again immediately, by which I lose my chance of coming home. But I am bound to do it. I am complimented on having the finest ship that ever came in, named, too, after her whom I love more than all the world beside. The owners are my personal friends, and are pledged to take care of you in my absence, or in case of my capture. She is a vessel they especially want me to command, and although I would not leave without having seen my family for *twice her value*, still *duty* requires that I should do so."

He telegraphed at once for his family, and they remained for some time at Smithville.

On the 5th of December, 1864, he wrote from Nassau,—

"I am here safe and sound, and the ship, named after the idol of my heart, is paid for; thanks to the dear God whose providence has crowned my efforts with success. . . . I am afraid —— will be disappointed at my not getting to Bermuda, but you and I, dearest, will thank *le bon Dieu* that I am safe here. I am trying to get back soon, doubtful as it looks. Colonel Crenshaw* is expected here daily. I hope he will arrive before I leave; I should like to have him see my ship as she looked this morning!"

After three successful trips, the Agnes was unfortunately run ashore by her pilot, and sunk in the Cape Fear River, where she now lies. By a singular coincidence, near the spot where the Agnes E. Fry had been lying for so many years the Virginius also sunk.

Reporting for "orders" after the loss of the Agnes, Captain Fry was next sent to Mobile Bay.

In August, 1864, a Federal fleet of fourteen steamers and four monitors, carrying in all one hundred and ninety-nine guns, and two thousand seven hundred men, having passed the forts at the mouth of Mobile Bay, engaged the Confederate squadron of three gunboats and one ram; namely, the Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, and the ram Tennessee, carrying twenty-two guns, and four hundred and seventy men. Under such heavy odds, the engagement lasted but a short time. The Confederate gunboats were soon dispersed by the overwhelming superiority of force. The Gaines was sunk, the Selma and the Tennessee surrendered, the Morgan escaping uninjured.

---

* Part owner of the vessel.

A portion of the Federal fleet then took position immediately outside the lower line of obstructions, and about four miles below the city of Mobile, the heavier war-vessels returning to guard the entrance of the harbor.

By this movement, four Confederate blockade-runners were shut up in Mobile Bay; namely, the Denbigh, used by General Maury as his headquarters, and as dispatch boat during the siege of Mobile; the Virgin, afterward sold, and renamed VIRGINIUS; the Mary and the Red Gauntlet.

To attempt to run these vessels out to sea was a hazardous enterprise. After forcing a passage through the line of obstructions (as effectual against one side as the other), there was the upper Federal fleet to pass, risking a chase of twenty-six miles, smooth sailing, by these fleet double-enders, only to confront the equally fast, but more heavily metaled war vessels at the entrance of the harbor.

To undertake this dangerous and difficult task, Captain Fry was selected, and sent to Mobile in the spring of 1865.

The Red Gauntlet was placed under his orders and loaded with cotton. Under Captain Fry's energetic management, the vessel was soon ready for sea; but then came a series of delays. A hole had to be made in the obstructions, and this in itself was quite a task, as all the work had to be done at night, to avoid attracting attention and creating suspicion on the part of the enemy.

On the fourth of March he wrote to his wife, "Things are not working smoothly. It is very slow work; and bright moonlight nights are coming on pretty soon, and I fear we shall be detained some time yet. . . . General orders say the place is threatened; so I am glad you are not here. . . . If the steamer had been ready, and the obstructions removed, we would have had a splendid time lately to go out; but I fear now we shall have to wait two weeks yet, before we can leave."

It was proposed that the torpedo boat St. Patrick, under command of a gallant young lieutenant named Walker, should go out at the same time as the Red Gauntlet, and "create a diversion" with her torpedoes. Finally all was ready; but just as the vessels were weighing anchor, an order came detaining them, and Captain Fry was again forced to do what he always most hated,—he was forced to *wait*.

The design of running the Red Gauntlet out was finally abandoned, and Captain Fry transferred to the gunboat Morgan, in command of which he participated in the closing scenes of the war. He fought his gunboat with indomitable valor, until his last shell was expended, and his vessel in a sinking condition.

I am indebted to one of the officers on board the Morgan, a lieutenant of marines, for the following graphic description of the fight and the surrender. It is also a graceful tribute to the memory of Captain Fry.

"The work of the defense of Mobile had now begun in earnest. Our works and batteries at Blakeley and the Spanish Fort were regularly invested by a large force of Federals, and the gallant handful of Confederates defending them were up night and day, without rest, fighting all the time.

"The duty of the Morgan was, with the wooden-clad Nashville and the two small iron-clads, the Huntsville and the Tuscaloosa, to guard the river, to prevent the enemy from erecting batteries, and to shell their infantry. To this work Captain Fry applied himself with eagerness, and, for about six days and nights, he went up and down the Tensas River, firing wherever there were indications of activity on the part of the enemy.

"The Federals succeeded, however, in establishing batteries, and then the work became more serious. Our gallant captain (I believe he loved to fight) would move his vessel close up to a battery, and fire away until he was ordered from shore to haul off.

"Thus our life continued for about ten days, when the, to us, eventful ninth of April dawned. We were at anchor in the Tensas, just above Blakeley Landing and just off the extreme right of the enemy. We had orders to shell their lines vigorously, and we did so up to dinner time. Orders were then received by Captain Fry, instructing him immediately after dinner to move down stream, and attack the Federal left. All hands went to dinner, and while we were quietly munching our corn bread and sour bacon, whiz! bang! and everybody jumped to their feet. We had been struck by a shell. Being the first one, it created some excitement; but I felt perfectly serene, for I knew the contents of the orders just received by the captain, and supposed that of course he would obey orders, and move down stream, and thus we would get out of range of that c——d masked battery. But he did no such thing. The rattle was sprung, and, 'All hands to quarters!' was the cry I heard on deck.

"To a land-lubber like myself the scene which greeted me as I reached the deck was, if not altogether pleasant, at least novel. The entire battery, seven guns, was all ranged on the starboard side. Everything was so orderly that the movements of the men looked like clock-work; nothing to interrupt the cool commands of the officers, save the ugly whiz and thud of the enemy's shots, as they passed us or struck. In less time than it has taken to write this, the ship was ready for action, and the command to commence firing rang out fore and aft.

"And now commenced a scene of unsurpassed coolness and bravery. The Morgan was a wooden vessel with flush deck; every man was visible from his ankles up. Her position was about one thousand yards from the enemy's battery, which was mounted with Parrott guns, and countersunk under a hill. The men all appeared self-possessed, and worked like true soldiers; the officers appeared as cool and collected as if assembled for inspection, while Captain Fry walked leisurely fore and aft, seeing everything for himself, and encouraging his men by an appearance of *sang froid* which I for one could scarcely appreciate at the time, but which, as I now look back at it, was truly magnificent.

"Pretty soon the Federal battery 'got range' on the ship, and then their *hits* were frequent. After one hour and a quarter's fight, the forward division was reported out of ammunition. Then, in a few moments more, a report that a plank had been ripped out of the ship's side just at the water line, and that it was impossible to plug the hole. Quick as thought, away went guns (rendered useless for want of ammunition) and chain-boxes to the port side, to lift the 'unpluggable' hole out of the water. Ten minutes more, and the after broadside guns reported out of munitions, and only two more shells for the seven-inch after gun left on hand.

"These reports came thick and fast, and this last one convinced Captain Fry that it was time to quit the fight, and try to save his ship, crippled as she was, and his men. He ordered the last two shots fired, and that we should then quit the action.

"Here I must be permitted to relate two incidents, one of which shows how invariably Captain Fry thought of others before himself, the other brings forward his great coolness in moments of extreme peril.

"When the forward division was reported out of ammunition, the men had nothing to do but to lie around decks taking the enemy's fire. One of the men was carelessly leaning against the foremast. Captain Fry, noticing his position, touched him gently on the shoulder, saying, 'Don't stand near that mast; you run a double danger, for you may be splintered;'—risking the danger himself while warning the man, who quickly and thankfully took his advice, and stood away from the mast.

"When—after one hour and fifty minutes' fight with this battery, a crippled ship under his command, and nothing left for offense or defense—Captain Fry had determined to 'back her out,' and had given orders accordingly, his executive officer (a brave and efficient soldier, whose talents and bravery, if the occasion offers, will add luster to the achievements of the khedive's army), seeing the almost desperate condition of things, approached him, and touching his hat, said, 'Captain, I suppose we shall slip the cable, sir?' The men were all standing looking toward the group of officers, when the captain answered, 'No, sir; weigh the anchor, as usual!' Hearing the captain's cool reply, his crew gave him three rousing cheers, which could be clearly heard by the enemy, and must have been strangely incomprehensible to them, coming, as it did, from what they could plainly see was a disabled and sinking ship.

"The Morgan hauled off, and was so badly crippled that she could not be repaired and got ready to return to duty until the evening of the evacuation of Mobile, when she went over to the eastern shore to watch the movements of the enemy, and cover the retreat of our river transports. We then ascended the Tombigbee River to Demopolis, and there awaited in mournful inactivity the news of the sad ending of our long struggle.

"A week passed, and we were ordered to return to Nana Hubba Bluff, to surrender our ship.

"Only one incident of this too sad part of our history will I relate. I would not mention even this, were it not that it speaks of him whom we have loved and lost in terms more emphatic than any words that might be used by his eulogists. I have always spoken of Captain Fry as the only man I ever knew of whom I thought that danger could never present itself to him in such a shape, or so unexpectedly, as to startle or unnerve him. The following incident will, I think, tend to prove the correctness of this opinion: —

"On the morning of our surrender, at about six o'clock, I was seated in the captain's room in his cabin. He was still in bed, and the men were washing down decks in order that the vessel might be in presentable trim for '*Messieurs les Yankées.*' All at once a most terrible noise was heard overhead, as of big guns upsetting, and trees and branches crashing through the ship. It was evident, that through the fault of the pilot, we had taken the wrong *chute* in passing an island in the river, and that we were 'taking the woods for it.' Captain Fry called out, 'Tell them to back her!' I rushed to the hatch, but the ladders were up on deck, as it was 'washing down decks.' No resource was left me but to call with might and main to the men on deck, which I did, but in vain. These same men whom I had seen, a short week since, face death in battle with such bravery and coolness, now that danger came upon them so unexpectedly, and in such a novel shape, were livid and spellbound with fear; they paid me no heed. Suddenly I felt, first a hand and then a foot upon my shoulder. Then I saw the captain go up through the hatch, all undressed as he was, seize the deserted wheel, ring the engineer's bells, to 'stop her,' and disengage the ship from her perilous predicament.

"But the old Morgan was sadly worsted in this, her last encounter, her wheel-house torn away, etc.; and when, a few hours later, we passed her into the hands of her new masters, they did not appear to think that they were receiving the surrender of a 'first-class frigate.'

"The officers and men under the command of Captain Fry, on the Morgan, almost adored him during his short stay with us; and their respect for his gallantry, and reverence for his strict integrity in all things, were such that those little short-comings in the commissary line which hungry soldiers are sometimes guilty of, and which were often winked at by commanding officers, were carefully hidden from him, as all well knew that no amount of privation could induce Captain Fry to look with a lenient eye upon either the wrong done or the doer thereof."

One little incident of the surrender of the Morgan, not mentioned by the foregoing narrator, illustrates the characteristic trait last mentioned. Previous to leaving the vessel Captain Fry made a personal inspection of every article belonging to the ship. Finding one *spy-glass* missing, all work was stopped, and search for the missing glass instituted. This proving fruitless for some time, the captain informed both officers and crew that not one man would be allowed to leave the ship until the spy-glass was accounted for. After holding out for some time, one of the men brought it to the captain, saying that he had found it secreted in the bore of a cannon.

The surrender of the Morgan was reported to the Federal government as the only vessel received with "all her property intact."

Captain Fry himself said of the surrender of the Morgan, "If I had not been obliged to obey the orders of my superiors, I would have fought my vessel until she sunk, and would have preferred going down with her to surrendering her; but as I was forced to deliver her, I would not disgrace myself and my flag by performing my duty in any way unworthy of an officer and a gentleman."

The following testimonial from the Commanding General of the Department of the Gulf confirms the opinion of his character expressed in the preceding pages:—

"CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY, *late Confederate Navy.*

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN: In April, 1865, while Canby's army was attacking Mobile, I did what I could to have you placed in command of the Confederate gunboat Morgan, because I especially desired that that boat should be commanded by a bold and enterprising captain, and because my observation of you during your service at Mobile, and also the concurrent testimony of your brother officers of the navy, satisfied me you were the proper man to meet that desire.

"Your conduct while in command of the Morgan fully sustained your reputation, and satisfied me that you were justly entitled to the high character you bear.

"I am, with great respect,
"Most cordially yours,
"DABNEY H. MAURY"

A similar testimonial from Admiral Raphael Semmes was also found among his papers.

After the surrender of the Morgan, Captain Fry returned to Mobile on parole, on board the steamer Southern Republic, and a few days afterward went to meet his family in Georgia.

CHAPTER XIII.

After the Surrender. — Without Home or Country. — Business Losses. — His mechanical Skill. — On the Board of Marine Inspectors. — Prohibited by the Legislature to act. — His inventive Genius. — Experiments with super-heated Steam. — Secures Letters Patent. — His Invention applied to Fruits. — Recommends it for disinfecting Purposes. — Member of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences. — Meteorological Observations in Louisiana. — Resolutions of the Academy on his Death. — Effort to raise the Trades to the Rank of Professions. — Sad Failure to secure a Living by keeping Boarders. — Reminiscences.

After "the surrender," Fry returned once more to New Orleans with his family. He felt that he had neither home nor country. He knew that his profession was closed to him forevermore; but he hoped, by honest labor, to gain a livelihood for his loved ones.

It would be a painful task to follow him through all his fruitless struggles — an unbroken series of disappointments, failures, and losses. In his own mournful words, "the avenues to prosperity were closed on me to such a point that I was not able to provide bread for my wife and seven children, who know what it is to suffer for the necessaries of life."

Possessed of fine mental capacities, and large scientific attainments, Captain Fry yet knew nothing of *business methods.* His career as a naval officer had unfitted him for any other calling.

With great mechanical skill, he was incapacitated for manual labor by the wound in his shoulder, from the effects of which he never recovered.

A fair and honorable prospect seemed to open before him in his appointment as a member of the "Merchants' Board of Marine Inspectors of New Orleans," his associates on the board being Commodore William W. Hunter (a veteran of the United States Navy, who was promoted to the rank of rear admiral by the Confederate Navy just before the close of the war), Captain R. F. Gayle, and also a highly respected master of the Merchant Marine, James C. Wilner. This board of marine inspectors was created by the Chamber of Commerce of New Orleans, the presidents of the different marine insurance companies (to the number of fourteen) and the various boards of marine underwriters (through their general agent) testifying to their "entire confidence in the ability and integrity" of these gentlemen, promising to "recognize and give full credit to their certificates," etc. Notwithstanding these high, and apparently all-sufficient, indorsements from those most interested in the matter, they were prohibited by the State Legislature of Louisiana from exercising their official functions under heavy penalties.

Captain Fry had rare inventive genius; but *inventors* are proverbially unfortunate. They plant the seed, of which others reap the harvest!

He entered enthusiastically into schemes which he lacked the funds to carry into practical execution on a scale large enough to be profitable.

Among other projects, the application of "super-heated steam" for drying purposes engaged his attention, and absorbed all his means, but without yielding any profit.

From its original application to the *desiccation of woody fiber*, especially in the rapid and thorough seasoning of lumber for building purposes, he perceived the feasibility of extending it to the desiccation of fruits, vegetables, and even meats and fish.

He proved its perfect applicability to the sweet potato, the fig, the banana, and plantain, and other perishable tropical fruits, by experiments on a small scale, which were a perfect success. But although he forwarded specimens and specifications to Washington, and obtained a patent on both the "process" and the "product," these "letters patent" have remained a *dead letter* to all intents and purposes, as he had not the means of bringing it before the public, and making it practically available.* He justly regarded this as a very valuable "household industry" for the impoverished South.

---

* It is to be hoped that this matter may yet be taken up by those interested in developing the minor resources of the South, and that ere the term of his patent (seventeen years from July, 1869) expires, his children may reap the fruits of his inventive genius.

Six months after his death, a lost sample of *beef* prepared by this process, and carelessly wrapped in a piece of newspaper, was found among his papers in a state of perfect preservation. It was probably five or six years old, which is certainly a sufficient test of the value of the invention for sailors on a long cruise, if for no other purpose; as the meat, when properly prepared and cooked, is absolutely *fresh meat.*

He also applied the same process to the preparation of the *Ramie fiber,* as is seen in the following extract from one of the papers of the day:—

"Last Monday evening our worthy fellow-citizen, Captain Joseph Fry, related to the New Orleans Academy of Sciences the subject-matter of a new and important discovery. The discovery relates to a process by which the ramie plant can be completely freed of its crude bark, all the ramie fiber retained and rendered beautifully silky and elastic. This is welcome news to those interested in the treatment of this promising rival of King Cotton. Captain Fry said,—

"'The ramie is cut green, and in that state is said to be liable to fermentation. To obviate this it is only necessary to dry it. The practice now is to keep the stalks in water, which serves to exclude the air.

"'The difficulty in the treatment of ramie consists in the tenacity with which the outer bark clings to the fiber which it encases, and (owing to the gum or mucilage with which it abounds) the separation of the fibers from each other. This mucilage it is desirable to get rid of without depriving the fiber of that which it contains, as it serves to give the fabric the bright luster which characterizes it.

"'Whilst wet, in which state it is now cleaned by the machines proposed, much of the fiber of the finest quality adheres to the wood.

"'A remedy for the above consists in drying by dry steam or hot air, and manipulating either by hand or by machinery whilst *dry* and *hot*. This method dries the mucilage, which readily breaks up and permits a ready separation of the fibers from each other. Whilst hot, the outer bark separates from the fibre with perfect ease, and every fibre leaves the stalk as easily.

"'The treatment of this staple by dry steam is preferable, because it excludes the atmosphere, and because, if a process be needed for bleaching, a dry-steam atmosphere furnishes the best means of conveying fumes of sulphur, or of chlorine.

"'The chief value of this discovery consists at present in its furnishing a ready means by which a new industry can be started and tested. I would recommend the purchase of a few plants by persons who have waste ground and much idle time. When planted and sufficiently grown, the tin closet or kitchen fitted to the best stoves would make a dryer of capacity sufficient to pay for the stove in a short while at prices which can be obtained for the fibre, if what is said about it be true.

"'When drawn from the dryer in the proper state (dry and hot), it can be treated by hand very easily and profitably.

"'It can be easily treated in large masses,—in sheaves, in bales, or loose,—and from an ounce to a thousand tons at a time, with the utmost economy.'"

The application of "super-heated steam" for *disinfecting purposes* was brought by him before the Board of Health of New Orleans, and adopted by them with great success; but a *stranger* was employed to make the application — notably during the prevalence of yellow fever on board the Essayons, a dredge-boat employed in keeping open the channel at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Captain Fry was an active and honored member of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, and an examination of the records of that institution shows how much he had this subject at heart by the frequency with which he brought it before that body for discussion.

He was for some time curator of the academy; and his name also appears repeatedly in the proceedings as taking an active and intelligent part in the discussions of that learned body on scientific topics, especially such as had a practical bearing — the importance of solar eclipses, the velocity of currents, etc.

His name also appears frequently on important committees. He took an active part in the matter of meteorological observations in Louisiana, and was appointed a "committee of one" to confer with the Smithsonian Institution in regard to obtaining the instruments necessary for such observations — a correspondence which he conducted with such discretion and ability as to obtain the most complete success.

At the first meeting of the academy held after the reception of the news of his tragic death, Dr. J. R. Walker, a fellow of the academy, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by a standing vote:—

"Whereas, by the recent unparalleled atrocities committed by the Cuban authorities, our esteemed friend and brother, Captain Joseph Fry, met an untimely death on the seventh of November, 1873; and

"Whereas, the deceased was for many years an honored fellow of this academy, endeared to all by his amiable character, personal worth, and many noble qualities of head and heart; and

"Whereas, the loss inflicted by this barbarous outrage falls not only upon his bereaved widow and orphans, but also upon all who are interested in scientific investigation, and more especially upon his co-workers in the cause of practical education, and the application of science to arts and industries; therefore, —

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Captain Joseph Fry, his afflicted family has lost a kind and devoted husband and father; this academy an esteemed and honored fellow; New Orleans a trustworthy and patriotic citizen; the world of science an earnest worker, and the cause of human freedom a most devoted champion.

"*Resolved*, That we indorse the universal sentiment that this cruel, brutal murder is an outrage upon civilization and humanity, which merits the most speedy and condign punishment.

"*Resolved*, That we hereby express our keen sense of this great bereavement, and tender to the mourning family, thus ruthlessly bereft of companion, support, and protector, our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their great anguish, affliction, and irreparable loss.

"*Resolved*, That the rooms of this academy be draped in mourning for ninety days.

"*Resolved*, That this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this academy, and furnished to the city papers for publication, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased."

The columns of their hall were heavily draped with the emblems of mourning for several months, speaking eloquently to the hearts of his fellows of the once active brother whose voice would be heard no more in their midst.

In 1872 and 3, the subject of a "polytechnic and industrial institute" was started in the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, and earnestly agitated by a number of the most prominent citizens of New Orleans. The project aimed at the establishment of a school for technical training in the physical sciences, and formal instruction in the mechanical arts — a training which should impart skill and dignity to labor, and raise the *trades* to the rank of *professions* by substituting for the mere muscular effort of unskilled labor and uneducated toil the results of mental culture — in the practical application of science to art.

At the first meeting of those interested in this project, Captain Fry took an active and earnest part in the proceedings, and was one of the committee of five appointed to take the initial steps in inaugurating the scheme. At the subsequent convention of the delegates representing the diversified interests of the State, Fry took a prominent part, the subject being one especially congenial to his mind. A standing "committee of fifteen," of whom Fry was one, was appointed to report plans, etc. After it became a chartered institution, Fry was one of the board of managers, as will be seen from the following article from the New Orleans Times: —

"ALLIED MIND AND MUSCLE. — It will be remembered that in February last, at a meeting of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, upon motion of Dr. V. O. King, the initiatory steps were taken to found one or more polytechnic schools or colleges in this State. The results of the assiduous and intelligent labors of a number of learned, scientific, and public-spirited citizens, to carry the resolution into practical effect, are now before us in the shape of a charter, which was approved last month by District Attorney

McPhelin, as being in conformity with the general law of the State.

"This Polytechic Industrial Institute of Louisiana proposes to establish, first, a college wherein shall be taught the sciences, and the special application to the arts of mathematics, and of natural and experimental science; then, workshops, factories, and laboratories, model farms and gardens, where the students may work under the direction of practical overseers and scientific instructors, on the condition that, during the term of tuition, their labor shall compensate for their support and education, the profits of this labor to be distributed only among the graduating students.

"The corporators and managers of the institute for the first year are those well-known gentlemen: C. G. Forshey, J. R. Walker, Dr. Thomas Nicholson, W. B. Koontz, Dr. J. S. Copes, Daniel Dennett, Dr. V. O. King, Newton Richards, W. M. Burwell, Robert M. Lusher, J. B. Knight, Joseph Fry, Judge T. Wharton Collens, Dr. J. S. Knapp, and Daniel Edwards.

"The mover of the initiatory resolution before the Academy of Sciences happily characterized the results of a polytechnic education as an indissoluble alliance between mind and muscle. The great industries of civilization have their props in the laboring classes; and the most despotic governments of Europe, which formerly based their strength on blinding the intellect of the masses, have been forced to recognize the fact that the educated laborer — using that word in its largest sense, whether in agricultural, commercial, maritime, or mechanical industries — contributes the most to the wealth and strength of the State. Hence polytechnic institutes thrive in those countries.

"Free England, with her usual practical good sense, has given a powerful impulse to a system of education which, in its very idea, is so strikingly emblematical of the sources of her vast wealth. Educated labor, the alliance between mind and muscle, so peculiarly induced by polytechnic training, having done so much for other countries, we may confidently anticipate from the inauguration of the system in our State benefits too easily conceivable to need elaborate elucidation at our hands. We may not realize them in our generation; but our sons will."

But gratifying to his pride, and honorable to his memory, as were such positions as these, as showing the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, they could not, and did not, provide food for his family.

When everything else had been tried, and had failed, some friends assisted Mrs. Fry in opening an establishment for the reception of boarders for the summer season at one of the Gulf-shore watering-places. The grief of Captain Fry at beholding his family dependent upon the exertions of his loved wife for support was agonizing.

But even this proved a failure, the income not sufficing to pay the rent, to meet which even the mattresses from his children's beds were seized!

I will introduce in this connection the following *reminiscences*, hastily jotted down by a mutual friend, on learning the near completion of my "labor of love." I trust I may be pardoned for giving also the accompanying graceful letter:—

"Mrs. Jeanie Mort Walker.

"My dear Madam: In noting the genuine sympathy of your heart for the family of my friend Captain Joseph Fry, which actuates you to voluntarily assume the task of giving to the world the history of as true and noble a nature as ever lived, I beg to offer my mite in assisting with the accompanying random recollections of him.

"If more time had been taken by me 'to cull from memory's waste places,' I might have given you more and better matter regarding Captain Fry's sojourn here. There are many things lying dormant in my mind, relating to him, which I cannot now put into shape; but I do not regret it, for I know, madam, your ability, research, and graceful style will add a charm to your present undertaking which could not be enhanced by any aid, however labored, which could be given by —

"My dear madam,
"Your obedient servant and friend,
"A. Alexander."

"My earliest acquaintance with Captain Fry was just after the close of the late war of secession. A mutual friend, Judge William C. Swan, of Tennessee, brought us together for the purpose of engaging my attention with a *patent dryer*, for which Captain Fry had obtained the agency and control for the South.

"After a half hour's talk with him, I was struck with the impracticability of his business ideas; but learning afterward from Judge Swan that he had been almost all his life in the naval service of the United States Government, I ceased to be surprised at his want of knowledge of business life; and no doubt that want was the cause of his failure, for a long period of time, to interest business men in a very meritorious enterprise. When he finally succeeded in getting it started, and became its chief manager, it was probably his lack of knowledge how to conduct the detail of the business that was the main cause of its failure, thus giving a death-blow to the hopes he had long cherished of acquiring a competency from the dryer.

"I met him frequently during that time, and afterward, and always with increased interest in the man.

"A *gentleman* by instinct as well as by education, he seemed always to know when his conversation was not in place, and to be ready to make allowance for the want of this intuition in others. I remember, on one occasion, after I had become very intimate with him, and he was regular in his morning calls at my office, a gentleman stepped in one day to inquire for him. It appears that in a fit of abstraction, or from some other source of annoyance, I answered the gentleman rather abruptly, or petulantly, and he retired from my office nettled by my manner. Some time after this, when Captain Fry doubtless thought that the offense had been forgotten by the gentleman, he approached me in his peculiarly impressive manner, and with gentle words, but firm expression, said, 'My relative (calling him by name) was seriously offended by your manner on that occasion (recalling the circumstances to my memory). He called there to inquire for me, and you answered him so shortly that he felt hurt, and spoke to me about it. I told him that you were a gentleman, and that certainly there must be some mistake about it. I want you now to meet and become acquainted with him.'

"I at once disclaimed any intentional offense, and asked him to say so to his relative. This seemed to please him, and at the earliest moment he took the opportunity to introduce us. This was done with such an evident desire on his part that I should make a favorable impression, that the 'amende honorable' was made on my part with hearty good will. His face beamed with genuine delight when he saw that I had entered into the good graces of the gentleman.

"I mention this only to show the peaceful disposition of the man. He seldom or never referred to the prominent part he took in the late war, but was particularly happy when he could speak of some peaceful episode in which he was an actor.

"*Apropos* of his love of talking on any given subject, he told me a laughable anecdote illustrative of his talking propensities. He said, When I was in Richmond, Mr. Mallory (then

Secretary of the Confederate Navy) sent for me one evening very late. We had had frequent conversations on naval matters, and I thought "surely something of importance is up;" so I hurried to Mr. Mallory's room, and found him wearing an anxious and wearied look. He was seated before the fire in a large chair, and when I entered he said, in a languid tone, "Fry, I am glad you've come; I've lost sleep for two nights, and I want you to talk me to sleep!"'

"Fry related this with the utmost *sang froid*, and with a humorous expression, *apropos* of the discovery he had just made, that by talking so long he was detaining me from my dinner!

"No one ever met him who was not struck by his large, soft, dark eye; languid when not roused to energetic thought, but beaming with brightness when animated by deep thoughts seeking for utterance. Alas! his struggles with a cold and unappreciative world left only the expression of sadness to his eyes. My heart has often bled for him in his vain search for employment suited to his capacities as a naval officer, by which he could support his family.

His self-abnegation in behalf of his wife and children was that of a Spartan. His remark to me on one occasion was, 'I have eaten nothing to-day; my family work for what little they have, and I cannot, in justice to myself, eat of the fruits of their labor, when I am not able to help them to food.'

"This remark shows the soul of the man, and his deep consideration for the welfare of others; afterward so splendidly, so grandly, exemplified in his appeal for the crew of the Virginius, forgetting himself in his efforts to save them. Can the name of such a man die, so long as the art of printing lives?

"He had some peculiar views as to the hereafter. I have heard him say that he could do all that *spiritual mediums* accomplish by 'table-tippings,' 'rappings,' etc., etc., though I never witnessed any manifestations of his power. He, however, did not profess to be a *spiritualist*, only that he thought that spirits could and did return to commune with mortals. I judge that he could be classed with what are denominated 'Christian spiritualists' (he was a communicant of the

Catholic Church) a class who believe in the phenomena of spiritualism, but doubt its orthodoxy, and reject its teachings, when they conflict with their preconceived ideas of religious belief.

"The germs of many future inventions for preparing vegetable food for preservation, by desiccation can be traced to his mind. He had a favorite idea of taking a 'patent dryer' to some one of the islands in the tropics, and preparing the plantain and banana for the markets of the world by desiccation.

"Indeed, he prepared some specimens to show the feasibility of the plan; and really, nothing more delicious can be conceived of than the banana thus prepared. His idea was never carried out, for want of means and proper parties to engage in it. As he was not slow in giving out his ideas on important inventions, doubtless others have reaped or will reap the benefit of some of his suggestions.

"These imperfect recollections about a good and noble-hearted man are thrown together hastily by one who knew him well, who loved him, and who did what he could to cheer him in his troubles. If, dear madam, you choose to use what I have written, I will feel rewarded."

Portions of these *reminiscences* will be found to be a repetition of what I had already written myself; but I preferred to insert the contribution entire, as I received it, as it only serves to corroborate my statements, and to make more palpable the stern necessities that drove him to his death.

Weary of the vain struggle with adversity and misfortune, sick at heart from witnessing the sufferings and privations of his family, Captain Fry finally determined to seek employment elsewhere, and endeavor to return to the old seafaring life.

When he had paced the streets of New Orleans for many a weary night, there being no room for him in the one poor little room which sheltered his wife and seven children,—when the proud spirit of his wife had bowed itself to the necessity of asking for food for his children, and had received the miserable dole of "one pound of soda crackers and a slice of cheese,"—is it strange that he gladly accepted the captaincy of the Virginius?

Even the slanderous epithet *pirate*, which has been so freely bandied, — could he have even dreamed of its possible application to himself, — would have weighed but little in the balance against the destitution of his loved ones, the gaunt want and misery staring them in the face.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIRGINIUS. — HER HISTORY. — JUNE, 1871, LANDS ORDNANCE STORES NEAR SANTIAGO. — CHASED BY THE BAZAN. — CONVOYED BY UNITED STATES STEAMER KANSAS. — LANDS ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA, BEARING A SUPPLY OF ARMS. — ACCEPTS COMMAND. — BLOCKADE-RUNNING AND PENALTIES UNDER THE LAWS OF NATIONS. — SAILS TO JAMAICA TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE VIRGINIUS. — RECEPTION AT KINGSTON. — TEN DAYS OF FEASTING AND MIRTH. — LETTER OF GENERAL RYAN.

ON the twentieth of July, 1873, Captain Fry went to New York, where he hoped to obtain the command of an ocean steamer.

Being introduced to General Manuel Quesada, then residing in New York as agent of the Cuban Republic, he was offered the command of the steamer Virginius, then lying in the harbor at Kingston, Jamaica.

The Virginius (or Virgin, as she was originally named) was built on the Clyde, in 1864. She was designed especially for a blockade-runner, for Confederate service, and was one of the swiftest vessels ever constructed, her lines being most symmetrical, and her engines remarkably powerful for her size. She had an eventful career in running the southern blockade, and made several successful trips between Havana and Mobile. She was finally shut up in Mobile Bay, and was used by the Confederates as a dispatch and transport steamer between Mobile and Spanish Fort.

After the close of the war she was transferred from the Naval to the Revenue Department, and was employed in the mercantile trade between Havana and New Orleans; but owing to her small carrying capacity, and the immense amount of coal required to run her, she was found to be unprofitable. She was therefore put up at public auction, and was sold by the Federal authorities to an American firm.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1870, she was registered in the Custom House at New York, and having complied with all the requisites of the statutes, and taken out American papers in legal form, she cleared for Venezuela in October, carrying out General Quesada and twenty-one other Cubans.

From that time on, she did not return to an American port, but she preserved her American papers, her claims to American nationality having been recognized by the consuls of all foreign ports wherever she landed, and the protection of American men-of-war afforded, whenever claimed or needed.

That she was chartered by the Cuban Junta there is apparently no doubt; but the Cubans themselves, fully appreciating the value to them of her nationality, took extraordinary pains to preserve her from any suspicion of violation of the registry or national laws of the United States, consulting eminent legal authority, and keeping strictly within the bounds laid down by their counselor, never going beyond the occasional carrying of a Cuban supercargo — this not coming within the provision of the navigation laws forbidding the services of alien officers on board of American vessels.

Reaching Venezuela safely, the Virginius, after considerable time devoted by General Quesada to necessary preparations, was loaded with ordnance stores, which were safely landed the twenty-first of June, 1871, near Santiago de Cuba.

June, 1873, found General Quesada at Aspinwall again, where the Virginius put in for repairs. Her previous feat having gained her considerable notoriety, her arrival in the port was the signal for watchfulness on the part of the Spanish authorities, and she was speedily followed by the Spanish man-of-war Bazan, which anchored between the Virginius and the shore, her commander not failing to let it be known that his instructions authorized him to sink her if she attempted to escape. General Quesada declared that he would blow her up, at no matter what sacrifice, rather than permit her to be taken. Great excitement prevailed, but the United States consul having certified that her papers were all right, and that she was entitled to proceed as a United States merchant vessel, the United States steamer Kansas, which had on the previous occasion escorted her out of port under the guns of a Spanish steamer, again convoyed her safely to sea on the first of July, 1873, the Kansas remaining outside the harbor until the Virginius was out of sight.

The United States steamer Canandaigua being also in the harbor, the Spanish commander, finding the odds against him, made no hostile demonstrations, other than the threats already mentioned.

The Virginius made her second landing in safety on the southern coast of Cuba, landing a large supply of Remington rifles, cartridges, fifteen needle-guns, and other war material.

Thus the nationality and ownership, character and occupation, of the Virginius were matters of newspaper notoriety when her command was offered to Captain Fry. It was well known that she was engaged in "blockade-running," if that term could be applied where there was no formal blockade to run, but where it was necessary to elude the vigilance of the Spanish authorities in order to land arms and ammunition, provisions and supplies in general, for the use of the Cuban insurgents.

Captain Fry, knowing these facts, accepted the captaincy of this vessel for the sake of the moderate salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month, which, being paid in advance, enabled him to send one hundred dollars at once to relieve the most pressing necessities of his destitute family — the remaining fifty dollars being necessary to replenish his own dilapidated wardrobe and procure his outfit.

As an old naval officer and Confederate blockade-runner, he knew the *legal penalties* to which he was liable if captured, viz., the confiscation of the cargo, and perhaps a short imprisonment for himself. By the laws of nations, "blockade-running" does not jeopardize a man's life. Even in the heat and passion of sectional warfare, it was never regarded in any other light than as a violation of the revenue laws of a nation, and Fry trusted implicitly to the American flag, under which he sailed, to protect him from any violation of international law. He probably looked upon landing on an unprotected, non-blockaded, island sea-coast as mere child's play, compared with the risks of Confederate blockade-running, and willingly incurred the possible danger for the sake of the immediate relief it afforded his family.

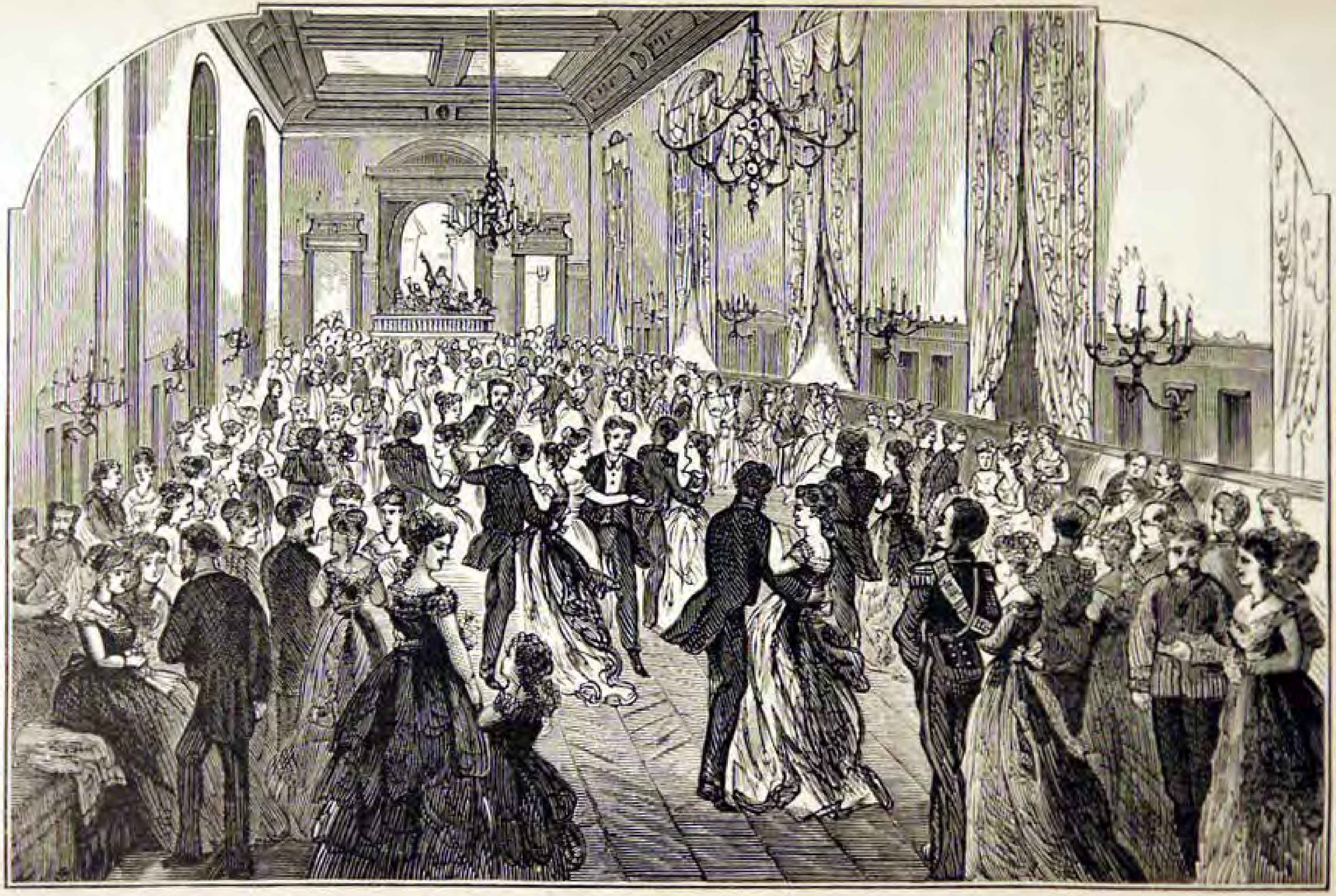
In view of the stern necessities of his case, who dares to blame him? Can a man be censured for risking his liberty for the sake of bread for his starving children?

On the fourth of October, 1873, Captain Fry, with a number of Cuban patriots, sailed from New York in the mail steamer Atlas, for Kingston, Jamaica; and on his arrival there, he at once took command of the Virginius.

The ten days of their stay in port were, from all accounts, an uninterrupted succession of dinners and balls given to the members of the expedition by prominent Jamaican residents, sympathizers in the cause of Cuba Libre; Mr. De Cordova, the Peruvian consul, Dr. Manuel Govin, president of the Jamaica committee of the "Friends of Cuba," and many others; the last ball being given on board the Virginius on the eve of her departure.

But one hour before sailing, General Wash. Ryan wrote to a friend in New York,—

". . . Since our arrival we have had a splen-



RECEPTION AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, IN HONOR OF FRY, RYAN AND VARONA.

did time; feast after feast, and ball after ball. The first ball was given by the Peruvian minister, in honor of General Varona and myself. All the fashion and wealth of the place was present. Mr. Govin, General Cordova, and Judge Ticheborn gave the others, and joyous they were. The place is filled with beautiful women and splendid men; generous to a fault, and liberal as princes. . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

CLEARING OF THE VIRGINIUS. — SAILS FROM KINGSTON AMID THE CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE. — SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO DR. GOVIN AND ASSOCIATES. — RESCUED BY GENERAL RYAN. — CUBAN LADS PREVENTED FROM GOING WITH THE VIRGINIUS. — LANDING AT PORT AU PRINCE FOR MATERIALS OF WAR. — ORDERED OUT OF PORT. — THE SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR TORNADO STARTS IN PURSUIT, AND CAPTURES HER. — CAPTAIN FRY SHOWS HIS PAPERS, AND PROTESTS. — THE SPANISH OFFICER'S REPLY. — PRISONERS TRANSFERRED TO THE TORNADO. — A PRIZE CREW PLACED IN CHARGE. — SAILS FOR SANTIAGO DE CUBA. — OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE CAPTURE. — ACCOUNT OF THE CHASE BY ONE OF THE ENGINEERS. — THE TORNADO'S RECEPTION IN PORT WITH HER PRIZE. — COURT-MARTIAL. — INSURGENT LEADERS SHOT. — BURRIEL'S REPORT. — BARBARITY OF THE SPANISH SOLDIERS, ETC.

ON the twenty-third of October the Virginius sailed from the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, having been regularly cleared by the American consul, and every precaution taken to provide against any irregularity or violation of the law.

They left the wharf amid loud and repeated cheers, and were accompanied a short distance out by a large number of Jamaican and English residents. Among the excursionists were the Peruvian consul, Mr. De Cordova, who made the men a most eloquent address, which was received with shouts of applause; Dr. Manuel Govin, through whose patriotic efforts alone the Virginius was enabled to leave the port; Captain Uran, of the British ship West Derby; and some sixty others.

After the melancholy finale, Captain Uran wrote to the brother of Captain Fry, making the following important statement respecting the clearance of the Virginius from the port of Kingston:—

"BRITISH SHIP WEST DERBY,
"MOBILE, November 20, 1873.

"MR. WALTON FRY, *corner Camp and Julia Streets, New Orleans.*

"MY DEAR SIR, AND BROTHER SUFFERER: Within inclosed you will find a letter of introduction from your brother, Captain Joe Fry, commander of the United States steamship Virginius, with whom I was well acquainted, having met him several times at the port of Kingston, Jamaica.

On his departure from that port, myself and several other gentlemen, including the custom house officials, accompanied the United States steamship Virginius clear of Port Royal, on which occasion, and for our convenience, the government steam launch was kindly placed at our disposal.

"The above-named steamship cleared from Kingston, Jamaica, as a *bona fide* passenger ship, under the United States flag, this fact being previously verified by the commander of a United States ship of war.

"On the twenty-eighth of October, the West Derby, under my command, left Port Royal. From the twenty-eighth to the thirtieth, we had light winds and calms. On the thirtieth, at six A. M., nautical time, made Portland Point, bearing north; distance from the Point about two and a half nautical miles. Was boarded by the Virginius. Heard no complaints from Captain Fry of being short of coal. They were then all well, Captain Fry, Mr. Ryan, and other friends whom I had met at Kingston, including my dear brother, who was the only British subject on board the Virginius.

"On my arrival at Mobile, to my great surprise, I heard of the massacre of the whole crew and passengers of the United States steamship Virginius. I have minutely examined the crew list, and do not find there any one's name of whom I have any recollection. I verily believe the names are fictitious. I am prepared to state that the whole of the crew was *bona fide* shipped before Mr. Nunes, acting United States consul at Kingston.

"I am, dear sir, and brother sympathizer and sufferer,

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS URAN,

"*Master British Ship West Derby, Mobile.*"

"UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP VIRGINIUS,
"OFF PORTLAND POINT, JAMAICA, October 30, 1873.

"DEAR WALTON: I have no time to do more than to introduce Captain Uran to you. He will give you the latest news.

"Yours, JOE."

The excursion had nearly proved a fatal one to Dr. Govin. When leaving the Virginius for the steam tug which was to convey the party back to Kingston, and which had accompanied the Virginius out for that purpose, the ladder gave way, and precipitated Dr. Govin, and the pilot, and another gentleman into the water. A heavy sea was running, and the steam tug bumping against the side of the Virginius, so that escape from death seemed almost impossible, as they necessarily fell between the Virginius and the launch. To add to his danger, Dr. Govin was quite lame from a severe fall he had met with, a few days previous; and more than this, the pilot, a very heavy man, had clutched him in the water, and was holding him down. When the alarm reached the cabin, General Ryan, who was dining, rushed on deck, and throwing off his coat, jumped overboard, and at the peril of his own life, rescued the drowning men. All honor to this gallant act of the Cuban patriot, General Washington Ryan! Nor was this the only noble act of his life. Through his coolness and bravery a sailing party of eight gentlemen were rescued from a watery death, the previous summer, having been upset when sailing on the river opposite Washington city. "The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Let the name of Washington Ryan prove an exception to this saying; let us forget all his alleged frailties, and remember only these heroic deeds.

Eight young Cuban patriots, mere lads, who had concealed themselves in various hiding-places on the vessel, hoping in this way to elude the vigilance of parents and guardians, and reach the Cuban army, were, to their great regret, discovered in time to be sent back with the excursionists on the steam launch.

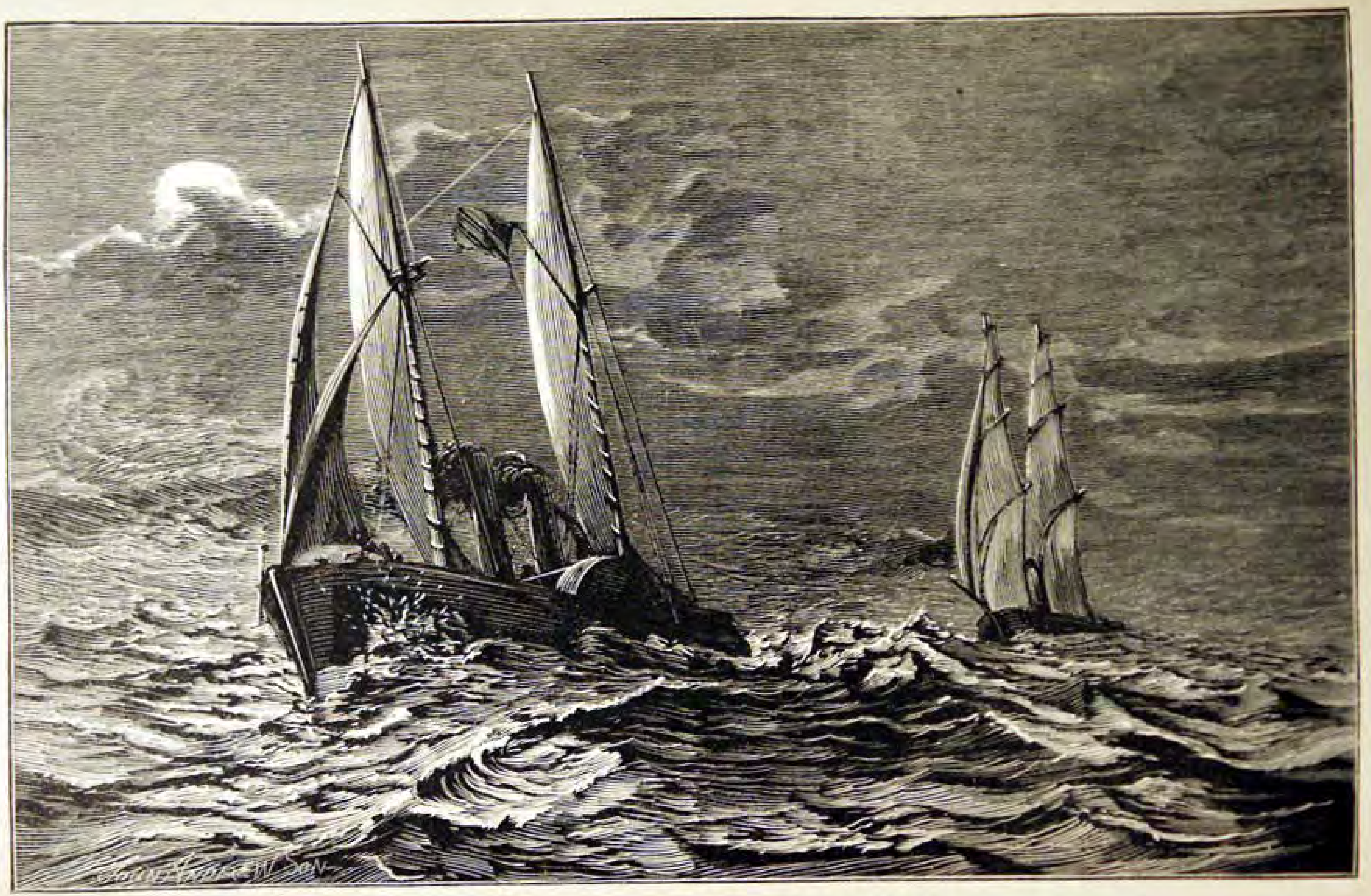
After running into Jeremie for repairs, having sprung a leak, the Virginius landed at Port-au-Prince on the twenty-seventh of October, and took on board, under cover of the night, a large quantity of war material, which has been described as consisting of five hundred Remington rifles, a number of Spencer and Winchester rifles, four hundred revolvers, six hundred sabers, and a large amount of ammunition, besides clothing, medicines, and provisions; being the largest convoy of war material ever sent out at once to Cuba.

The papers of the vessel being all *en règle*, the Spanish consul was not able to detain her or do anything against her. She was, however, ordered out of the port by the government, and, after having got her cargo safely on board, is said to have left in such haste as to leave her anchor in the harbor.

The Virginius, since her last daring exploit, had been closely watched by the Spanish authorities; and on the thirtieth of October, a telegram was received by the Spanish consul at Kingston, from Santiago de Cuba, asking for information respecting her movements. The consul replied that she was in the vicinity of Morante Bay, Jamaica. This information was at once communicated to Castillo, commander of the Spanish man-of-war Tornado,* then lying in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

---

* It is a somewhat singular coincidence that the Virginius and the Tornado were both constructed by the same builder, in the same yard on the Clyde, for the same purpose, namely, Confederate blockade-running.



TORNADO IN PURSUIT OF THE VIRGINIUS.

The Tornado, on receipt of the intelligence concerning the Virginius, immediately started in pursuit.

On the thirty-first, she came in sight of her, and gave chase. The Virginius changed her course toward Jamaica as night closed in, the Tornado gaining on her, though petroleum and fat were used for fuel, and the cannon, arms, and ammunition were thrown overboard to lighten her.

The Tornado, when within gunshot, fired four shots and a shell. This brought the Virginius to; when the Tornado sent two armed boats alongside, took possession of the vessel, and made prisoners of all on board.

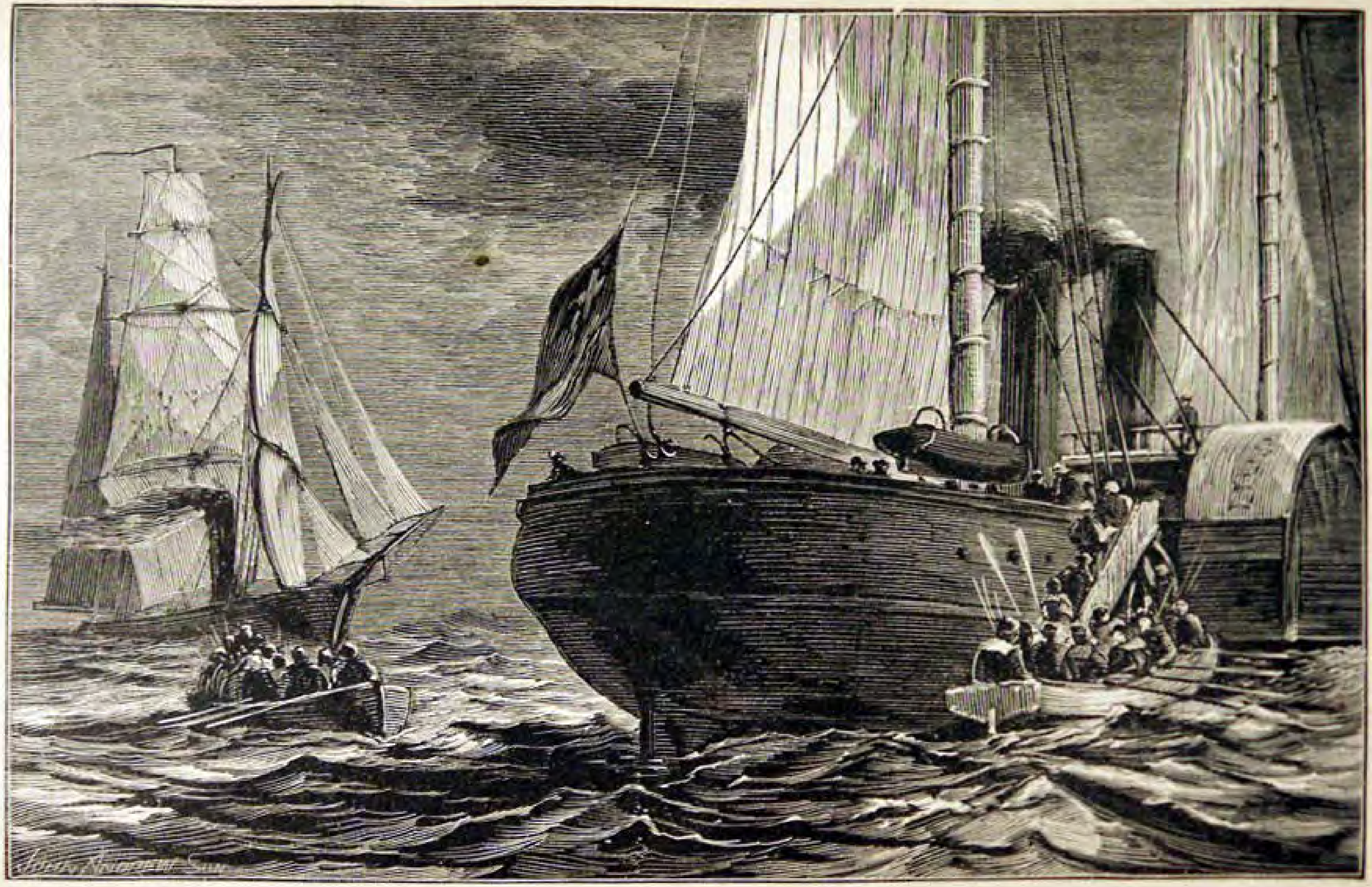
The passengers and crew had determined to blow up the ship rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards; but Captain Fry, in the integrity of his own heart, trusting to the honor of

The Tornado was a very swift-running iron vessel, a screw steamer, bark rigged, carrying ten guns. At the close of the war, she was sold to the Peruvian government, and afterwards passed into the hands of the Spaniards.

others, said, "I want to save you. This is an American ship; she has American colors and American papers, an American captain and an American crew. We have neither arms nor ammunition on board; we have only passengers, and are going to Port Limon, Costa Rica."

Believing that upon the statement of these facts the authorities would not dare to interfere with the passengers or the ship, they surrendered. Captain Fry showed his papers, and protested against the capture in the name of the American government, and placed his ship, his passengers, and himself under the protection of the flag of the United States.

In reply the Spanish officer said, "I do not care what flag the ship carried; it is a pirate ship, and you are all my prisoners." Turning to a subordinate, he ordered, "Take down that d—d old rag, and hoist the Spanish flag!" When the American colors were hauled down, the Spaniards kicked and trampled upon it, and applied to it the most opprobrious epithets. Addressing the Spanish officer, Fry said, "If my men were armed, you would not thus treat the American flag with impunity."



CAPTURE OF THE VIRGINIUS.

Captain Fry, Rizo, secretary of Del Sol, and interpreter of Fry (from whom I have these details), and eight others were left on the Virginius, securely tied, and placed in the cabin, until they reached Santiago.

All the prisoners, with the exception of these ten, were transferred to the Tornado; and placing a prize crew on the Virginius, they sailed for Santiago de Cuba, where they arrived at five P. M., the next day.

Castillo, the commander of the Tornado, made the following report of the chase, capture, and boarding of the Virginius to the naval authorities at Havana. It is dated from Santiago de Cuba.

"In conformity with orders received by me, as commander of the corvette Tornado, to carefully watch the coast between Cape Cruz and Santiago de Cuba, I left the latter port on the twenty-ninth of October. On that night I cruised in close proximity to the land between the points indicated, being led to believe by certain calculations, that whatever might be the maneuvers of the Virginius during the night, it was evident that during the day she must lie well off, partly to avoid being seen, and partly to reserve her resources until the proper moment for landing should arrive.

"During the night of the thirtieth instant, we continued our cruise without incident, and had started on a new course at daybreak next morning, when the man on the lookout reported seeing the smoke of a steamer proceeding in the direction of Jamaica. With a view of ascertaining what she was, and at the same time to save as much fuel as possible, we followed her, hugging the coast for about eighteen miles, when she changed her course to south-east by south.

"From the first moment that we saw her, there was great activity on board, the whole of the steam power from all the boilers being brought into requisition; and at about half past two o'clock in the afternoon, we commenced to give chase. The position and course of the vessel principally, if no other reasons, led me to believe that this craft was none other than the filibuster Virginius; for I imagined that she was proceeding from Jamaica to Cuba when we saw her, but failing under the circumstances to land on the Island of Cuba, she had turned about again for Jamaica. These suspicions were confirmed by her sudden change of course, and the evident activity on board to make all the speed possible, as flames could be seen emanating with the smoke from her funnels. In addition to this, we now saw, by the light of the moon, when she changed her tack, her two smoke-stacks and paddle-boxes. I instructed the engineer to carry on all steam possible, and drive our vessel through the water as quickly as he could. Owing to the darkness, we thought she was about five miles ahead, and hoped to overhaul her before she made Point Morante.

"At half past nine, while in her immediate neighborhood, we fired five shots, and shortly afterward sent out two boats, under the command of Don Enrique Pardo and Don Angel Ortiz, with orders to take possession of the Virginius in the name of the Spanish nation. The report of these officers has already been made, and I content myself with informing you, that at eleven o'clock at night, the Virginius, flying the Spanish flag, was headed toward Cuba, having on board a prize crew, after we had removed the bulk of the prisoners on board our vessel.

"The cargo of arms and war munition was thrown overboard during the chase, but the empty cases fell into our possession, including cartridges and other articles, which are included in the inventory which I have already handed in to the authorities. The enthusiasm of the crew simply baffles description, when success crowned our efforts. The prisoners were treated with such consideration as their character deserved, and the necessity of their safe-keeping demanded. The Virginius, under our convoy, reached Santiago de Cuba on the first of November, at five o'clock in the evening, when our arrival was made the signal of a genuine outburst of patriotic enthusiasm.

"The importance of this expedition, when the number and rank of the prisoners are considered, cannot be overrated.

. . . . .

"Upon my arrival in port here, I gave official information of the capture to the authorities, and what must now follow has to be dictated by the officers of justice. In conclusion I have only to add that I congratulate all the officers of the Tornado, from the highest to the lowest, for the severe lesson that they have given to the enemies of our country.

"DIONISIO CASTILLO."

The report of Midshipman Don Angel Ortiz Monasterio was as follows:—

"ON BOARD THE TORNADO,
"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, November 2, 1873.

"In consequence of instructions received from you, to proceed and capture the ship which you had chased during the afternoon and at night of the thirty-first, I embarked in the quarter-boat of this corvette, accompanied by the first engineer and four firemen, besides the boat's crew, which was indiscriminately made up of persons from all classes of the sailors and troops on board this ship. In those moments of enthusiasm it was impossible to prevent those who wished from embarking in the boat. Having pushed off from this ship, I directed my course toward the steamer chased. At nearing, and finding her full of people, I remarked that any aggression on their part would be energetically chastised by our forces. After this the boat came alongside the steamer, and was, with my assistance, made fast to her. At the same time I ordered all the people on the boat to board the chase, which was properly effected after I had boarded. As soon as I found myself on the deck, I inquired for the captain. As soon as he presented himself, he said that the ship was the American merchant steamer Virginius, whose papers I demanded, and they were delivered to me. I notified him that from that moment the ship was captured, and he and all the crew and passengers were prisoners at my orders. At the same moment I ordered our people to take possession of the helm and ship, commissioning the first engineer to take charge of the engine, telling all of them that our presence there would be no obstacle in the way of the corvette's sinking the ship as soon as any aggression might be noted, and that every attempt to disable the machinery, boiler, or ship would be immediately and energetically punished by the forces under my orders. In possession of the ship, I learned from the first engineer that the engine was in working order, although it suffered from defects which I shall mention further on. Midshipman Don Enrique Pardo having opportunely arrived with re-enforcements, in another boat, I ordered him to remain on board with half of the crew, and proceeded to embark the prisoners, in conformity with the orders which you had given me. Having completed this task with the aid of the boats that successively arrived, with the exception of the captain and sixteen persons, the people on the Virginius were transferred on board the corvette. The midshipman of the navy, Don Enrique Pardo, from the first moment of his presence on board, accompanied by some of our sailors, made a scrupulous search of the ship, finding in the forecastle a considerable number of people, whom I ordered to retire to the quarter-deck, to send them to the corvette under your command. I must observe, that even after I was on board goods belonging to the cargo were thrown into the sea from the prow.

"After finishing the disembarkation of the prisoners, and securing the disembarkation of those who remained, I had time to examine the state of the ship, which was in a very lamentable condition. The furnaces were not only dirty because of the considerable quantity of grease and hams with which they had been fed, but also the machinery and the packing were in bad condition; for they had suffered much during the chase.

"The vessel was making a considerable quantity of water at a badly calked point which is toward the prow, and below the water-line generally, on account of the bad condition of the bottom; for she has labored much during the chase. It not being possible to reach the forward section of the ship, for want of means of communication, the rest of her and the machinery were attended to. Her aspect was truly repugnant. She was not only full of grease and broken boxes, that served as packing to the rest of the cargo, but also in a notably abandoned condition. The dead angle of the port-hole was very much damaged, because from this place the cargo of arms and ammunition was thrown into the water, to do which they had mounted a block and pulley, that as yet remain in the same place. The cabin was in disorder, trunks open, clothes thrown about, portmanteaus entirely destroyed, and in all parts of the ship unmistakable signs that everything of any value had been thrown into the water. Not only were there open arm-boxes there, but even cartridges of rifle and revolver, boxes of leather, belts, machetes, and insurgent cockades. Under the coal there are barrels, but it has not been possible for me to divert the people's attention to examine them, because I could not neglect guard duty, which has been strictly attended to without intermission. Saddles, insurgent buttons, and a portion of papers and effects that were scattered about in all directions, have been gathered up by my orders. After finishing the work of transferring the people, the officer, Don Enrique Pardo. returned to the corvette, and I confided to him the papers which the captain had delivered to me, so that he should place them in your hands, and by him I informed you verbally of all that had happened; the state in which the ship was found; the measures that had been executed, as also of having taken down the American flag, which, as a pirate, the ship should not be permitted to use, and raising instantly our standard. After finishing the capture, transferring the people, and dictating the measures which at each moment I thought urgent, and finding, upon proof, that the engines were in working condition, the second officer of the corvette came on board to take command. I made formal delivery of it to him, reporting the services of the individuals who had accompanied me. . . . .

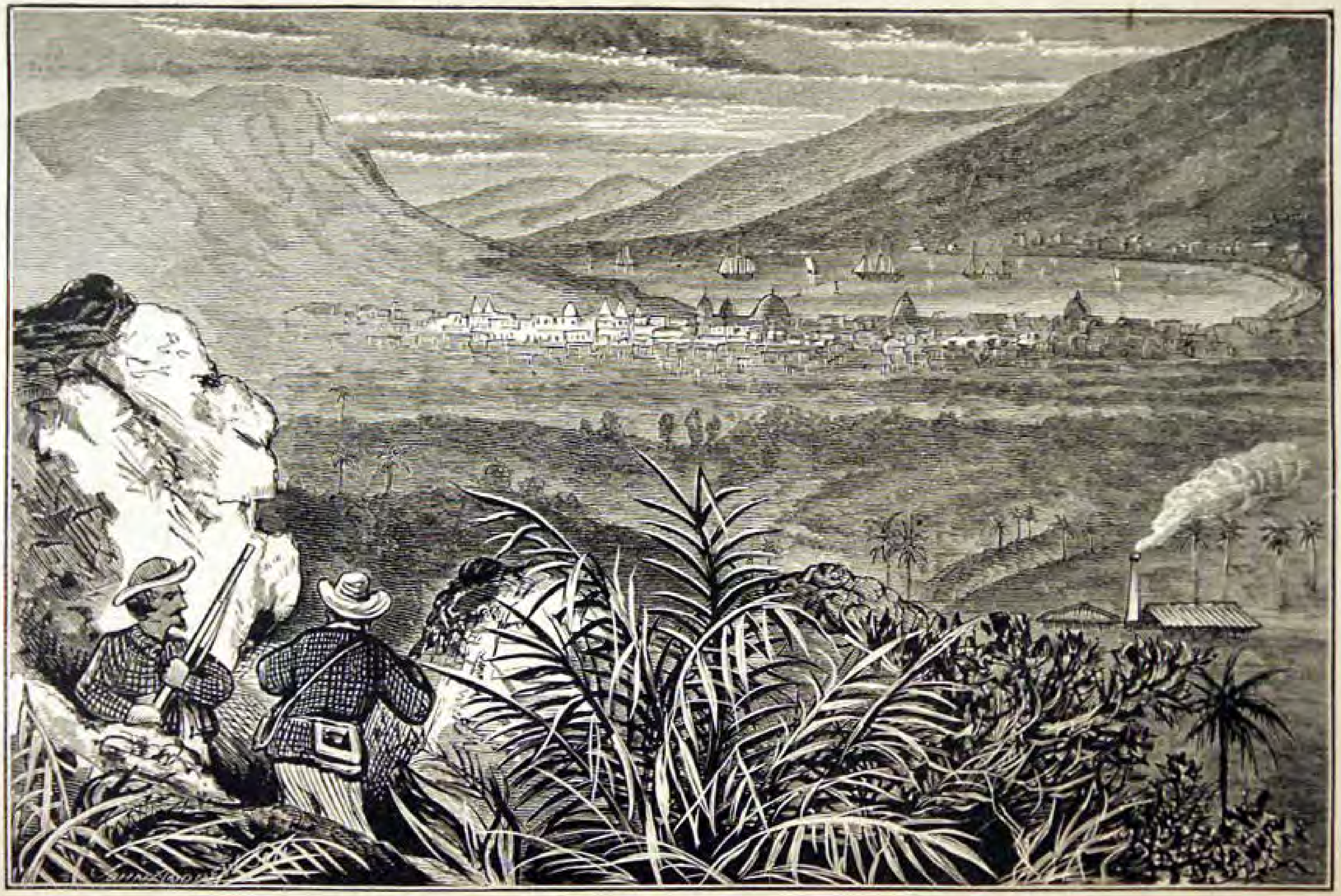
"I profit by this occasion to congratulate you for the very signal service which you, with the ship under your command, have lent to the country, due to your intelligence, energy, and enthusiasm. I am also requested by the individuals who are at my command to compliment you for the well-directed orders which you gave me.

"God guard you many years.

"ANGEL ORTIZ MONASTERIO."

Henry King, an engineer on board the Virginius, and one of the prisoners who were liberated, gave the following interesting account of the chase and capture, as viewed from the American point of view: —

Henry King, engineer, a native of Chester, England, states that he arrived in Kingston, Jamaica, in August last. When the Virginius arrived there, he was looking for a situation, and hearing that the ship was going on a coasting trip, and was in want of an engineer, he applied for the position. His application was favorably received by Captain Fry and the chief engineer, and in company of the latter he proceeded to the office of the American consul, and signed the ship's papers. The next day the vessel sailed. He did not know her exact destination, and supposed that she was on a coasting voyage, and would put into a number of ports. He had no idea that she was in the service of the Cubans, and never saw ammunition or arms on board. After the ship had been two days out, she began to leak slightly in the forward hold, and she was run into Jeremie for repairs. After these were made, the ship proceeded to Port-au-Prince, and took in provisions. On the way part of the machinery had broken down, and had to be repaired before the vessel could proceed. The day after leaving Port-au-Prince the Tornado hove in sight on the starboard bow. She was under full sail, but did not seem to have her fires lighted. Some two hours after she first came in sight, she began to steam, and it was then evident that she desired to overtake the Virginius. Smoke and flame issued from her red-hot funnel, and she gained rapidly on the pursued vessel. The chief engineer then came into the engine-room, where King was on duty, and told him the situation of affairs. He ordered the stokers to fire up. It was then found that the furnaces were very low, and, in order to make steam, hams, bacon, and lumps of fat meat were thrown into the fire; but still the Tornado gained rapidly. The Virginius, at her best speed, only went about eight knots an hour. At this time the sun had set, and it was beginning to be dark. A little after nightfall the first shot was fired from the Tornado. This went wide of its mark, however, and did no damage. Those in the engine-room became very much alarmed. They were quieted by one of the crew named Thompson, who came to the room and said, "They are near to us, boys, but never fear. I can see the lights of Jamaica ahead. We are in English water. I am an English subject, and they won't dare lay hands on us." Thompson's boast was a vain one. He was afterward shot. He had scarcely finished speaking when a shot from the Tornado struck the smoke-stack of the pursued vessel. Orders were given to stop the engines, and soon after the Spaniards came on board. Their chief engineer came at once to the engine-room of the Virginius, and examined her machinery. He spoke English fluently, and stated that although in the Spanish service, he was an American citizen. After the engine and boiler had been examined, all the passengers and crew were called aft on the quarter-deck, and all clothes and valuables taken from them. A gold watch and seven pounds in English money were stolen from King. After the passengers had been stripped of everything of value in their possession, they were taken on board the Tornado. A part of the crew were left on the Virginius. Next morning he and eleven others were taken out of the hold, where they had been bound, and conveyed on shore. All the other prisoners were found on the pier. After examination at the prison, Mr. King alone was taken on board the Spanish man-of-war Bazan. The ship was lying in the harbor about forty yards from shore, and from her decks he afterward plainly saw the execution of Captain Fry and the rest of those killed with him. Some of the prisoners who were not killed by bullets were run through the body by the swords and knives of the brutal soldiers. Three days after the execution, Mr. King was taken to prison, and remained with the other prisoners until released and placed on board the Juniata.



SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

As the Tornado steamed into the harbor with her prize, loud shouts were heard from the Spaniards on shore, and so fierce were the demonstrations of the *volunteers*, that, for the first time, Captain Fry became seriously alarmed as to the result. Turning to Rizo, he said that he feared no pity would be shown to them, adding, "Should you escape, go to my friends and family in New Orleans. Be to my wife as a son, in telling her of my last moments. If I die, it will be for the Cuban cause."

Though doubting the possibility of escape, Rizo promised to do so, which promise he faithfully kept.

A court-martial was held on board the Tornado on the second of November, all the crew being tried as pirates. All findings and sentances of the court were sent to the captain general in a sealed package.

After the mock trial, all but Ryan, Del Sol, Varona, and Cespedes, were placed in the city jail. At six A. M., November fourth, these four "insurgent leaders" were shot in the presence of the volunteers and a crowd of citizens.

Burriel, the commander of the Spanish troops at Santiago, communicated the information to Captain-General Jouvellar in the following dispatch: —

"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, November 4, 1873.

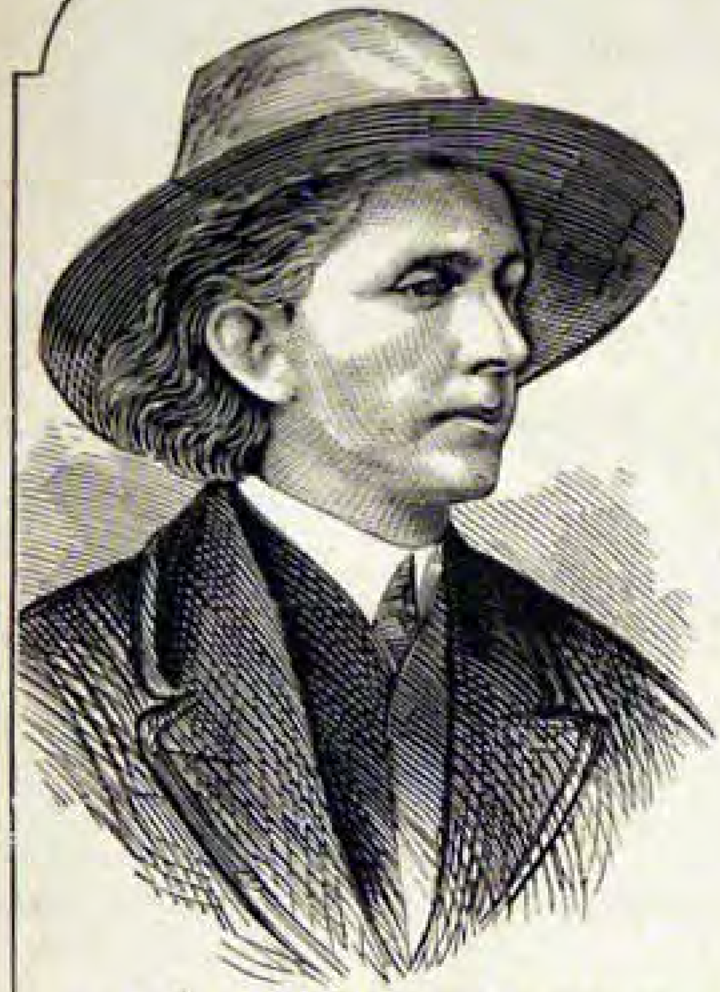
TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

"AT six o'clock this morning were shot in this city, for being traitors to their country, and for being insurgent chiefs, the following persons, styling themselves 'patriot generals:' Bernabe Varona, alias Bembeta, general of division; Pedro Cespedes, commanding general of Cienfuegos; General Jesus del Sol, and Brigadier-General Washington Ryan. The executions took place in the presence of the entire corps of volunteers, the force of regular infantry, and the sailors from the fleet. An immense concourse of people also witnessed the act.

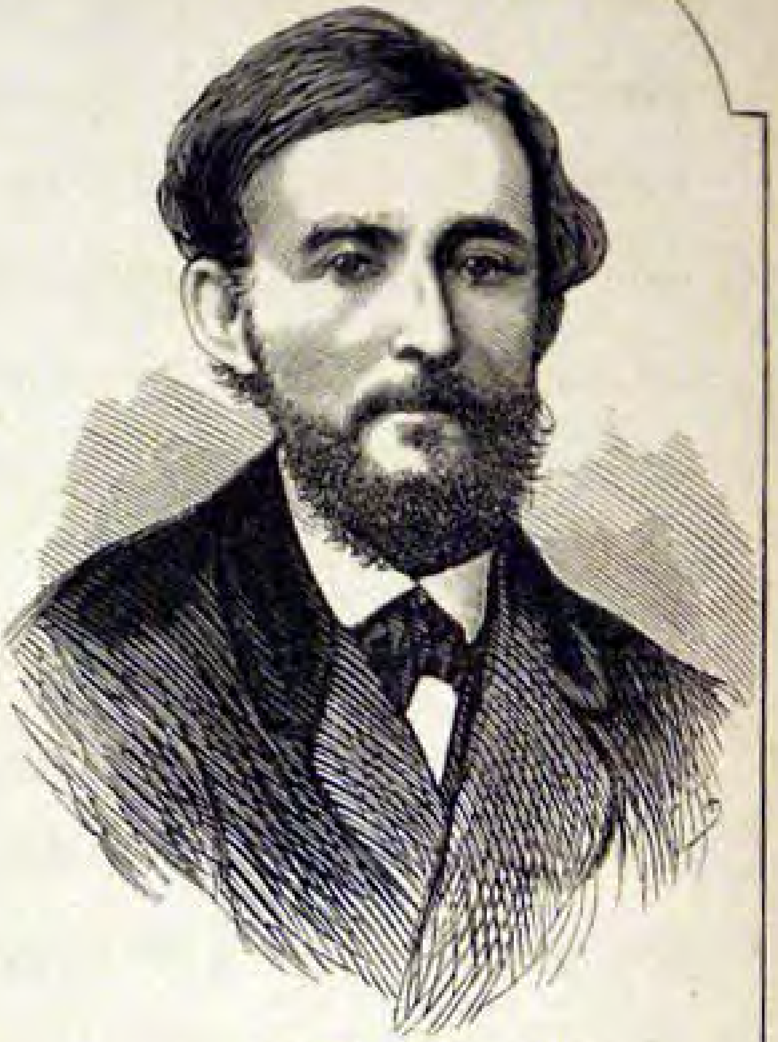
"The best of order prevailed. The prisoners met their death with composure.

"BURRIEL."

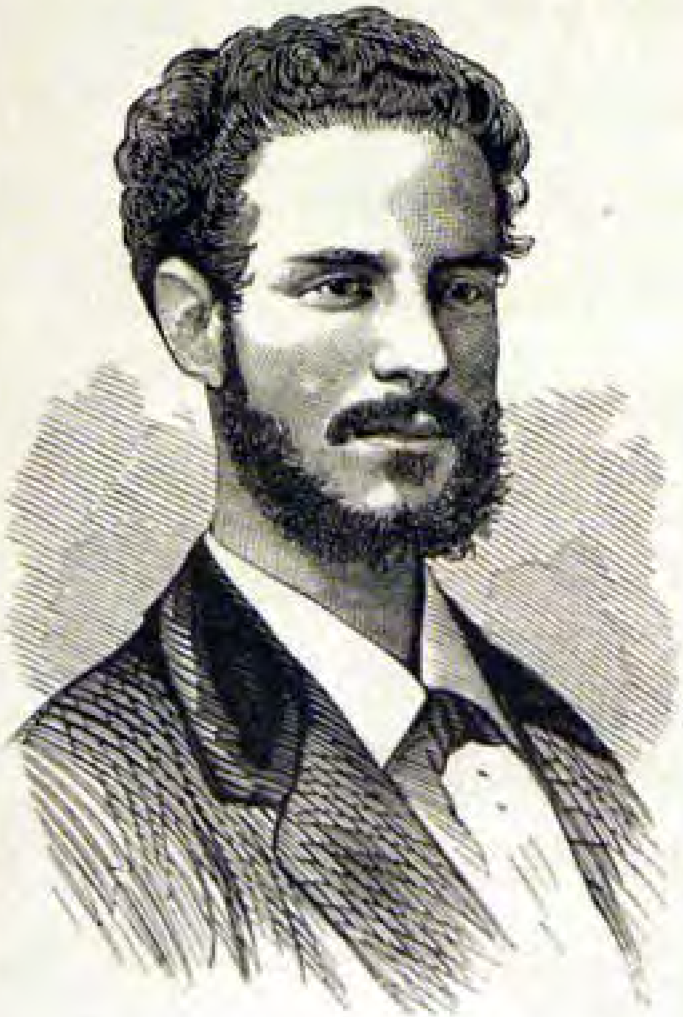
Mr. Coffin, the second mate of the Morning



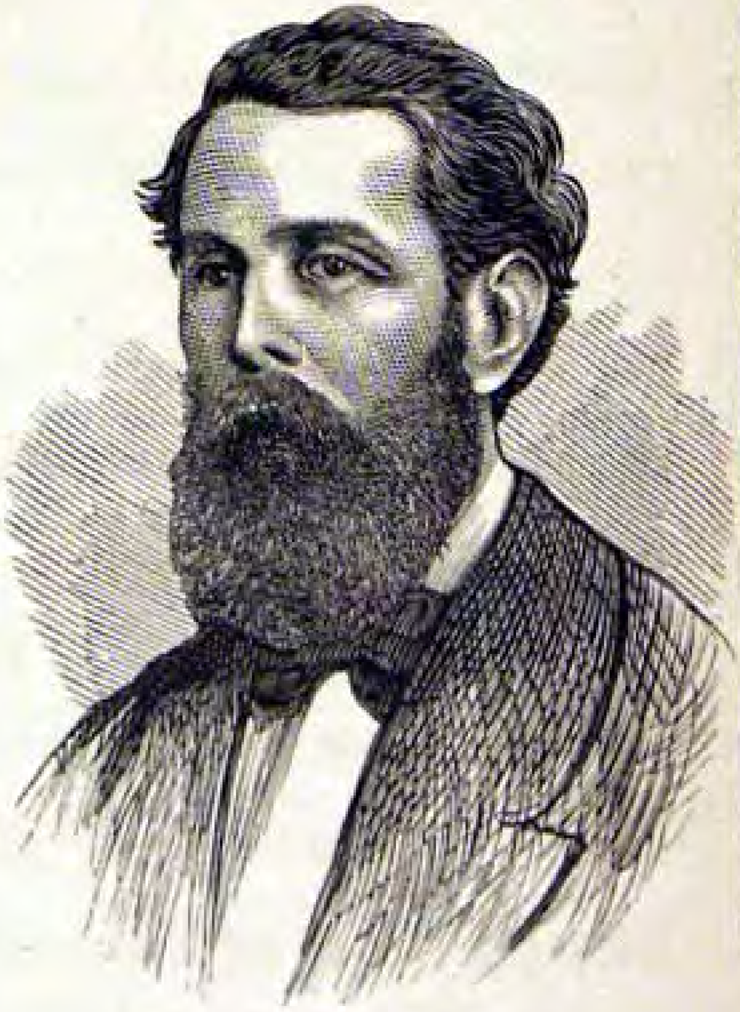
GEORGE WASHINGTON RYAN.



JESUS DEL SOL.



BERNARE VARONA.



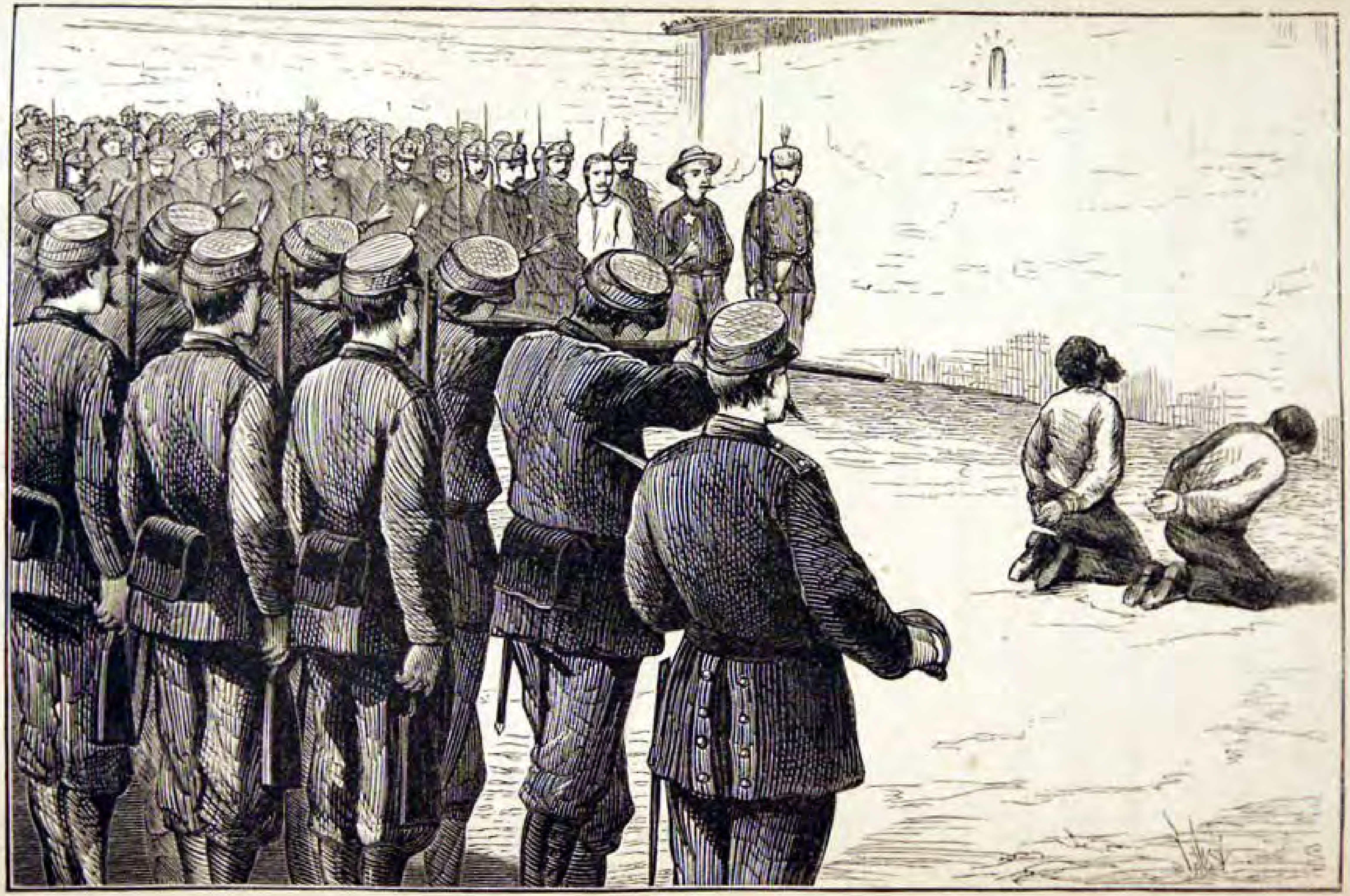
PEDRO CESPEDES.

Star, which was lying in port when the Virginius was brought in, and who witnessed the execution, gave the following graphic description of the memorable scene. Mr. Coffin is an intelligent young American, and his narrative was corroborated in every detail by other officers of his ship. He says,—

"The Virginius was convoyed in by the Tornado and another Spanish man-of-war on the evening of the first ultimo. It is not true that the inhabitants of Santiago were wild with joy; on the contrary, they were excessively quiet, and no demonstration whatever was made. The American flag, which had been borne at the masthead of the captured vessel, lay conspicuously upon her quarter-deck, to be trampled upon by her captor's crew, and was not removed until the next evening. On Sunday afternoon the prisoners were landed by the Tornado's boats. All, with the exception of Ryan, Varona, Del Sol, and Cespedes, had their elbows pinioned behind, and their hands handcuffed in front. . . . After they had all been drawn up upon the wharf, they were marched in the center of a strong guard to the prison. At a quarter to seven on Tuesday morning, Ryan, Varona, Del Sol, and Cespedes were conducted to the slaughter-house — a walk of about ten minutes. Ryan wore a blue shirt over his white one, with a silver star on his breast, and trudged gayly along, smoking a cigar the entire route, not throwing it away until the moment came for the firing. . . . The American consul having attempted a protest, General Burriel placed a double row of sentinels around the consulate, thus keeping our representative a virtual prisoner until after the butcheries."

Captain McArthur, of the Brilliant, also witnessed the executions, and gave the following account: —

"On the morning of the fifth, they were removed to the place of execution, about a mile from the jail. The victims were surrounded by a strong escort of Spanish soldiers. Varona and Ryan, calm and collected, marched amidst the yells and vociferations of the infuriated Spanish crowd. The party arrived at the place of execution, and Cespedes and Del Sol



EXECUTION OF RYAN, VARONA, DEL SOL AND CESPEDES.

were forced to kneel, in which position they were shot in the back. The soldiers next directed Ryan and Varona to kneel in the same way; but they refused, and were seized and thrown down. The two victims begged to be allowed to die standing, and, having offered further resistance, they were murdered as they stood. Ryan was not instantly killed, but a Spanish officer stepped forward and thrust his sword through Ryan's heart. Varona died easily. Then down came upon the corpses, still warm, the bloodthirsty mob, who severed the heads from the bodies, placed them on pikes, and marched with them through the city.

"Fifteen officers of the Spanish army, who had been made prisoners on the battle-field by Varona, and released by him, were present when he landed; and they went to the governor of the city, and begged his life should be spared, since he had given them theirs. This was refused.

"After the execution, foreign vessels were prevented from leaving in order to stop the circulation of the news. The Spaniards took possession of the telegraphs, and would not allow any one to communicate through them, not even the foreign consuls. The American vice-consul, on hearing that Ryan was to be shot, waited on the governor, and demanded his restoration as an American citizen; but the governor refused to listen, on the ground that the consul was not well informed in regard to the matter. The Spaniards informed the consuls that they were acting on their own responsibility, and did not even intend to communicate with Madrid."

Mr. George W. Sherman — an American citizen, who was imprisoned by the Spanish authorities for taking sketches of the fearful scene — wrote thus to the New York Herald: —

"I have been residing for some time back in Santiago de Cuba, and saw these wholesale executions, or rather butcheries. I will give you the following details concerning the first four men killed. . . . The slaughter-house is about sixteen hundred feet square, which gives a lineal frontage to each side of about four hundred feet. The men in question were placed in front of this place, which is an adobe building of about thirteen or fourteen feet in height (in which are imbedded thousands of bullets), with an overhanging roof; while on the ground a gutter has been constructed to receive the rain which may trickle from off the roof." . . . (The details which here follow are the same as given by the preceding narrators. He then continues.) "The soldiers who had been detailed to do this work by General Burriel were wretched marksmen. After this a number of cavalrymen came on the spot, and rode their horses over the bleeding corpses till they were in an almost unrecognizable state. The four heads were cut off, and placed on poles, and carried around by the people in triumph. The bodies, or rather what remained of them, were then placed in a cart, and taken out to a marshy spot, about a mile from the place of execution, and dumped out like a load of dirt in an open ditch. . . . I endeavored to make some sketches of this harrowing scene, and for this I was arrested, and thrown into jail, and was not released until I had been kept three and a half days in that noisome pen."

General Bernabe Varona was young, handsome, brave, courtly, and gracious. Jesus del Sol left a wife and two children utterly unprovided for.

Santa Rosa, the fifth victim, was with Lopez in 1851, and was a companion and intimate friend of General Crittenden, of Kentucky, who, with fifty other young Americans, was shot in the yard of the Castle of Atares. When the present revolution broke out, Santa Rosa, with twelve others, went through the island raising the battle-cry. He was captured by the Spaniards, taken to Havana for trial, and incarcerated in Moro Castle, but was afterward released by order of Captain-General Dulce. He was again captured in 1870, but gained his liberty through the intervention of the State Department at Washington. Santa Rosa was about sixty-three years old, very brave, and very eccentric; of violent temper, but good-hearted, and very devout. He never went into battle without praying that God would have mercy upon the souls of the Spaniards who might be slain.

The whole American press united in accordant condemnation of these brutal murders, as alike a violation of the laws of nations, of the honor of the American flag, and of every dictate of civilized humanity.

Considerable surprise was felt that the Virginius should have been so easily overtaken by the Tornado; and it was even thought that there must have been treachery on board. The statement was made in a letter to a Cuban merchant of New York, and confirmed by Captain Price of the bark Azelo, who was in Santiago at the time, that after the Virginius had been captured by the Tornado, the second engineer went to the commanding officer, and offered to disclose to him everything about the Virginius, and her plan of operation, if he would solemnly promise to spare his life. After consultation with his officers, the commandant gave the promise. The Spaniards, it is said, rely upon the testimony of this engineer to justify their action in treating passengers and crew of the Virginius as pirates. To prevent his treachery being known to his comrades, this engineer was again led with the prisoners, and was taken ashore with them; and when thirty-seven were detailed for execution at the prison, *a mistake was made,* and the wretched engineer was selected and handcuffed with three others, and condemned. One of the quartermasters was taken to one side, whose life was saved under the supposition that he was the pardoned informer. The engineer was shot despite his protestations, through which alone his comrades learned of his treachery.

General Quesada, however, considered that her capture was largely due to her foul condition. Iron steamships should be docked, and have their bottoms cleaned every six months. The Virginius had not been dry-docked for fourteen months, and her bottom consequently must have been covered with shells, weeds, and barnacles, which would greatly retard her speed, and perhaps account for the capture.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN FRY. — QUESTION OF THE LEGALITY OF THE CAPTURE OF THE VIRGINIUS. — MOCKERY OF TRIAL. — A DEED OF FEROCIOUS ATROCITY. — THE BRITISH CONSUL'S PRCTEST INEFFECTUAL. — THE AMERICAN CONSUL ABSENT. — A COMBINATION OF PERFIDY AND SACRILEGE ON THE PART OF THE CUBAN BUTCHERS. — FRY'S OFFICIAL PROTEST. — MARCHING TO EXECUTION. — UNWAVERING TREAD. — HOW THE VICTIMS MET THEIR DEATH, AS DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS. — A HORRIBLE SCENE.

IT is claimed, that on the reception of the news of the capture of the Virginius in Spain, General Sickles, United States minister at Madrid, had an interview with Castelar, then President of the Spanish Republic, resulting in peremptory orders being sent to the authorities in Cuba, to stay all proceedings with reference to the vessel and crew, thus giving momentary hope that the passengers, captain, and crew would be spared.

How transient and delusive was this hope, is too well known. Either the orders did not reach Santiago in time, or they were disregarded by the officers in command. The latter is more probably the case, for Santiago being but four hundred miles from Havana, there was ample time for the orders to have been received before the seventh.

The question of the legality of the capture, as involved in those of the nationality of the vessel, and the waters in which she was captured, was now complicated by the murder of the captain, the crew, and the passengers.

The Cuban patriots might be admitted to be under Spanish jurisdiction, but not so the free-born American citizens, who were led to the slaughter after a mockery of trial, in defiance of all laws, human or divine, and in contempt of the sacred stipulations of solemn treaties — a deed unsurpassed in atrocity, even in the bloody annals of Spanish-American warfare.

They were shot, despite the protests of all competent foreign authorities. The British consul made an ineffectual protest against the executions, sixteen of the prisoners being reported to be British subjects. When his efforts were found to be in vain, the British commandant took the matter in hand, and telegraphed the governor of Santiago de Cuba in these words: "In the interest of the friendly relations existing between our respective governments, I beg you to delay the execution of the alleged English subjects, captured on the Virginius, until the captain of the British frigate Niobe can communicate with you. The Niobe will sail to-day for Santiago de Cuba." To this request, Burriel, commander of the Spanish troops, replied by telegraph, "I do not possess the authority to accede to the petition you send. The law must be fulfilled."

The American consul, Alfred N. Young, whose presence might perhaps have prevented the massacre, was absent from his post; neither was there an American ship of war in the harbor of this bloody city, which has been the scene of so many of the brutal outrages which blacken the Spanish name.

The acting vice-consul, Mr. Schmitt, did all that was in his power, but was treated with the utmost disrespect, being even refused the use of the telegraphic lines to report to the authorities at Washington.

They were tried by a court-martial, held only twenty-four hours before the execution of the sentence; no counsel for defense was allowed, the American consul not even being informed of the trial; no interrogation of the prisoners was permitted, the trial being entirely secret. During its progress the prisoners were kept on board the Tornado; at its close they were taken to jail, the sentence being read to them and executed the same day. In the words of a correspondent of the New York Herald, "These Virginius prisoners were compelled to testify at the point of the sword, with the threat rather strongly implied, that if what they said did not suit, the unhappy deponents would receive summary treatment and happy dispatch. What with the threats of the soldiery, and the promises of immunity held out by the priests in the event of the prisoners becoming converted, the poor witnesses were in a bewildering position. As might have been expected, however, no faith was kept with them. As soon as they had testified under the pressure of threats, and become converted under the false promise of pardon, they were marched to the dead wall, and rendered incapable of contradicting their testimony, or becoming relapsed heretics. This is a combination of perfidy and sacrilege which one does not often meet with."

After the condemnation the American vice-consul was allowed to see Captain Fry in jail, about two hours before the execution.

Notwithstanding treaty stipulations, that "in all cases of seizure, detention, or arrest," the parties accused "shall be allowed to employ such advocates as they may judge proper, who shall have free access to be present at the proceedings in such cases, and at the taking of all evidence and examinations which shall be exhibited at such trial," these Virginius prisoners were treated as outlaws, on whom mercy, or even justice, would be thrown away, and their execution evidently hastened, that the sentence might be irrevocable.

Laws, treaties, even the common claims of humanity, were completely ignored. Even the ignorant, innocent, irresponsible crew were sacrificed to this inhumanity. Men who were picked up at random; often signing shipping articles while under the influence of liquor, and in complete ignorance of what they are agreeing to; who, once at sea, are under such strict discipline that an inquiry as to the object of the voyage, or even the course of the vessel, would subject them to the charge of insubordination, and consequent punishment, even loss of personal liberty; — such men are, by a drum-head court-martial, sentenced to a speedy and ignominious death.

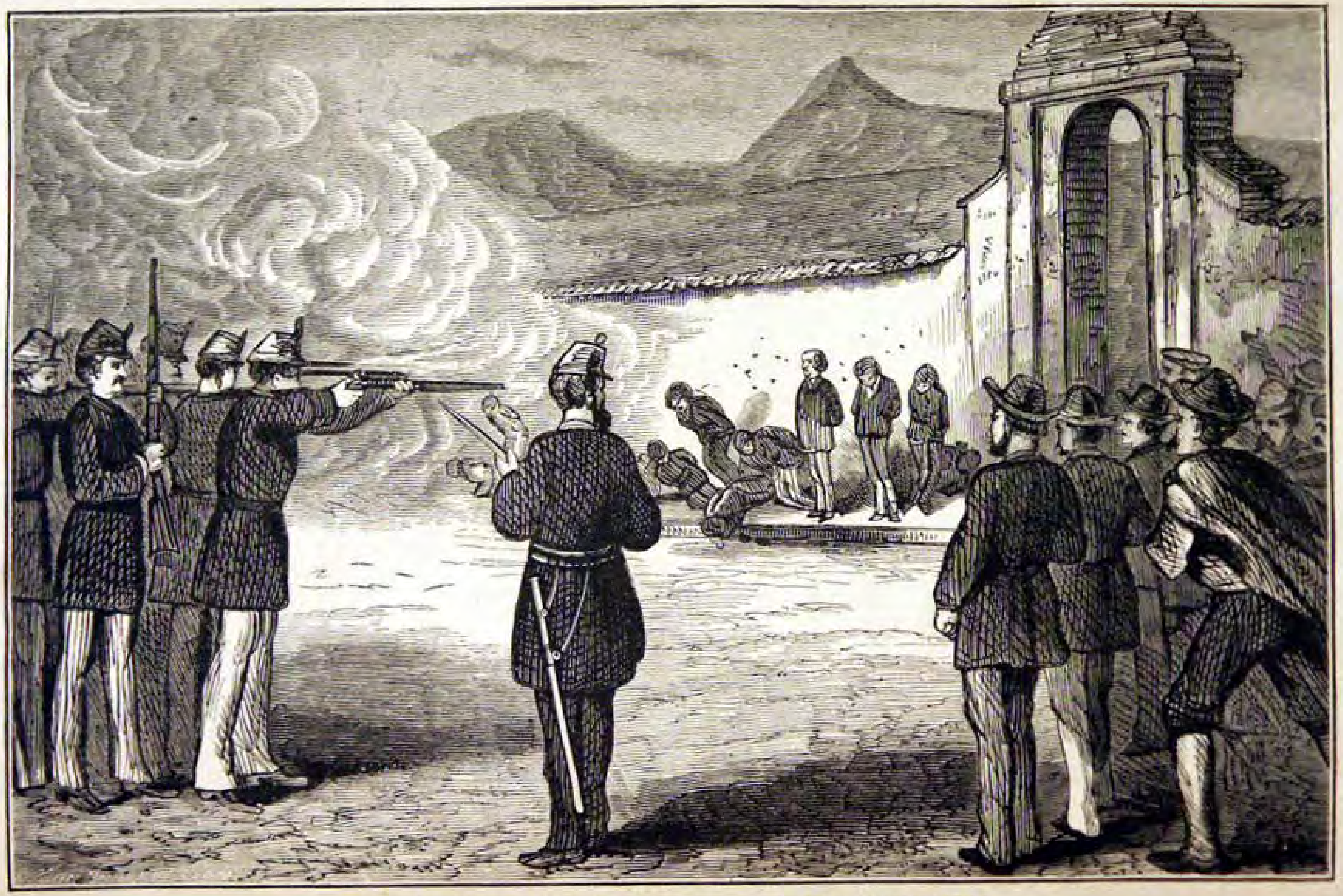
We now reach the closing scene of this fearful tragedy.

The curtain rises for the last time, and we behold the mangled remains of the murdered Fry — the hero, the patriot, the martyr.

Captain Fry and his companions were landed on the sixth, at about nine o'clock in the morning, from the steamer in which they had been confined, tried, and condemned to death, and taken, first to the captain of the port, and then to jail.

About midday of the seventh, the *fiscal*, or prosecutor in the case, Captain J. M. Autran, of the gunboat Cubano Español, handed to the American vice-consul, Mr. Schmitt, a permission from the captain of the port and commandant of marine, Don Ramon Brandaris, to call at the jail, and see Captain Fry, who desired to see the consul. The latter immediately proceeded to the jail, where, after the usual formalities, he was admitted to see Captain Fry, who had been wishing for that privilege (or *that right*, rather) ever since he had been first brought to the port, but without avail, having only been granted this boon now within a few hours of his death. He stated to the consul that he desired to make his declaration and protest; that, having been captured with his steamer upon the high seas, he therefore protested against all and every part of the proceedings. This protest was concluded at about two P. M., the consul immediately transmitting a copy to General Burriel. It was in substance as follows:—

That he was the master of the American steamer Virginius, which had all her papers in complete order, especially the register of the steamer, the crew list and articles, passenger list, clearance from Kingston, as also dispatch from the custom-house, etc. Sailed on the twenty-third of October, 1873, with all his crew and about one hundred and eight passengers; after a few hours at sea, sprung a leak, and put into Port Haytien for repairs. Sailed from the port of Cuimit, of that island, on the thirtieth day of October, and while between the Islands of Cuba and Jamaica, about twenty miles or more from Cuba, was chased by a steamer, and overtaken and captured about eighteen miles north of Morante Point, east end of the Island of Jamaica, about ten o'clock at night, the Spanish vessel previously firing several shots over the Virginius, and compelling them to surrender. The steamer was then taken charge of by a boarding officer, who stated that he did so on his own responsibility, knowing her to be an American ves-



EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN FRY AND HIS COMRADES.

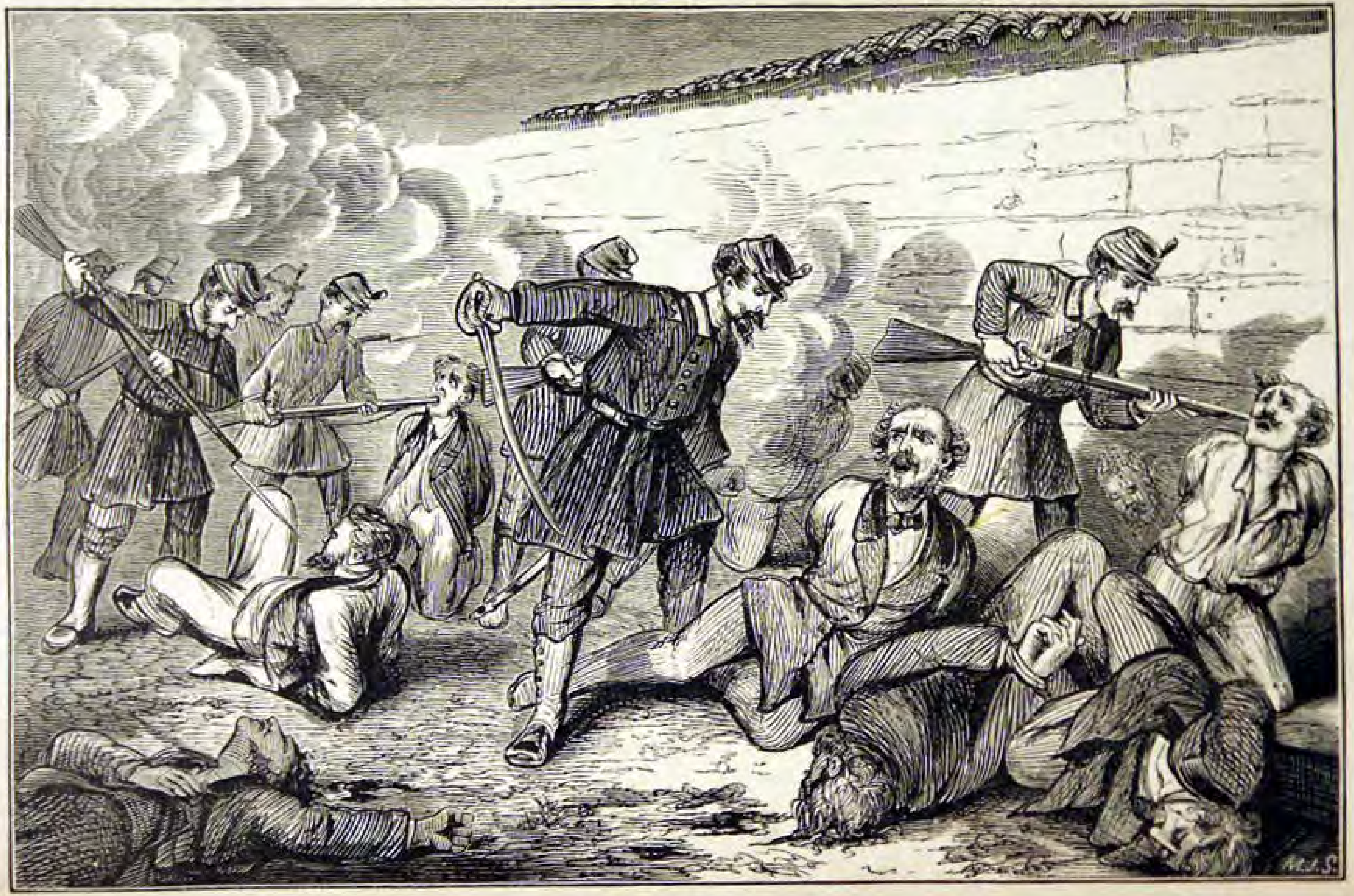
sel, and under the protection of the flag of the United States of America. The master, Joseph Fry, with the crew and passengers, was placed under guard, and all brought into the port of Santiago de Cuba on the first day of November. On the evening of the same day, after having delivered over all the papers belonging to the Virginius, he was refused permission to apply to his consul for aid and protection, and this was only granted him after being condemned to death, with the major part of his crew, under no known public law or pretext; and as Captain Fry was hurried to make his preparations for death, he could make no further statement, but declares that the foregoing is his true declaration, which he signed in jail, at two o'clock, on the seventh of November, 1873, two hours previous to his execution.

This protest was approved by several of the foreign consuls, with whom Mr. Schmitt advised; but his Excellency Governor Burriel was highly incensed at the consul's action, and informed him he had demanded the revocation of his exequatur.

At four o'clock P. M., precisely, the condemned officers and crew of the Virginius were marched out of the jail, which is not far from the consul's office, and filed past, four by four.

Most of them in passing saluted the bare flag-staff of the consulate by inclining their heads. The last to go by were Captain Fry, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Alfaro, who, besides saluting, waved a mournful good by to the consul and groups of gentlemen standing on the piazza of the consul's residence. All the unfortunates marched unwaveringly to the fatal spot. The manner in which they met their death is thus related by one who stood behind the curtain, and who beheld the fatal deed:—

"The victims were ranged facing the wall, and at a sufficient distance from it to give them room to fall forward. Captain Fry having asked for a glass of water, one was handed him by Charles Bell, the steward of the Morning Star. Fry then walked from the end of the line to the center, and calmly awaited his fate. He was the only man who dropped dead at the first volley, notwithstanding that the firing party were but ten



SPANISH ATROCITIES.

feet away. Then ensued a horrible scene. The Spanish butchers advanced to where the wounded men lay writhing and moaning in agony, and, placing the muzzles of their guns in some instances into the mouths of their victims, pulled the triggers, shattering their heads into fragments. Others of the dying men grasped the weapons thrust at them with a despairing clutch, and shot after shot was poured into their bodies before death quieted them."

The curtain falls. In silence and in tears, we turn away from the mournful scene.

Words were vain.

CHAPTER XVII.

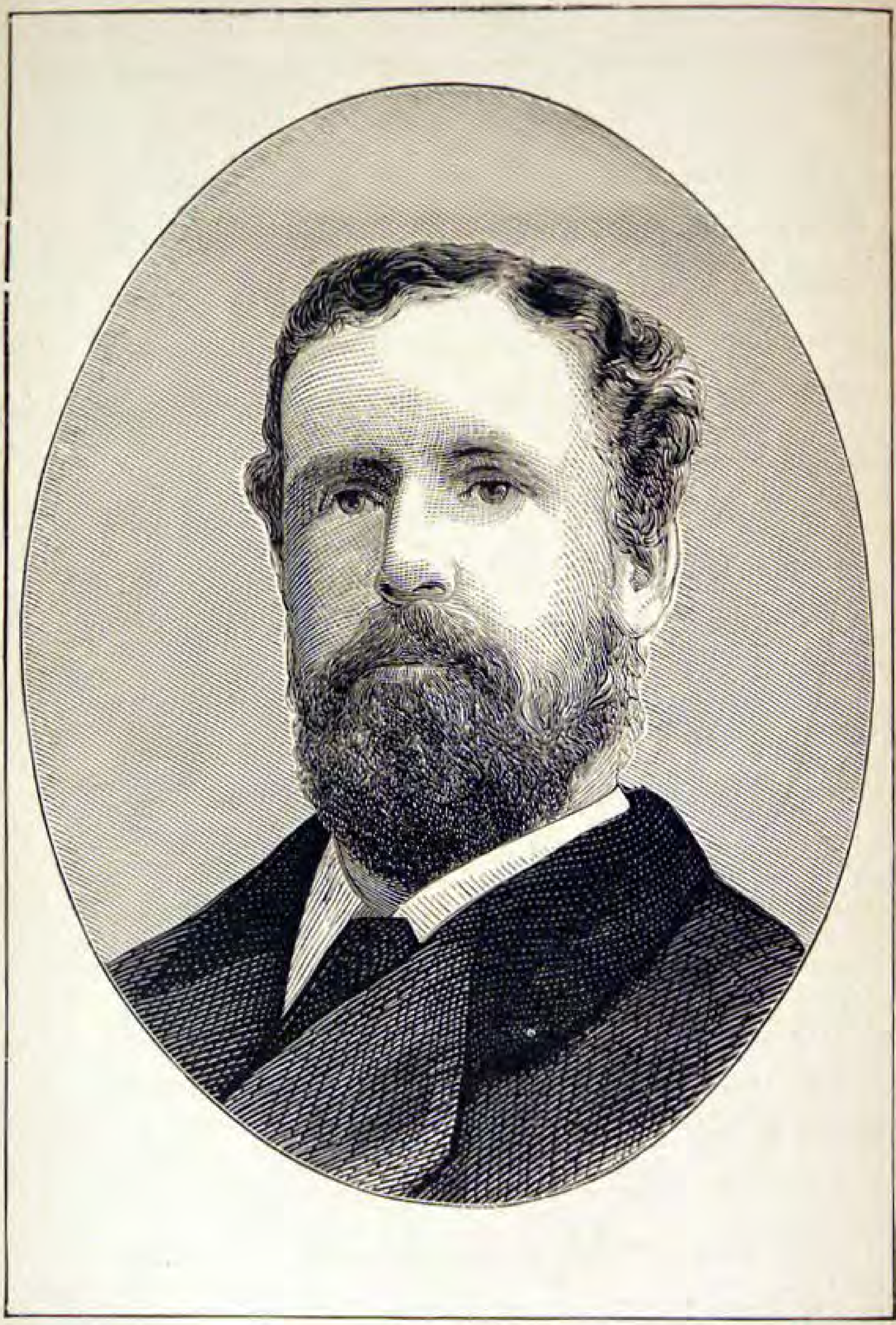
FIFTY-THREE VICTIMS MURDERED, AND NINETY-THREE REMAINING. — SIR LAMBTON LORRAINE PROTESTS. — THE CUBAN BUTCHERS DESIST. — SIR LAMBTON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK. — DECLINES A PUBLIC OVATION. — SILVER BRICK. — SIR LAMBTON REWARDED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. — BURRIEL PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF MARSHAL OF SPAIN. — FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

FIFTY-THREE of these innocent victims were thus foully murdered, and ninety-three more were under sentence of immediate execution.

The bloody work was about to recommence, when a messenger arrived on the ground with orders to stay the execution.

The British man-of-war Niobe had arrived in the harbor, her commander, Sir Lambton Lorraine, having left Jamaica in such haste that several of his crew, who were on shore, were left behind

He hardly stopped to cast anchor at Santiago,



SIR LAMBTON LORRAINE.

before he hastened ashore, and protested against the killing of any more of the Virginius' crew.

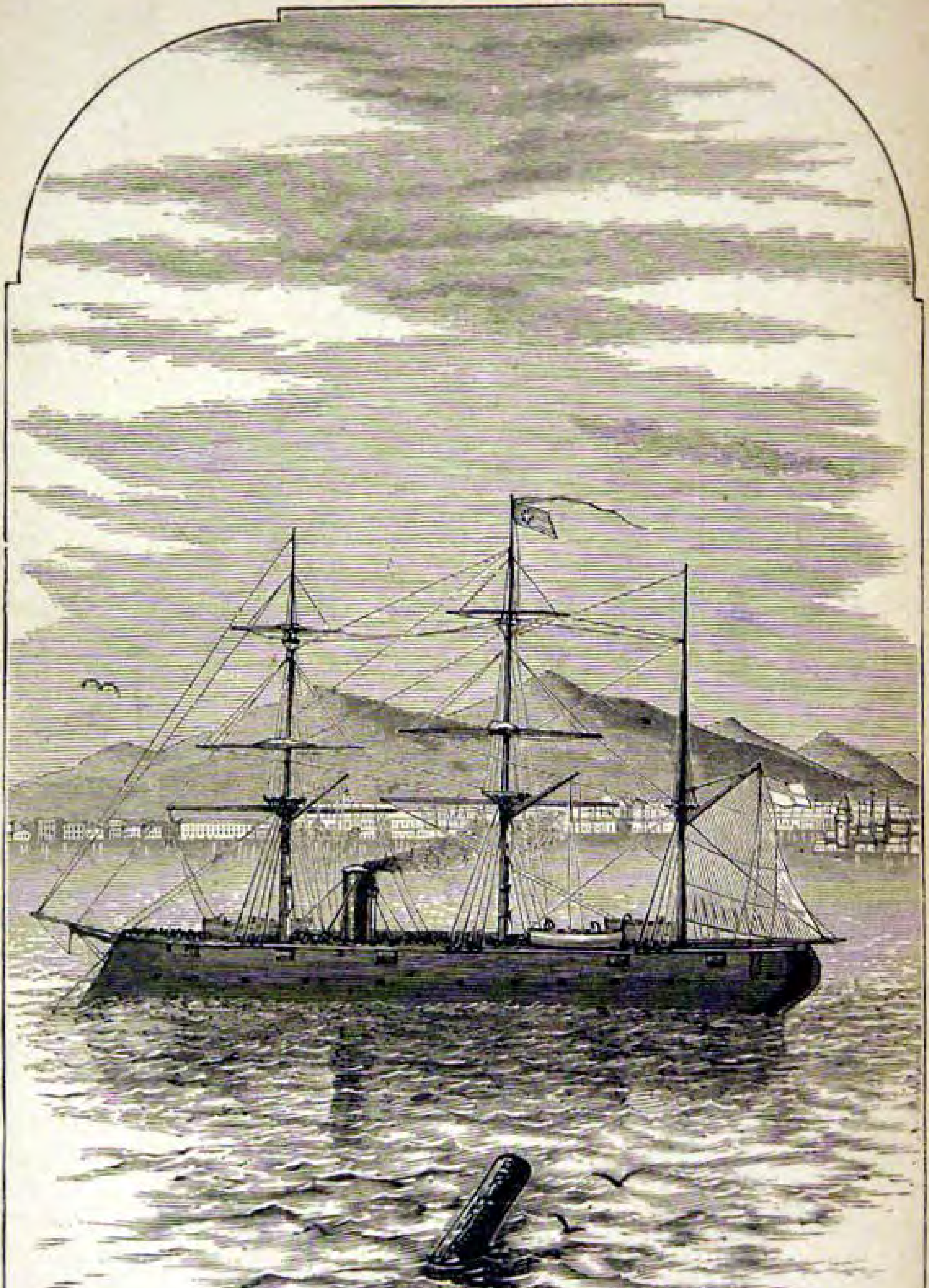
To General Burriel's unsatisfactory response Commander Lorraine returned answer to the effect that in the absence of an American man-of-war, he would protect not only the interests of his own nation, but those of the United States also.

According to newspaper report, he threatened to bombard the city; but this was one of the popular exaggerations to which recitals of heroic deeds are always liable. As it was generally believed that for outrages committed in the town of Omoa, Spanish Honduras, he had actually bombarded that city but a few months previous, such a threat in the present case had no apparent improbability, and had it been made, would certainly not have been disregarded.

At all events, his prompt, decisive action arrested the bloody work, and thus this noble British officer saved the lives, not only of the alleged British subjects, but also the remainder of the crew.

On his return to England some months later, Sir Lambton Lorraine was detained some days in New York. The city authorities, in acknowledgment of the appreciation by our people of his noble defense of American citizens, in his prompt and energetic protest against Spanish barbarity, tendered him a public reception, and the hospitalities of the city. With the modest dignity characteristic of his profession, he declined any public recognition of his services, denying that he had done anything more than his simple duty. He accepted "the freedom of the city," visiting the various public institutions, accompanied by the civil functionaries.

Among other testimonials, the citizens of Virginia City, Nevada, desiring to testify to their appreciation of his noble humanity, forwarded to him a brick of solid silver, from the mines of Nevada. This unique *medal* is described as a fourteen pound bar of silver ore, very handsomely proportioned, pure and smooth. The upper surface was polished until as bright as a mirror, while the bottom and sides were left just as the bar was taken from the mould.



BRITISH WAR VESSEL NIOBE IN THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The inscription engraved on the burnished face, in old English text and old style Roman letters, read as follows: "Blood is thicker than water. Santiago de Cuba, November, 1873. To Sir Lambton Lorraine. From the Comstock mines, Virginia City, Nevada, U. S. A." This inscription was surrounded by an ornamental chased border, running round the whole face of the brick.

This is presumed to be intended to express *figuratively* the western eulogistic idiom, "You're a brick!"

Though Americans, as individuals, were unanimous in their recognition of the gallantry of this noble British officer, as a *nation* this recognition was refused! to their shame be it said. On the trivial puerile ground that it was not certain that the cessation of carnage was due exclusively to his influence — as an American sea captain, on his arrival in the port, had also entered a protest,— therefore "the House resolution rendering the thanks of Congress to Sir Lambton Lorraine, of the British navy, was reported upon adversely, and the resolution laid upon the table"

Entering the British navy as midshipman, in 1852, Sir Lambton Lorraine was placed in command of the Niobe, one of the vessels of the British West India squadron, in 1871. His personal appearance is described as pleasing, and his manner very courteous.

That his action was in accord with British sympathy and sentiment, is shown in the fact that his government has promptly rewarded the gallant deed by his promotion to the rank of post captain in the royal navy.

That the action of Burriel was satisfactory to the Spanish government, is evidenced by the fact that for these *eminent services* he has since been promoted to the rank of Marshal of Spain, while all the naval officers concerned in the capture of the Virginius have been promoted and rewarded; Castillo, the captain of the Tornado, being raised to the rank of colonel of marines, while white naval crosses and red naval crosses are showered upon the officers of lower grades, even the quartermasters, sailmakers, and sailors receiving silver crosses of naval merit.

The following verses are copied from the Washington Capital:—

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

In Santiago's prison walls,
  Virginius' crew, from every clime,
As beasts in pens, await their doom,
  Condemned to death without a crime.

Full half a hundred comrades shot,
  And all their comrades' fate to share,
No morrow's sun for them shall rise,
  No hand to aid, no arm to spare.

Swift o'er the sea a vessel comes;
  With eager eyes and bated breath,
The prisoners watch her sure approach.
  "Whose banner waves?" 'Tis life or death.

A cry, "We're saved! 'Tis England's flag!"
  Swift runs the blood—joy lights the eye:
"Now let the Spanish cowards dare
  To raise an arm, or say we die!"

The ship is moored, a boat is launched;
  Brave Britons to the rescue come;
A Saxon walks the Spanish deck—
  Tornado's bloody work is done.

. . . . . .

'Tis done — each captive heart beats light;
In joy they weep, and bless the sea —
The ships — the winds — the waves — that sent
Old England's sons to set them free.

O flag disgraced! O country scorned!
And none to help save England's might.
Brave flag! brave heart! brave country, hail!
Thy flag alone protects the right.

A. T Stone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PUBLIC OPINION. — INDIGNATION MEETINGS. — BALTIMORE SPEAKS. — ST. LOUIS RESOLUTIONS. — PRESIDENT GRANT CALLED ON TO ISSUE A PROCLAMATION, ETC. — MEETINGS AT NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, AND ELSEWHERE. — PROCEEDINGS AT NEW ORLEANS. — HOW THE CUBAN PATRIOTS REGARDED THE CAPTURE OF THE VIRGINIUS. — OPINIONS OF THE LEADING PRESSES OF NEW YORK, ETC. — "JUSTITIA'S" COMMUNICATION TO THE NEW YORK HERALD. — EXTRACT FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

ON the reception of the intelligence of the murder of the captain, crew, and passengers of the Virginius, from one end of the land to the other there went up a universal cry of indignation and outraged humanity.

"Indignation meetings" were held in almost every city, town, and village of the United States. Public opinion was unanimous in its verdict.

In Baltimore, the universal sentiment was indicated by a procession parading the principal streets, carrying a Cuban flag draped in mourning, side by side with a United States flag reversed; and an enthusiastic meeting in Monument Square, where resolutions in favor of according "belligerent rights" to Cuba were passed.

In St. Louis, a large number of prominent merchants and other influential citizens, "believing that American honor required, and common humanity urged, prompt and vigorous action on the part of the government," called a public meeting to express the general feeling on the matter. It was urged that a proclamation be issued by the president, suspending the neutrality laws for sixty or ninety days, "thus giving the people an opportunity to inflict summary vengeance upon the bloodthirsty Spaniards, and wrest the Island of Cuba from their grasp." A meeting of old soldiers, who had fought through the civil war, — some wearing the blue, and some the gray, — was held for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps toward raising men. The war-feeling among the old soldiers was raised to the highest pitch.

In Augusta and Columbus, Ga., large and enthusiastic meetings were held to express indignation at the Spanish atrocities. Resolutions of a bitter character were adopted, and the most intense enthusiasm was manifested.

In Brooklyn, a mass meeting, "irrespective of party," was held, and resolutions were passed, urging the president to take immediate action toward avenging the outrage, and vindicating the honor of the country.

In New York city, among other demonstrations, four thousand Germans met at Germania Hall to express sympathy for Cuba, and to advocate a vigorous policy toward Spain. The following resolutions were adopted, intended to be laid before Congress at the opening of the session: —

"Whereas, the people of Cuba are not only in the same, but in a much worse condition than the people of the United States were at the time of the declaration of their independence, the Spanish government allowing, under the barbarous rule of the so-called Spanish volunteers, the perpetration of the most terrible cruelties and outrageous deeds of violence toward the inhabitants of the Isle of Cuba, in defiance of humanity and civilization; and

"Whereas, these barbarians, who, it appears, independent of the Spanish government, trample alike upon the laws and usages of humanity and civilization, insult our flag on the open sea, and incarcerate and murder our citizens; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That we ask the government of the United States and Congress, in the name of humanity and civilization, and to the end that a stop may be put to the barbarities in Cuba, and to prevent their repetition, to accord to the Cubans now fighting for their independence the rights of belligerents, and as soon as possible to acknowledge Cuba as a free republic.

"*Resolved*, That we further ask the government and Congress of the United States to demand of the Spanish government in Madrid, as well as of the acting authorities of Cuba, full satisfaction for the insult to our flag, and the cruelties committed by Cuban volunteers, and to enforce these demands with all the means in their power."

In New Orleans, a large meeting of Cuban patriots was held to express their sorrow and indignation at the execution of the Virginius victims. All the representative Cubans were present, and a large number of state officers; General Rafael Quesada presided, and General James Longstreet acted as vice-president. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions suited to the occasion, and General Quesada addressed the assembly in a most touching speech, that aroused the patriotism and enthusiasm of every one present. Whilst the enthusiasm excited by General Quesada's speech was still stirring the assembly, Señor Mendoza arose, and called upon the people *to do something*. They had no time for *sorrow* now, he said, and the most fitting reply the Cubans could make to the brutal murder of their patriotic brethren at St. Jago de Cuba was to answer with another and more powerful expedition. He called on all to assist with their lives or their money. The young ladies were the first to respond to this earnest appeal, and soon the whole assembly had given something; the ladies their rings, bracelets, and other jewelry. Resolutions were read in Spanish, French, and English, and unanimously adopted, calling upon the United States to demand an apology from Spain for the slaughter of men sailing under the American flag; to recognize the belligerent rights of the Cubans, so as to entitle them to be treated as humanity and civilization demanded; to compel Spain to wage a civilized war, or, if that government refused these requests, to break our treaty relations with such a cruel and dishonorable country.

A few days later, a mass meeting of citizens was called, irrespective of nationality. The *call* was thus commented on editorially: —

"Our citizens, sinking for the moment their private griefs, will no doubt assemble in great force this evening, to give voice to the horror and just anger which have been aroused in their breasts by the late atrocities committed by the Spaniards in Cuba. Every city of importance in the United States has already held indignation meetings, and sent up their demands, as with one voice, for just vengeance and retaliation for the murder of American citizens. *Our* delay is rather owing to that more profound indignation which keeps the senses asleep and passive for a moment, and then suddenly bursts forth with all the eloquence of conscious wrong, and conscious ability to right that wrong."

These examples but serve to indicate the general feeling. The almost universal cry was for war, although the Cincinnati Board of Trade adopted and published the following resolution: —

"Whereas, the barbarous treatment of persons lately captured off the coast of Cuba by the Spaniards having caused a wide-spread feeling of indignation throughout the United States, calling for some action on the part of the government, and hoping the principles of arbitration under which our nation settled all difficulties with England may be safely involved; therefore, —

"*Resolved,* That we recommend the national authorities to rely upon peaceable arbitration for the settlement of the difficulty, and that while we denounce the atrocities of the local authorities of Cuba, we sympathize with those who are struggling to establish a republican form of government in Spain."

The capture of the Virginius excited profound feeling among Cubans. It was the cause of great grief to those whose constant thought was the liberation of their native island; and especially was the loss to the insurgents in the field the cause of regret and disappointment. Yet, while the Cubans mourned the fate of their compatriots, and regretted the loss of the valuable cargo, they nevertheless regarded the affair as favorable to their cause, as serving to awaken renewed interest among Americans, and to bring about harmony among the Cubans themselves, uniting the different factions, and causing them to become as a single unit in the determination to continue to the bitter end the struggle for independence.

Although the press was very positive in its utterances, great caution was taken to prevent any precipitate action on the part of the Cubans and their friends. The most active supporters of the cause appealed to the leaders to do nothing hastily, but to wait patiently until official information was received by the government concerning the capture of the vessel and the executions.

General Manuel Quesada and Charles Castillo, the only authorized agents of the Cuban republic, declined to open a recruiting office, because it would be a violation of law, and because there were plenty of *men* in Cuba, arms and ammunition only being needed.

Wealthy Cubans subscribed liberally, and twenty-five thousand dollars were raised in a few days. The New York papers commented bitterly on the affair. The Herald said,—

"We have nothing to do with Cubans, or their cause, or their rights. The insult is to our nation. The murders have been committed on our citizens, who were taken in foreign waters under the protection of our flag. The long list of Spanish outrages in Cuba springs up to intensify our anger and justify the conviction that Madrid has no longer any power over the *Casino Espanola*, and that the punishment due to their crimes must be visited on their own guilty heads. We have no desire to provoke a war with Spain;

we believe there will be no war, for the republicans at Madrid have our sympathy, and will not be likely to go to war to defend an act they admit to have been unjust. If liable, a sufficient force of iron-clads at Santiago must demand the return of the Virginius, the release of the survivors, and the surrender of Burriel. If these demands are not complied with, the destruction of the blood-stained town should follow. The atonement will not be too heavy."

The Tribune declared, "Now or never is the time for prompt action by the government concerning the Cuban matter. These outrages cannot be permitted to continue. Nothing, however, could be more futile or illegal than to grant belligerent rights to Cubans. This would do nothing to aid the civil war. The Spanish government cannot grant sufficient reparation. We must in the future protect our own flag and citizens in Cuban waters."

The Times, "There is no need for indignation meetings on the subject. The government will do its duty. Everything depends upon how many of the persons were Spanish subjects, and whether the Virginius was a *bona fide* American vessel, or simply carrying the American flag as a snare. It is certain that some of the victims were American citizens. They were not amenable to Spanish laws, since they were captured on the high seas in violation of international law. If Spain has done this, it is a crime for which no extenuation or apology can atone. There will be nothing left for the United States to do but to declare war against Spain."

The World suggested that if Spain did not give ample satisfaction when such a demand was made, letters of marque and reprisal should at once be granted by Congress.

The following editorial expressions of opinion, clipped from the leading papers of the day, are reproduced as illustrations of the general tone of public sentiment.

The northern press was almost as unanimous as that of the south and west in demanding atonement for the murder of these Virginius prisoners. It was generally contended that the traffic in which the Virginius was engaged had nothing to do with the question between this country and Spain, if she was an American vessel. If she had landed a dozen cargoes in Cuba, that did not render her liable to an attack on the high seas when bearing the American flag."

"But even," said the New York Herald, "if the Virginius had been a Cuban insurgent vessel, sailing with the papers and under the flag of the Cuban republic, the lives of the Americans on board were sacred until, after a legal trial, conducted in presence of their consul, if they so desired, they had been found guilty of an offense punishable with death.

"Their murder without trial, without the privilege of seeing their consul, is the foulest act committed by the Spanish cut-throats, and the crime is the more heinous since the cruel butch ery was perpetrated more in contempt and hatred of the United States than as a punishment of the helpless victims. The noble-hearted Fry, and the poor men he so generously, but vainly, strove to save, while disdaining to beg his own life, were slaughtered because the

Spanish outlaws in Cuba detest the American republic, and burn to heap insults upon our nation. The blood that was shed at Santiago will lie at the doors of our government unless full atonement is demanded of the murderers; yet the special pleaders for Spain ignore this important issue, and endeavor to befog the public mind by learned essays on international law, the duties of neutrals, and the wicked character of the Virginius.

"It is becoming more and more evident that the murderous haste with which General Varona, General Ryan, Pedro Cespedes, and Colonel Jesus del Sol, were executed by the representatives of Spanish authority at Santiago de Cuba, was in utter disregard and violation of such instructions as had been received from Spain. The Spanish volunteers in Cuba are bitterly opposed to the establishment and maintenance of a republic, either in Spain or Cuba. They favor the Carlist movement, and are known to have contributed largely to that cause. It is clear that, in a heartless spirit of vengeance, they determined to listen to no pleas for postponement or appeals for mercy. They had a certain number of helpless prisoners in their power, and the feast of blood was too inviting for delay.

"It is alleged that these prisoners were executed before the instructions from Madrid, directing a postponement of all action in the premises, were received. If this be true, it indicates a vengeful haste, which belongs rather to the breed of bloodhounds than to that of men. But the indications all tend to show that the averment is untrue; for it cannot be doubted that instructions have since been received in Cuba from the home government, directing the authorities there to take no further action against the crew and passengers of the Virginius until further orders from Madrid. We have now before us, in the execution of Captain Fry, thirty-six of the steamer's crew, and twelve more of the passengers, a sample of the respect paid to the orders of a Spanish republican government by the representatives of Spanish authority in the misgoverned gem of the Antilles. In that unfortunate island the spirit of the Cid has no place in the breasts of Spanish rulers, and neither justice nor generosity are its successors.

"The murder of prisoners in cold blood is an outrage upon the civilization and Christianity of the age. No people claiming to be either civilized or Christian, save these same degenerate Spaniards in Cuba, would have been guilty of an atrocity so gross and so indefensible. By it they have lost all title to respect among true men, and proved a kinship with the most carnivorous of brutes."

"SPANISH BRUTALITY. — The brutality of the Spanish rulers in Cuba will not dampen the ardor of brave men devoted specially to the cause of human liberty and progress throughout this continent. The capture of the Virginius on the high seas, the arrest of her passengers and crew, their forcible conveyance to Cuba, and sudden slaughter there in cold blood, are the latest incidents in the savage rule that Spain accords to the heroic men who would rear the temple of freedom in the gem of the Antilles; the men who would freely give up life in civilized warfare to confer the boon of self-government upon a people who have been struggling for five years to rid themselves of their Spanish tyrants. Acts of cruelty have frequently been perpetrated in support of Spanish authority in the Island of Cuba, but the hasty consignment to death of human beings whose only crime was that of being suspected of a heroism that would lead them to peril their lives in freedom's holy cause, has sent a deeper thrill of horror throughout this country than ever before was excited by the barbarity of Spanish officials. When the gallant Lopez was compelled to surrender, after his heroic attempt to free Cuba from the grasp of the Spanish tyrants, he did so fully conscious of the penalty that would swiftly follow. The noble old soldier asked no quarter for himself. He had landed upon the island with a few dauntless spirits, determined to free Cuba by raising among the people the banner of revolt against Spanish authority. No insurgent government had then been formed and in existence five years, as now. Lopez went there to aid the people in establishing a government of their own, and he knew that if he failed and was taken prisoner, death would be his certain doom. Therefore, when, after a series of misfortunes, resulting from bad weather and a consequent apathy on the part of the people to respond to his call, he was hunted down by bloodhounds in the mountains and forced to surrender, the only favor he asked of his captors was to shoot him and save his men. But Spanish ferocity gave no heed to what the noble old soldier said. He was taken to Havana and publicly garroted, as were the brave Crittenden and many others of his followers. These men had actually landed upon the island, and were in the act of organizing a liberating army. They knew what would be their fate if they were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of their enemies, and did not murmur when, through the fortunes of war, they were called to meet death. But the case of Generals Ryan, Jesus del Sol, Varona and Cespedes, Captain Fry and the passengers and crew of the Virginius, is very different. They were captured on the high seas without having committed any act that authorized a Spanish vessel of war to interfere with them.

They were not pirates, and if their object was to land in Cuba for the purpose of taking part with those who are endeavoring to free Cuba from Spanish rule, it was the duty of Spanish authority to arrest them at the proper time and place, and give them a fair trial. It is conceded that the capture of General Ryan and others on the Virginius is similar to the capture of Mason and Slidell. In that case, instead of giving Mason and Slidell a hasty drum-head court-martial and hanging them for treason, the United States government ordered them back to the custody of the power under whose flag they were sailing at the time of their capture. This was done in accordance with international laws and that spirit which should govern civilized nations.

. . . .

"How different has been the fate of Ryan, Varona, and others captured by Spanish subordinate authority! They were carried into Cuba, tried and executed with a haste that was far more eager for blood than justice. The subordinates of the Spanish government in Cuba have thus assumed a fearful responsibility, not only to their own, but to the civilized governments of the world, and particularly to that and the people of the United States. The capture of the Virginius, and the slaughter of her passengers and crew, is an insult to the American flag, and a foul blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century."

The following is an extract from a communication to the New York Herald, over the signature "Justitia": —

"Some such overt disdain and outrage was doubtless needed to arouse the American people to a sense of the barbarous tyranny of Spain, almost at their very doors. The savage Spanish nature thirsts for the blood of its enemies, and grudges the chance of life which the captive, as a prisoner of war, has a right to hope. . . . Has not this bloody tyranny gone on long enough? Must Spain, impotent at home and abroad, be longer let to show the painful and hopeless spectacle of a relentless master in the agonies of dissolution, clutching with frantic grip at a torn and bleeding, but determined slave, who will never yield, though torn limb from limb? Does not humanity call for something more than interchange of *diplomatic formulas* on such an exhibition? But now, when from under our stars and stripes men are dragged to death without time being allowed for them to appeal for their rights under that flag, now is a time, the time, when neither nations nor individuals can utter a protest against the demand for atrocities in Cuba to cease; for the accordance of belligerent rights to a long suffering, much tortured people.

"Thus should we show to Spain how we avenge in righteous indignation, and in simple downright justice, the shame, the outrage, the injustice, she has put upon America in dishonoring her flag, in disregarding international law, in shaming the civilization of the world. Strike quick, strike hard, and put an end to the bloody spectacle of which the nineteenth century should no longer be a witness. The desperate grip of the haughty Spaniard will not let go till the last dregs of his strength are gone. That time is not far off; but why wait till then? Now is the time. On the fourth of November, the Spanish power in Cuba sent out to the world its own knell in the shots which struck out the life from four brave men, whose crime was that they sought to wrest their freedom from a tyrannous mother-country, even as we wrested our own in days not a hundred years gone by."

I will add one more from an English paper:—

"If the Spanish government *could* have prevented the murder of the crew of the Virginius, the barbarity will not be too severely punished by the loss of Cuba. If the Spanish government *could not* prevent the atrocious massacre, it is imperative for Cuba to be affiliated with a stronger government. It is to be hoped that there will be no shilly-shallying at Washington. A star for Cuba ought long ago to have appeared on the flag of the United States. The misrule of Cuba is an infamy that ought not to have been tolerated; and certainly since it is manifest that Spain cannot stop the civil war, it is the duty of the United States to intervene. The Santiago massacre ought to put an end to the cruel and impolitic forbearance of the United States. There will be the usual talk about a strong power assisting a weak power, but America has a crushing reply — 'We will no longer suffer Cuba and the Cubans to be sacrificed to the weakness of Spain.' The Santiago massacre is not only an outrage to be resented by all men, and an insult to the United States, but it is also an insult to England. We fervently trust that our government will heartily support the government of the United States, and that the combined fleets of England and America will avenge the foul wrong, and exact the just reparation."

CHAPTER XIX.

DIPLOMACY. — CONFLICTING OPINIONS AS TO THE STATUS OF CUBA. — METHODS OF ARGUMENT. — SHOULD SPAIN BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BARBARITIES OF THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS? — REVERDY JOHNSON'S OPINION. — CONTRARY OPINION OF OTHER PUBLICISTS. — INSTRUCTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO GENERAL SICKLES, MINISTER TO SPAIN. — MR. SECRETARY FISH'S STRANGE PRO CEEDINGS. — "THE GOSPEL OF PEACE."

THE *people* with one voice demanded the recognition of the belligerent rights of the struggling Cubans, and the declaration of war against the Spanish government.

There were those, however, who argued thus: Spain is a republic; she has been recognized as such by our government. Cuba is a province of that republic; therefore the Cuban insurgents are waging war against republicanism, and should not be encouraged or protected by the United States.

On the other hand, it was said that the republicanism of Spain was but an empty name, — a false republicanism, devoid of all honor or honesty, with no respect for the laws of civilization or the rights of humanity, their deputies in Cuba being absolute despots. The struggling Cubans, in declaring the independence for which they were battling so manfully, had established a *bona fide* republican government, modeling their constitution, in all essential points, upon that of the United States; and that our own example, in wresting our freedom from an oppressive parent government, in the olden time, was Cuba's guarantee for the possession of all the rights and privileges which we are supposed to enjoy. Therefore they should be encouraged and recognized by the United States.

Again, it was claimed, on the one hand, that the barbarities in Cuba were the work of the Cuban volunteers, unauthorized by the Spanish home government; and that Spain should not be held responsible for these violations of international law by her vice-regal deputies.

On the other hand, it was replied that this very inability of Spain to hold the island, save in a state of chronic revolution, and by means of atrocious brutalities, and savagery revolting to humanity, constituted an ample plea for prompt action on the part of the United States; and that her inactive policy hitherto had been inert and ignoble.

Learned essays were written — and perhaps read — on "International Law," "The Duties of Neutrals," etc.

The questions raised in regard to the Virginius involved too many intricate questions of law to bear discussion here.

Reverdy Johnson, in a communication to the Baltimore American, dated the twenty-third of November, expresses his matured opinion upon the case. Considering the legality of the capture, he says, that from the beginning of our government, we have insisted that an American vessel, regularly documented, and carrying our flag, cannot, in time of peace, be visited or searched on the high seas. It was mainly for the violation of this doctrine that the war of 1812 with England was declared; and although at the termination of that war the claim of England was not formally renounced, it was practically abandoned, and has never since been acted upon. The immunity of a vessel carrying the necessary documentary papers and the flag rests upon the theory that the ocean is open to all alike, and that the vessel of any nation, while on that element, is, in contemplation of law, a part of its national territory, and as exempt from invasion as the soil itself. In support of this proposition, he refers to the treaty of Washington of 1842, the message of President Tyler, and the correspondence between Mr. Webster and Lord Aberdeen, and continues,—

"It may therefore be said, that if the Virginius had our flag, and was regularly documented as an American vessel, and was on the high seas when captured, her capture was illegal and contrary to the public law, as understood, it is believed, not only by England and the United States, but by all other nations, including Spain. Whether the Virginius was thus possessed of the flag and documents, or had obtained them fraudulently, or was using them for an illegal purpose, are matters for inquiry, which our government has no doubt already made. It will be no justification of the capture that the object of the enterprise was to render assistance to the Cuban insurgents. If that was the case, the offense at the time of the capture was a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, and not of the sovereignty of Spain; and the United States alone possessed jurisdiction over the subject. We should abandon our sovereignty, if we permitted Spain or any other nation to capture vessels of the United States because they may, at the time of such capture, have violated our laws. The capture of this steamer on the high seas, then, was as gross a disregard of the authority of the United States as it would have been if the Tornado had seized her in the harbor of New York; and she was as much under the protection of our government in the one case as in the other.

"If I am correct in the above view, the next point is, Had Spain a right to carry the vessel into a Spanish port? Clearly she had not. Her doing so was only a continuation of the original wrong, and was an equally palpable and indefensible outrage upon our sovereignty; but conceding that at the time of the capture the vessel was not upon the high seas, it is not pretended that she was in Cuban waters, within a distance of one league of the shore, and consequently had not subjected herself to Spanish jurisdiction. When captured, the only offense she had committed was one against the United States. Suppose that she contemplated landing men and arms in Cuba in aid of the insurgents, it was but an unexecuted purpose, as wholly so as when she left New York. This purpose she might have abandoned, and if she had, no wrong whatever would have been done to Spain. She, too, was liable to capture by an American man-of-war, and to be brought into the United States for judgment, as a violation of our neutrality laws; and then, also, no offense would have been committed against Spain, or wrong done her. Can it be doubted that the steamer, before the capture, or even afterward, while being carried to Cuba, could have claimed the protection of any United States man-of-war, or that it would have been the duty of the latter, if present, to have prevented the capture, or to have recaptured her, and by force, if necessary? That this would have been done by any of our naval officers may, I think, be considered to be certain. If it had been done, could Spain have justly complained? Would our government have rebuked the officer? On the contrary, would he not have been accorded praise for protecting an American ship, and maintaining the honor of the American flag? The illegality of the capture of the Virginius by the Tornado, and the responsibility of Spain for the consequences, seem to be too plain for serious controversy.

"The atrocities committed upon the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer, independent of the sacred laws of humanity, were without justification or excuse under the public law of the world. Not having been legally captured, they were not prisoners, and were as much exempt from the jurisdiction of Spain as when they stood upon American soil; and Spain is consequently as responsible to the United States for their execution as she would have been if she had gotten possession of the men by the invasion of our territory."

There are two sides to every question; and other thinkers, reasoning from the same facts, reached the contrary conclusions, considering that the Virginius was made liable to capture, and the results as attended, from the fact of carrying war material. I quote:—

"But laying aside the question whether the Virginius was the property of neutral citizens of the United States, there can be no question as to the character of her cargo. 'War material' and soldiers are contraband of war, if anything is. All the writers on international law agree on this point, and of course the treaty between the United States and Spain does not protect them. We must, then, look outside of the treaty for a rule applying to them.

"Grotius, Vattel, and Wheaton recognize the general principle that enemy's goods in a neutral ship are liable to capture and confiscation. Vattel explicitly declares, that 'When effects belonging to an enemy are found on board a neutral vessel, they may be seized, by the laws of war;' and no publicist, not even the minister of the French Republic, when complaining of the

United States for violating the treaty of 1786, by which the doctrine of 'free ships, free goods,' was stipulated, failed to admit it as a general principle. So far as the 'war material' is concerned, the question must then be regarded as clear and conclusive.

"On the remaining question, of the right to capture the Cuban officers while on a neutral vessel, admitting her claims to neutrality *bona fide*, there is hardly less doubt. Eminent writers on international law agree on this point also. 'Of the same nature,' says Wheaton, 'with the carrying of contraband goods, is the transportation of military persons or dispatches in the service of the vessel. A neutral vessel,' he adds, 'which is used as a transport for the enemy's forces, is subject to confiscation.' Nor will the fact of her having been impressed by violence into the enemy's service exempt her. 'The master,' says Wheaton, 'cannot be permitted to aver that he was an involuntary agent, and if any loss is sustained in such a service, the neutral yielding to such coercion must seek redress from the government which has imposed such restraint upon him,' which in this case would be the insurrectionary government of Cuba.

"It seems to us, therefore, accepting the facts as the dispatches state them, that the gross violation of the neutral privileges by the Virginius subjected her and her cargo to capture and confiscation."

But whatever were the merits of the questions raised, it was undeniable that Congress alone had the power to declare war; and Congress was not in session.

In the mean time, diplomatic negotiations were entered into, and a compromise agreed upon, by which the vexed questions were set at rest, conclusively, if not satisfactorily.

Instructions were forwarded to General Sickles, United States minister at Madrid, embodying a formal ultimatum of reparation and redress. The demand was couched in a kind, sympathetic tone, but no alternative was given. General Sickles was also instructed to say, that if Castelar did not comply with the demand in one week from the time of its proposal, he should ask for his passports, and leave Madrid with the American legation. The points of this demand were as follows: 1. Restoration of the Virginius; 2. The surrender of the survivors of the crew; 3. Compensation to the families of those who had been slain; 4. The punishment of those who had committed the crime; 5. Indemnity for the future. These were presented by the American minister, who, taking the American view of the question, and knowing the popular feeling which existed in the United States with reference to the massacre of the crew, pressed them upon the Spanish government with earnestness and energy.

After a very unsatisfactory personal interview, in which the Spanish minister denied the right of the American government to interfere in a question of municipal authority, the negotiations were continued in writing, and in strictly official form.

Minister Sickles, under pressure of the American government, urged his demands upon Spain. On the twenty-fifth of November, General Sickles, acting under the instructions of Secretary Fish, had discussed with the Spanish government the terms of a protocol embodying all the demands made under instructions from Washington. Everything was ready for signature, but a delay of one day having occurred, Minister Sickles, regarding the Spanish government as having broken faith, sent his secretary of legation to the foreign office to demand his passports. After everything had been conceded, this delay occurred. The time allowed by the American government for a definite answer had expired. Minister Sickles considered that the Spanish government had abandoned the position, and would have left Madrid that evening, when he was informed by the Spanish government that a protocol had been signed in Washington between Mr. Fish and the Spanish minister. In other words, while General Sickles was negotiating in Madrid, by order of Mr. Fish, for an ultimatum demanded by Grant, Secretary Fish was engaged at the same time with Admiral Polo in Washington upon a basis that relinquished every important demand of the American government. When General Sickles learned that the negotiation, which he had brought to a head in

Madrid, had been completed in Washington by the concession of these important points, he telegraphed to Mr. Fish, and was answered that everything had been concluded, and he should learn particulars by mail. Of course, the general felt that he had been dishonored by his government in the presence of a foreign power, and therefore he telegraphed, on the sixth of December, a letter tendering his resignation.

It thus appears, that whilst General Sickles had succeeded in negotiating an arrangement embracing all the demands originally made by the American government, and which would certainly have been signed, had a few days' delay been granted, Mr. Fish was secretly conducting a negotiation with the Spanish minister on a basis which places the United States in an extremely embarrassing and humiliating position, and which has resulted in the triumph of Spain over our just requirements on at least three important points — the salute to our flag, compensation to the families of the victims of the Santiago massacre, and the punishment of the criminals.

Thus, in vindication of our national honor, as reparation to our flag, as atonement for the murder of fifty-six innocent men, American honor was satisfied with the surrender of an unseaworthy vessel, belonging to private parties, and the restoration to liberty of a number of illegally captured men, whose lives had been saved only by English interference.

True it is, that "under international law and what is known as the comity of nations, there is no wrong which cannot be atoned or apologized for, or condoned, by the foreign power authorizing or committing the wrong."

By these paltry concessions on the part of Spain, American *honor* was satisfied, *insults* atoned for, and *peace* preserved!

"THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

"Ay, let it rest; and give us peace.
'Tis but another blot
On freedom's fustian flag, and gold
Will gild the unclean spot.

"Yes, fold the hands, and bear the wrong
As Christians over-meek;

And wipe away the bloody stain,
And turn the other cheek.

"What boots the loss of freemen's blood
Beside imperiled gold?
Is honor more than merchandise?
And cannot pride be sold?

"Let Cuba groan; let patriots fall;
Americans may die;
Our flag may droop in foul disgrace,
But 'Peace!' be still our cry.

"Ay, give us peace; and give us truth
To nature, to resign
The counterfeit which Freedom wears
Upon her banner fine.

"Remove the Stars, — they light our shame, —
But keep the Stripes of gore,
And craven White, to tell the wrong
A coward nation bore.

"J. J. Roche."

Since the foregoing was written, the United States government (so I am informed) has made a demand at Madrid for indemnification to the families of the slaughtered heroes; but what it will amount to remains to be seen.

CHAPTER XX.

RESTORATION OF THE VIRGINIUS. — LIBERATION OF THE SURVIVORS. — CONDITION OF THE VIRGINIUS AT THE TIME OF SURRENDER. — SHE SINKS IN EIGHT FATHOMS OF WATER OFF CAPE FEAR. — HER SURVIVORS IN PRISON. — SENT OFF IN THE NIGHT AS A MEASURE OF DIPLOMACY. — CONDITION OF THE PRISONERS WHEN RELEASED. — COVERED WITH FILTH, VERMIN, AND RAGS. — TAKEN BY THE JUNIATA TO NEW YORK. — SENT TO THE HOSPITALS. — MEDITATED BARBARITIES WHICH THE SURVIVORS ESCAPED. — BITTERNESS OF THE SPANISH PRESS.

IN accordance with the terms of the protocol, the Virginius was delivered to the agents of the United States Navy at Bahia Honda, on the sixteenth of December, and such repairs at once made as were necessary to put her in condition to return to New York.

Water was found in all her compartments, which was pumped out, leaks stopped, stores received, coal taken in, etc.

On the nineteenth, she went to sea in tow of the Ossipee. After a few days of fair weather, a gale sprung up, which continued for several days. The Virginius soon signaled that she was leaking badly. The commander of the Ossipee determined to shape his course for Charleston, S. C.; but as they got into smoother water, the Virginius behaved better, and the water was kept out of her fire-room. On the morning of Christmas day, however, the Virginius was leaking again as badly as ever, the storm having increased in violence. When about ten miles south of Cape Fear Light, the vessels came to anchor in the smoother water of Frying-Pan Shoals, in hopes that the Virginius might ride out the gale in safety. Before long, however, the commander of the Virginius signaled that she was filling rapidly, with fires out, and pumps stopped, and that the crew were alarmed, and wished to be taken off. A boat was accordingly lowered from the Ossipee, and all on board the Virginius transferred to the former vessel. When the boat from the Ossipee came under the Virginius' bow, the landsmen were put in first. It took five trips to transfer all the men from the sinking vessel. For four days the men in the fire-room had worked up to their knees in water, and, at the time they left the ship, were in a completely exhausted condition. As a heavy sea was running, the work of removing so many men was one of great danger and difficulty. No lives were therefore risked in endeavoring to save any of their personal effects, or any other property on board the Virginius. The hawser of the Virginius was cut, and the buoys attached to mark her position in case she sank out of sight. The Ossipee remained at anchor during the day, and at fifteen minutes past four o'clock P. M., on the twenty-sixth of December, the Virginius settled down, bow first, in eight fathoms of water, the cross-trees remaining above water.

The Spanish press commented very bitterly upon this accident, attributing it to design, in order to prevent the investigation into the status of the Virginius which had been promised by the terms of the protocol. After the loss of the Virginius, no further action was possible, as the laws of the United States provide that a vessel must be in port before "an action of libel" can take place. The *Voz de Cuba* said,—

"The telegram announces the loss of the Virginius. We did not expect anything else from the American government. It has acted with the Virginius the same as it did with the Florida, in order not to be compelled to return that steamer to Brazil. Such nobility corresponds with the course of those who are patronizing Cuban assassins and incendiaries in their heroic enterprise.

"This will not exempt them from paying the full value of the Virginius, she being the prize of the Tornado; nor from giving ample satisfaction, and paying proper damages to Spain, for the great injury which America has inflicted in breaking its treaty stipulations so scandalously, in permitting the enlistment of men against Cuba after such enlistment was advertised beforehand in the American journals, and in protecting such men, when once out of the country, with their flag, and vessels of war upon the high seas, and in foreign ports, thereby making themselves accomplices of assassins and incendiaries.

"If the weakness or fickleness of Castelar (not of Spain) delivered them the Virginius, the bad faith of the American government buried the pirate ship in the bottom of the sea. . . . With such deeds they will gain everything except honor, and will transmit to pages of history that which, instead of being to their glory, will cause their descendants to blush for having had such illustrious ancestors."

The "Virginius survivors," from the time of their rescue from impending death by the interference of Commander Lorraine, were incarcerated in Moro Castle. On the arrival in the harbor of the Juniata, — a United States man-of-war of eight guns, — they were visited by her commander, Captain Braine, who did everything in his power to alleviate their sufferings, which had been very severe. When the order came for their final release, they were transferred from their prison to the Juniata by night, the greatest secrecy being observed in order to keep the fact of their release from the knowledge of the volunteers, they having been excited to open riot by the mere rumor that the surrender was proposed. The night before it took place, a large number of these volunteers went in a body to the governor's palace, and begged permission to capture the Juniata, saying that they could do it with knives alone. The governor refused to grant the permission.

The rescued prisoners were in a very weak and emaciated condition from the harsh treatment they had received during their confinement. Having no clothing but that which they wore when taken from the Virginius, they were covered with filth, and vermin, and rags.

On board the Juniata they were treated with the greatest kindness. Their infected clothing was thrown into the sea, and fresh, clean garments furnished them.

The Juniata reached New York on the twenty-ninth of December. She was immediately boarded by the district attorney, with a number of stenographers and an interpreter, and an official examination took place immediately — no communication with them being allowed in the mean time.

Twelve of them were found so prostrated by disease, the result of ill-treatment, as to require immediate removal to the hospital, where every attention was given them which their destitute condition required.

After the examination, permission was given to all who desired to do so to go on board the ship. This permission was quickly taken advantage of by the friends of the Virginius prisoners. As the navy-yard tug approached the Juniata, the scene was a peculiar one. On the quarter-deck of the man-of-war, hanging to the rigging, and in the clouds, scores of dark-faced young Cubans had stationed themselves, and were watching with anxious eyes the little tug that bore to them friends of the cause for which they had sacrificed so much.

When the order allowing their departure was received, it was hailed with demonstrations of delight, and not much time was consumed in preparation. The men were ordered aft by the officer of the deck. As their names were called, each one, as he came forward, received a blanket and sack-coat, and passed over the ship's side to the tug. When all were on board, and the little vessel began to make for the shore, the whole party burst at once into a loud, long, ringing cheer. This was answered by the men on board the Juniata, and before the echo of the huzzas had died away, the navy-yard's dock was reached, and the destitute but rejoicing Cubans placed on shore. One or two of them were so weak from sickness and agitation that they could not walk. They were lifted in the arms of loving friends, and placed in carriages that were waiting for them, provided by the Cuban Junta. The meeting between the rescued prisoners and their friends was very affecting. Strong men wept as they clasped in a long embrace those whom they had never expected to meet again. There were no distinctions of class or rank. Aristocratic young Cuban leaders kissed the cheeks of the rough sailors, and English sailors mingled their tears of gladness with their fellow-sufferers of Spanish birth.

The accounts given, by these rescued men, of the capture of the vessel and the scenes that followed, were full of interest. Engineer Knight, of the Virginius, said the original sentence of the crew was, that every man should be hanged to the yard-arm; but the captain of the Spanish vessel, not wishing such a spectacle on board his vessel, obtained a change of the sentence to death by shooting for part of the men, seventeen being condemned to the chain-gang; Knight and three others for life, and the other thirteen (all mere boys) to eight and four years of hard labor. A life sentence of this kind was regarded as worse than death. Their statements generally corroborated previous publications.

The Cuban press was very bitter in its denunciations of the action of the American authorities in thus liberating the returned prisoners before the final result of the diplomatic negotiations and investigations was known. The *Diario de la Marina* used the following language:—

"Punic faith and American justice will appear closely united in history, enjoying the same unenviable celebrity. Punic faith was severely condemned by all ancient peoples: American justice will merit the name of iniquity among the moderns.

"The word *infamy* rises to our lips as applicable to the conduct of the American government officials. The liberation of these prisoners makes it appear as though they were innocent. We can only answer that American justice is iniquity and perfidy. This is the judgment which the signers of the Washington protocol reserved. This judgment is a farce committed against Spain before the eyes of humanity."

CHAPTER XXI.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S SPECIAL MESSAGE, SUMMING UP THE VIRGINIUS AFFAIR, JANUARY, 1874. — THE LONDON TIMES' VIEW OF THE CASE. — THE NEW YORK HERALD'S COMMENTS, CONTRASTING THE COURSE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THAT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE whole "Virginius affair" was thus summed up by President Grant in a special message to Congress in January: —

"In my annual message of December last, I gave reason to expect that when the full and accurate text of the correspondence relating to the Virginius, which had been telegraphed in cipher, should be received, the papers concerning the capture of the vessel, the execution of a part of its passengers and crew, and the restoration of the ship and the survivors, would be transmitted to Congress.

"In compliance with the expectations then held out, I now transmit the papers and correspondence on that subject.

"On the twenty-sixth day of September, 1870, the Virginius was registered in the custom-house at New York, as the property of a citizen of the United States, he having first made oath, as required by law, that he was the true and only owner of the said vessel, and that there was no subject or citizen of any foreign prince or state, directly or indirectly, by way of trust, confidence, or otherwise, interested therein. Having complied with the requisites of the statute in that behalf, she cleared, in the usual way, for the port of Curaçoa, and on or about the fourth of October, 1870, sailed for that port.

"It is not disputed that she made the voyage according to her clearance, nor that from that day to this she has not returned within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. It is also understood that she preserved her American papers, and that when within foreign ports she made the practice of putting forth a claim to American nationality, which was recognized by the authorities at such ports. When, therefore, she left the port of Kingston in October last, under the flag of the United States, she would appear to have had, against all powers except the United States, the right to fly that flag and claim its protection, as enjoyed by all regularly documented vessels registered as part of our commercial marine. No state of war existed, conferring upon a maritime power the right to molest and detain upon the high seas a documented vessel, and it cannot be pretended that the Virginius had placed herself without the pale of law by acts of piracy against the human race. If her papers were irregular or fraudulent, the offense was one against the laws of the United States, justiciable only in their tribunals.

"When, therefore, it became known that the Virginius had been captured on the high seas by a Spanish man-of-war; that the American flag had been hauled down by the captors; that the vessel had been carried to a Spanish port, and that Spanish tribunals were taking jurisdiction over the persons of those found on her, and exercising that jurisdiction upon American citizens, — not only in violation of international law, but in contravention of the provisions of the treaty of 1795, — I directed a demand to be made upon Spain for the restoration of the vessel, and for the return of the survivors to the protection of the United States, for a salute to the flag, and for the punishment of the offending parties.

"The principles upon which these demands rested could not be seriously questioned, but it was suggested by the Spanish government that there were grave doubts whether the Virginius was entitled to the character given her by her papers, and that therefore it might be proper for the United States, after the surrender of the vessel and the survivors, to dispense with the salute to the flag, should such facts be established to their satisfaction. This seemed to be reasonable and just. I therefore assented to it, on the assurance that Spain would then declare that no insult to the flag of the United States had been intended. I also authorized an agreement to be made that, should it be shown to the satisfaction of this government that the Virginius was improperly bearing the flag, proceedings should be instituted in our courts for the punishment of the offense committed against the United

States. On her part, Spain undertook to proceed against those who had offended the sovereignty of the United States, or who had violated their treaty rights. The surrender of the vessel and the survivors to the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the United States was an admission of the principles upon which our demand had been founded. I therefore had no hesitation in agreeing to the arrangements finally made between the two governments — an arrangement which was moderate and just, and calculated to cement the good relations which have so long existed between Spain and the United States. Under this agreement, the Virginius, with the American flag flying, was delivered to the navy of the United States at Bahia Honda, in the Island of Cuba, on the sixteenth ult. She was in an unseaworthy condition. On the passage to New York, she encountered one of the most tempestuous of our winter storms. At the risk of their lives, the officers and crew placed in charge of her attempted to keep her afloat. Their efforts were unavailing, and she sunk off Cape Fear.

"The prisoners who survived the massacres were surrendered at Santiago de Cuba on the eighteenth ult., and reached the port of New York in safety. The evidence submitted on the part of Spain, to establish the fact that the Virginius at the time of her capture was improperly bearing the flag of the United States, is transmitted herewith, together with the opinion of the attorney-general therein, and a copy of the note of the Spanish minister, expressing, on behalf of his government, a disclaimer of any intent of indignity to the flag of the United States.

"U. S. GRANT."

That the English government was not so easily satisfied is seen from the following significant article, which appeared in the London Times in the month of June following:—

"THE VIRGINIUS CASE.

"HOW ENGLAND DEFENDS HER NATIONAL HONOR.

"THE correspondence just presented to Parliament, respecting the capture of the Virginius, and the treatment of her crew and passengers, does not add materially to the facts which have been already unofficially published, but it removes all doubt which may have existed as to the nature and reality of the outrage committed upon British subjects by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. The first information on the subject reached us, it will be remembered, early in last November, from Madrid. The details of the case were not given very fully. We heard only that the Virginius, a vessel under American colors, had been captured by a Spanish cruiser on the high seas, not far from the coast of Jamaica; that she had been taken into the port of Santiago, and that some of those who had been found on board her, and an American citizen among the rest, had been summarily put to death. News soon followed of further executions, but we had no distinct statement as to the nationality of the sufferers. By the tenth of November, apologies from Madrid had already been received at Washington, and our earliest comments on the occurrence were based entirely upon the supposition that the affair was one between Spain and the United States. It was not until somewhat later that we learned how intimately we were ourselves concerned in the matter. On the seventeenth of November the report first came that sixteen of the victims had been British subjects, and we heard afterward that other British subjects who had been found on board were still detained in Cuba as prisoners.

"Our government had been, it appears, equally uninformed about the facts. Lord Granville's attention was first called to the case by the telegraphic intelligence which continued to appear in the press. He had, as yet, no knowledge that there were any British subjects among the prisoners, but, on the possibility that it might be so, he put himself in communication with our acting consul-general at Havana, desiring him, in such an event, to watch the case on their behalf, and to use his utmost endeavors to secure them a fair trial. He received a telegram in reply, on the morning of the fifteenth of November, informing him very briefly of the facts which have since become notorious. He then learned that the chase of the Virginius had begun, as well as that her capture had been effected, on the high seas; that, in spite of the utmost efforts of the governor of Jamaica, and in spite of a protest made through the British vice-consul at Santiago, sixteen British subjects, forming part of the crew of the Virginius, had been shot on the seventh instant, and that there were still seven British subjects remaining among the prisoners. On receipt of this startling message, Lord Granville telegraphed straightway to our minister at Madrid, instructing him to reserve for the present the question of the executions which had already occurred, but to state without delay that the Spanish government and all the persons concerned would be held responsible for any further executions of British subjects. At this notice Señor Castelar immediately sent off a message to the captain general of Cuba, directing the suspension of all further executions of British subjects or others. The British authorities in the neighborhood had, meanwhile, not been idle. A British vessel of war had been dispatched to Santiago as soon as the intelligence of the capture was received. She arrived on the eighth of

November — unfortunately, too late to prevent all the mischief that had been feared, but in time to lend powerful aid to the representations of our consular staff as to the treatment of the remaining prisoners. The executions were stopped, the rest of the prisoners were ultimately released, and the Virginius herself was surrendered to the United States, the further question of satisfaction to both the injured nations remaining, however, as yet unsettled.

"It remains to inquire what justification can be put forward by the Cuban authorities for the outrages of which they have been thus guilty, and under what pretense of justice their acts of barbarity were committed. The question finds its answer partly in the previous history of the captured vessel, and partly in the almost undoubted purpose for which she had just put to sea. The Virginius was not unknown to the Spanish authorities in Cuba. She bore, indeed, the American flag, and had been registered as an American vessel, but it was no secret that she was, in fact, the property of one or more of the chief leaders of the Cuban insurrection, and that she had been employed more than once already to land men and arms and ammunition in Cuba in aid of the insurgents. She had put in at Kingston, Jamaica, on the ninth of July, preceding her capture, and even while in harbor had been closely watched by a Spanish man-of-war. She remained at Kingston for some time, clearing on the twenty-third of October, ostensibly for Port Limon, in Costa Rica, but with more than a suspicion attaching to her that her intention was to proceed once more to the coast of Cuba, and there continue her efforts on behalf of the 'republicans.' Of this, however, there was no positive proof. She carried with her no arms or other warlike material — not, indeed, by her own choice, but because she had been deprived of them after a most rigorous search by the customs authorities at Kingston. The British subjects whom she had on board were partly members of her crew, and partly passengers who appear to have sailed with the *bona fide* notion that they were going to Port Limon, and to have paid for their passages accordingly. There is some doubt about her movements after she left Kingston. She certainly put in at Port-au-Prince, in Hayti, whether, as has been asserted, for necessary repairs, or, more probably, to take in a fresh cargo of arms. On the thirty-first of October she was descried by the Spanish screw corvette Tornado about eighteen miles from the Cuban coast, and, beyond doubt, far out of her course for Port Limon. She was immediately pursued and captured, after a ten hours' chase, about twenty-three miles from the coast of Jamaica, and was taken into Santiago as a lawful prize of war. On her arrival at Santiago, the master, crew, and passengers were declared by the Spaniards to be 'pirates.' A court-martial was held on them, and fifty-seven were at once sentenced to death. On the fourth of November, this sentence was executed upon four of them, one of whom, General Ryan, though without doubt an insurrectionary leader, was equally without doubt an American citizen. The remaining fifty-three were shot three days afterward, and among them the sixteen British subjects, all members of the crew, and this in spite of the urgent remonstrances of our consular authorities on the spot, and, as we have said, just one day before the arrival of the British man-of-war Niobe. We have endeavored to state the facts as favorably as possible to the Spanish authorities, but it is clear that there is nothing in them which could justify either the original seizure of the Virginius on the high seas, or the subsequent treatment of her crew. Spain had a perfect right to defend her own territory, and to repel by force and punish any actual attempt to make a descent upon her shores. In the present case, however, no such attempt had actually been made, and that it was likely to be made was a matter of mere inference. Nor is it to the purpose to say that the registration of the Virginius had been obtained by fraud, and that she had no true right to the American colors, under which she was sailing. She was on the American register as a matter of fact, and as against any other nation she was, beyond all question, American. This, however, is not the point with which Englishmen are most concerned. Whether the original capture could be defended or not, nothing can be urged to justify the summary executions which form the principal part of our indictment against Spain. They could not have been hurried on from the apprehension that there would be any danger in delay; for when the men had been made prisoners they could clearly do no further harm. To put them to death was, therefore, an act of mere revenge, and that of a kind unworthy of any nation claiming to be civilized. The list which has been furnished of the victims shows sufficiently that the treatment they received was absolutely without excuse. They consisted, we find, of seamen, coal-trimmers, firemen, and one or two petty officers, whose mere detention, even if it could be justified, would have seemed an almost needless precaution, and whose unjustifiable execution was simply a judicial murder. In the words of Lord Granville, 'there was no charge either known to the law of nations or to any municipal law under which persons in the situation of the British crew of the Virginius could have been justifiably condemned to death. They were persons not owing allegiance to Spain; the acts done by them were done out of the jurisdiction of Spain; they were essentially non-combatants in their employment, and they could by no possible construction be liable to the penalty of death.' It is our wish, as it is in general our interest, to uphold as far as possible the authority of a foreign naval court, even when its decisions are most adverse to ourselves; but there are limits beyond which we cannot go, and those limits, in the case before us, have been very far exceeded. The demand for reparation, both on our part and on that of the United States, has been exceedingly moderate. We have asked for national recognition of the wrong done to Great Britain, and for compensation to the relatives of the victims. We could hardly have asked for less, nor does it seem likely that there will be any difficulty on the part of Spain in granting it. There has been some delay in the matter, owing to the change of government in Spain during the progress of the negotiations, while the urgent difficulties with which the new Spanish government has since had to contend have been felt as a reason on our part for not pressing our demands.

The matter, however, has been reopened by our present foreign minister, and, if it has not been made already, the settlement will doubtless not be much longer postponed."

Commenting upon this clear and logical article, the New York Herald thus contrasts the action of the English government with that of America: —

"HAS THE PRESIDENT DEFENDED OUR NATIONAL HONOR?

"THE case of the Virginius, which made such a commotion in its time, bringing the country to the verge of war with Spain, has died away. The settlement has been made and forgotten. There were some ardent rhetorical congratulations in the administration newspapers as to the promptitude with which the president had vindicated our national honor. Our American minister was recalled, virtually in disgrace, because he had in some way impeded a settlement, and a new minister was sent in the person of one of the foremost men in the republic, who would place the relations of the two countries upon a firm foundation. If we remember the actual terms of the Spanish concessions, they included a surrender of the Virginius, which now lies in decaying, corroding peace off the stormy reaches of Hatteras; the return of all the American citizens that had not been shot, — all having been shot whose death was in any way desired by Spain, — and a salute to the American flag, which was dispensed with. We should add also, that to attain these results we spent several millions on our navy, which in itself was a godsend to a secretary hungry for appropriations.

"We are enabled to compare the results of this diplomacy with that of Lord Granville or the English government — a summary of which will be found in an article elsewhere printed from the London Times. This article is written in the kindliest spirit toward Spain, and it shows that the English government was actuated by a similar spirit. We learn that as soon as the English government heard that seventeen British subjects had been executed at Santiago, Lord Granville at once telegraphed to M. Castelar that the Spanish government and all the persons concerned would be held responsible for any further executions of British subjects.' 'At this notice,' says the Times, 'M. Castelar immediately sent off a message to the captain-general of Cuba, directing the suspension of all further executions of British subjects or others.' If this statement is accurate, — and it seems to be based upon official information, — then it seems that we owe the safety of the American citizens who were not executed to the energy of the British minister, and the firm promptitude shown by Sir Lambton Lorraine. Having secured the release of its subjects, the British government proceeded still further. She took the ground that the American register of the Virginius made her an American ship; that she had been captured on the high seas in the commission of no actual wrong; that there was no positive proof that she was assisting the insurgents; that to put the prisoners to death was 'an act of mere revenge, and that of a kind unworthy of any nation claiming to be civilized;' that this 'unjustifiable execution was simply a judicial murder.'

"In the words of Lord Granville, 'there was no charge either known to the law of nations, or to any municipal law, under which persons in the situation of the British crew of the Virginius could have been justifiably condemned to death. They were persons not owing allegiance to Spain; the acts done by them were done out of the jurisdiction of Spain; they were essentially non-combatants in their employment, and they could by no possible construction be liable to the penalty of death.' As a consequence, therefore, England has demanded not only all that America did, but more. She insists that Spain shall make a national recognition of the wrong done to her flag, and compensate the relatives of the victims.

"The question at once arises, What actually has been done? We know that the Virginius has been restored, that the prisoners have been released, and that Spain promised to salute our flag, but was released from the promise; and we know the millions given to the navy department in those days of hurly-burly and threats of war. The wrong done to the American flag was infinitely greater than that done to the flag of England; for ours was directly insulted. Has any one heard that Spain has made any 'national recognition' of that wrong? Have we ever said to Spain that 'compensation must be made to the relatives of the victims'? Is Spain to understand that she can take American citizens on the high seas and shoot them, without hindrance, and yet if she happens to shoot Englishmen under less aggravating circumstances, she must make a national reparation, and compensate the relatives of the victims? As the Virginius case now stands, this is precisely what has been done. Our government made a tremendous noise, spent millions in repairing the navy, and really received no substantial redress from Spain. England did not spend a dollar, except perhaps for cable dispatches to Havana, and yet by her diplomacy she compelled M. Castelar to put an end to executions; by her navy she practically saved American lives, and she now is about to receive further and just compensation.

"This is not a pleasant contrast, and we wish the facts did not justify it."

CHAPTER XXII.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF CUBAN HISTORY. — CUBA'S MINERAL WEALTH AND AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES. — HER MARITIME POSITION. — LONGFELLOW'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND. — GOVERNMENT OF CUBA PRIOR TO AND SINCE 1837. — TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION. — HUNGRY OFFICIALS. — SKETCH OF LOPEZ. — HIS TWO EXPEDITIONS. — COLONEL W. S. CRITTENDEN. — THE LATTER EXPEDITION. — INCIDENTS. — COLONEL CRITTENDEN AND FIFTY FOLLOWERS CAPTURED AND SHOT. — CRITTENDEN'S UNSHRINKING BRAVERY. — REMAINS OF THE MURDERED VICTIMS DESECRATED. — LOPEZ VANQUISHED AND GARROTED. — GENERAL CONCHA, THE "BUTCHER OF ATARES." — OTHER EXPEDITIONS. — THE IMMORTAL CESPEDES.

SKETCH OF CUBAN HISTORY.

THE following chapter is a somewhat laborious collaboration from a variety of sources, — English, French, and Spanish documents, — which I hope will be found sufficiently interesting and valuable to be worthy the time and labor bestowed upon its preparation. Among the documents used as authorities, I will only mention

I. NOTES ABOUT CUBA; issued by Francisco V. Aguilera and Ramon Cespedes, Commissioners of the Republic of Cuba. New York: January, 1872.

II. THE BOOK OF BLOOD; compiled from the *Diario de la Marina*, the organ of the Spanish Naval Service; and the *Voz de Cuba*, the organ of the Spanish Volunteers, from October, 1868, to November, 1873.

III. Cuban Article in EDINBURGH REVIEW, October, 1873.

IV. LA QUESTION CUBAINE. L. Louis-Lande, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

V. LA REPUBLICA DE CUBA. Por Antonio Zambrana. New York: June, 1873.

VI. LOS CONFINADOS A FERNANDO PO. Por Francisco Javier Balmaseda.

A retrospective glance at Cuban history, a brief sketch of the events which preceded and led to the disastrous expedition in which Captain Fry met his death, may not inappropriately close this record of his life.

From the discovery of Cuba, until it was circumnavigated by Ocampo in 1508, this island was supposed to be a continent, so vast is its extent.

With a superficial area nearly equal to that of England, and with unsurpassed natural advantages, Cuba yet had no name in the history of the world until Cortez, perceiving its peculiar advantages of position as a military *point d'appui*, made it the base of operations in his attack upon Mexico. The Prince de Joinville also concentrated his fleet at Havana, preparatory to his attack upon Vera Cruz. These are the first historical events in which Cuba bore a part.

Cuba is one of the favored spots of earth. Her mineral wealth is considerable, her agricultural resources are inexhaustible, her maritime advantages are unsurpassed. From her position she commands the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico with nearly six thousand miles of shore-line, the only entrance to this vast field of commerce being through a narrow channel, running along the coast of Cuba, within a few miles of her best harbors. The great importance of Cuba therefore arises largely from her commanding position at the entrance to the Mexican Gulf.

Her natural advantages are unsurpassed. The lofty mountains afford every variety of temperature; the copious dews of night refresh and vivify the vegetation scorched by the noonday sun; the soft, cool breezes of morn and evening compensate for the intense heat of midday. Longfellow describes it as "that garden of the west, gorgeous with perpetual flowers and brilliant with the plumage of innumerable birds, beneath whose glowing sky the teeming earth yields easy and abundant harvest to the toil of man, and whose capacious harbors invite the commerce of the world."

Cuba indeed surpasses any given portion of the earth in what she yields as the return of labor.

"Once free from her heartless and tyrannical parent government, what will not this queen of the Antilles be, when her mountains and her valleys, her beautiful and commodious harbors, are in the possession of a free and untrammeled population, who will develop her vast natural wealth, and make it contribute to the happiness of the producer, instead of pandering to the pride and squanderings of an unsympathizing aristocracy?"

All these rare gifts which Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon Cuba have been comparatively valueless to her, cramped, as she has been for three centuries, by every possible restriction. "How long shall these things be?"

One hundred years ago, the Continental Patriots* of our own land arose in their might and majesty, and in their devotion to truth and justice threw off the yoke of a tyranny less odious by far than that under which Cuba groans.

A responsive chord was touched in the hearts of patriots the world over. The establishment and wonderful growth of the republic of North America; the social and political theories proclaimed so eloquently, and defended with so much vigor and enthusiasm, in France; the extraordinary prevalence of liberal ideas, even in Spain; all this aroused, in the breasts of those subjected to oppression and tyranny, that sentiment of liberty, that consciousness of their rights and their strength, which, though sometimes dormant, never dies out of the breast of man.

"The germ of *republicanism* was planted, which makes the tenure of kingcraft and imperialism of doubtful duration." The memorable revolution in France; the establishment of the Haytian republic; the revolt of the Spanish possessions in South and Central America; the Greek rebellion against Turkish tyranny; all these efforts to achieve independence were, in a measure, the offspring of July, 1776.

---

* See speech of Hon. I. T. Walls, of Florida, on "Cuban Recognition," January, 1874.

The fires of liberty were kindled throughout the world, and sparks from the vast conflagration fell even upon the soil of Cuba.

Previous to the year 1837,[*] the government of Cuba shared the vicissitudes of that of the mother country, enjoying with her the benefit of liberal revolutions, and also returning with her to despotism. The Cuban Creoles found in this their only consolation. But in 1837, an article was added to the constitution by which the Cuban deputies were excluded from the Cortes. Since then, no matter what men or what ideas triumph on the Peninsula, Cuba remains unchanged; governed by special laws, if, indeed, the arbitrary system of despotism crushing Cuba deserves the name of *law.* The reforms for which Spain clamors are for Spain alone, not for her colonies.

---

[*] See Revue des Deux Mondes, "La Cause Cubaine."

With a heartless and oppressive parent government, Cuba is but a vassal, serving to enrich needy proconsuls. Her people have no voice in public affairs, their only national privilege being that of *taxation without representation.* Every office is held by a Spaniard. The Captain General is a military autocrat, with but one duty to the home government — that of turning into the public treasury all the streams of her wealth. This beautiful island, always the scene of romantic interest, has simply been regarded as the source of inexhaustible riches; for in spite of the ruinous commercial system of the mother country, her wealth has constantly increased. To this rich and fruitful land the officials of impoverished Spain come like hungry leeches to fatten on her fresh young blood." *

Without political existence; excluded from all civil or military employment; burdened with an enormous taxation; ruled by insolent parasites; wounded in their rights, in their interests, in their pride; is it strange that the Cubans should finally become desperate, and attempt to shake off the yoke that crushes them?

---

* F. F. Randolph, in Inland Monthly, December, 1873.

The history of the last half century is that of a series of uprisings and insurrections, ending, hitherto, only in disaster and death. They are all due to "unjust laws, unjustly administered by the brutal and tyrannical officials sent out from Spain."

Among the more important of these insurrectionary movements* may be mentioned the conspiracy of the Soles in 1823; that of the Black Eagle, in 1829; the negro revolt, in 1835; the insurrection of 1844; and the expedition under Lopez.

General Narcisso Lopez was a native of Venezuela, who had attained the rank of major-general in the Spanish army. Having married a wealthy Cuban lady, he settled in Cuba; but being detected in an insurrectionary plot, he sought refuge in flight, and made himself a new home in the United States, where he proposed to carry out the plans of insurrection.

---

* See Edinburgh Review, October, 1873, for exhaustive accounts of these uprisings.

His first expedition, in 1850, having failed, a second was fitted out on a more extensive scale. The steamer Pampero, having been purchased by Cuban sympathizers, sailed from New Orleans with several hundred men, many of them restless, determined spirits, just returned from the battle-fields of Mexico, and eager for warlike enterprise. The artillery was commanded by Colonel W. S. Crittenden, a gallant young Kentuckian, of but twenty-eight years of age, who had graduated at West Point, and served with distinction in the Mexican war.

It was intended to land the expedition on the eastern part of the island, where the wealthiest of the Cuban patriots resided, where the revolutionary feeling was always very strong, and where several local insurrections had already broken out.

The Spanish consul in New Orleans, knowing the destination of the Pampero, and the object of the expedition (for everything had been done with but little pretense of secrecy), dispatched a messenger to Havana, warning the captain general of the sailing of the "filibustering party." Steps were therefore promptly taken by the Spanish authorities to avert the threatened danger.

Landing for coal at Key West, Lopez was met by a pretended Cuban patriot, bearing letters purporting to come from leading Cubans in the western portion of the island, asking for aid. As a rising had been anticipated in this direction, Lopez was readily deceived, and instead of carrying out the original plans of the expedition, proceeded to the western portion of the island, to render the required assistance.

Landing at Bahia Honda, Colonel Crittenden was left to bring up the stores, while Lopez at once pushed forward into the interior.

Crittenden, after waiting for a few days, not receiving the reinforcements he had been led to look for, and hearing nothing from Lopez, became alarmed, and determined to leave the island. He embarked his men, to the number of fifty, in small boats, and they put to sea. They were at once discovered and captured by Admiral Bustillo. Being unarmed, they could of course make no resistance, and were soon compelled to yield themselves prisoners, and were carried to Havana, where, during their few hours of captivity, they were treated with great inhumanity. The United States consul not only would not interfere in their behalf, but also, through selfish fears for his own safety, refused to visit them in prison, to receive their last messages.

After a few hours' imprisonment, Crittenden and his fifty followers were taken under the walls of Fort Atares, and shot by sixes, receiving the missile of death with the sublime heroism of men who willingly sacrificed their lives in the cause of liberty. Crittenden, when ordered to kneel, replied, "I kneel only to my Maker." He also refused to receive the fatal shot in the back, according to Spanish custom, but, facing his murderers, bared his chest, and awaited the death-blow unshrinkingly. Their mangled remains were desecrated with the barbarity known only to Spanish inhumanity, equaled only by the recent atrocities at Santiago de Cuba.

Lopez, in the mean time, marched on into the interior, receiving some reinforcements of unarmed men, but without being greeted by the popular uprising he had been led to expect. After two battles his forces were entirely dispersed, and he himself captured, conveyed to Havana, and condemned to death — a sentence which was carried into execution the following morning. Lopez was not allowed to die the death of a soldier. That brutal instrument of torture, the *garrote*, with its fatal iron collar, was called into requisition for him. Forty-nine of his followers were butchered, and one hundred and six sent to Spain, where they were condemned to hard labor with the ball and chain. After seven months of this degrading servitude, however, they were released, and returned to their homes.

The executions took place by order of General Concha, twice "vice-consul of the Antilles," and present viceroy of Cuba. They won for him the unenviable title of "Butcher of Atares."

This unfortunate expedition was followed by several others, equally unsuccessful, led by General Goicouria, Colonel Jack Allen, of Nicaragua fame, and others; but as they all terminated disastrously, these attempts to revolutionize Cuba "from without" were gradually abandoned.

But the struggle continued in secret, in the hearts of the people, though hidden under the apparent order and silence inspired by the strength and vigilance of Spanish rule. The raising of a scaffold now and then proclaimed that some proud patriot had preferred death to ignominy.* The names of Ramon Pintó, Joaquin Aguëro, and others, made illustrious by their martyrdom, kept alive a smothered indignation and a vehement desire for redemption and glory in the hearts of the Cubans.

Don José de la Luz, by his evangelical teachings inculcating in his pupils the love of truth, and a willingness to sacrifice themselves in the cause of justice, was accused of inciting in them hatred of the Spaniard!

---

* See La Republica de Cuba, por Antonio Zambrana.

The "Reform" party embraced in its ranks some of the most elevated and brilliant names of Cuba. José Antonio Saco, distinguished for his talent in debate, and his professional knowledge and skill; Nicolas Azcárate, a vehement and eloquent orator; and numerous others, equally distinguished, united in demanding various reforms, civil, political, financial, etc. — reforms often promised, but always deferred.

Finally, in November, 1865, a royal ordinance created a committee charged with the investigation of these questions — a committee to be composed of twenty commissioners chosen by the government, and twenty chosen by the Cubans.* Acting in good faith, the Cuban deputies went to Madrid to attend the meeting of the committee. The first declaration that met them was, that all subjects were allowed to be discussed — with closed doors, however — *except* those touching national, religious, and monarchical unity!

---

* See Revue des Deux Mondes, "La Cause Cubaine."

Nevertheless, the Cubans proposed their cherished measures — the abolition of the custom-house duties, substituting a direct tax of six per cent. upon the revenues; a local government, embracing representation in the Cortés; the complete abolition of the slave trade, and the gradual emancipation of actual slaves. What was the result? Some slight modifications of the existing tariff, and an additional tax of ten per cent., thus doubling the Cuban contribution to Spanish revenue. And this was published to the world as granting the demands of the Cuban commissioners!

In vain they protested indignantly at such a misrepresentation of their propositions. They returned home, and from that moment the insurrection was inevitable. The *Reformers* passed over to the ranks of the *Separationists*, and El Siglo, the organ of the moderate party, at once lost two thirds of its subscribers.

The history of the events which followed is full of the most vivid interest, and abounds with eloquent proofs of devotion to the cause of liberty. We see a people, without arms, and almost without resources, undertaking and maintaining a struggle for years against a powerful nation. The record is one of tribulations, of fortitude in adversity, of heroism in despair.

In September, 1868, Isabella fled to France, and the republic was declared in Spain; but freedom in Spain did not mean freedom for her colonies. The same imperial autocrat, Captain General Lersundi, remained in Cuba, proclaiming the permanency for them of the *old régime*. The programme of *Liberty* was written at Cadiz; and the cry of the French revolution was heard in Cuba, "Liberty, equality, fraternity, justice, or death!"*

Secret committees were formed to prepare for the struggle; emissaries were sent to the different districts; money collected; arms purchased. Everywhere the greatest enthusiasm manifested itself. No efforts were needed to enlist insurgents; on the contrary, the difficulty was to restrain their impetuous zeal till the proper moment should arrive for openly raising the standard of revolt.

---

* See La Republica de Cuba, por Antonio Zambrana.

The movement of 1868 differs from everything that had preceded it in that, instead of being planned and managed by *outsiders*, soldiers of fortune,—brave men, it is true, who risked their lives, their fortunes, their all, in these expeditions, but who were not backed and sustained by the native Cubans themselves,—it was inaugurated, and is being carried on, by the wealthiest and most influential men in the island. "It is the revolt of an oppressed people against an unjust and tyrannical government, brought about by long years of outrage and misrule."

As early as August, 1867, Francisco Vicente Aguilera, Manuel Anastasio Aguilera, and Francisco Maçeo Osorio had met at the residence of the latter, to discuss the plans of the revolution.

In August, 1868, Luis Figueredo had gathered together three hundred men within eight leagues of Holguin, eager for an attack upon the place.

Rualcaba was ready in the neighborhood of Las Tunas. Angel Maestre and Juan Ruz, with two hundred recruits, were hidden in the woods of La Esperanza, near Manzanillo. From every side the *Comité Directivo* at Bayamo, the principal center of the conspiracy, received messages of encouragement and promises of support.

In September, 1868, a meeting of the leaders of the insurrection was held to prepare a *pronunciamento.* The principal deputies were Francisco V. Aguilera, one of the wealthiest and most distinguished planters of the eastern department; Francisco Maceo, a distinguished advocate, noted for his learning and attainments; Pedro Figueredo, an aged patriot, who maintained his hatred of tyranny and the tyrant even unto death; Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, representative from Manzanillo; Belisario Alvarez, from Holguin; Vicente Garcia, from Las Tunas; Donato Marmol, from Jiguani; and Manuel Fernandez, from Santiago de Cuba. Camagüey also sent Carlos Mola and Salvador Cisneros, Marquis of Santa Lucia.

The debate was long and ardent. The delegates from Camagüey insisted that at least six months were necessary to make such preparations as would insure success from the beginning. Holguin preferred to wait one year; Bayamo also favored delay. Cespedes, Marmol, and Santisteban favored an immediate declaration of war. Cespedes especially urged the advisability of proceeding without loss of time. He expressed himself with energy and eloquence, declaring the people ready for the contest; testifying the most complete confidence in success.

So diverse were the opinions and so earnestly were they sustained, that no decision was reached, beyond the mutual agreement to sustain whatever movement might be precipitated by unforeseen events.

This convention was succeeded by others similar in character and results. At a meeting held at Manzanillo on the third of October, Aguilera urged upon their consideration many arguments against precipitation, which were afterward verified. He declared that reverses in the beginning of the movement would be lamentable in exact proportion to the patriotism and enthusiasm of the people; that, by waiting, they could within a short time collect from two to three hundred thousand dollars, if all would do as he had done — sell their property at low prices to swell the common fund. He volunteered to go with others to the United States, where, provided with that sum, they could procure arms, ammunition, provisions, etc., so indispensable to the successful carrying out of the revolution.

His opinions prevailed at the time, but in a few days, through the precipitate action of Cespedes, all was changed, and the fourteenth agreed upon for the public proclamation of the insurrection.

To Aguilera this change was as unlooked for as prejudicial to his truly patriotic plans. Finding it inevitable, however, he labored without repose to second Manzanillo. He sent commissioners out on every side to recruit men and means, and thenceforth endeavoring to forget his own predictions, he took an active part in a campaign which was, to say the least, inopportune.

But Cespedes could not wait even for the fourteenth. Great imprudences had been committed, not strange, it is true, among an inexperienced people, whose indignation reached almost the point of delirium. They could scarcely meet each other without crying *libertad,* and insults were continually offered to the agents of the government whenever opportunity occurred. It was a common saying that "gold being exhausted, they would now pay in iron" (the sword).

On the ninth of October, a Spanish courier was captured by the conspirators, having an order for the arrest of the leading insurgents. The courier having made his escape the same day, Cespedes concluded that there was no time to lose, and on the tenth of October, 1868, he raised on his plantation that standard which was the symbol of his hopes, of his aspirations, of his desires.

He had at his command only about two hundred men, poorly armed, including many of his own slaves and some few influential men; but all were animated by the same patriotic fervor, and they made solemn and earnest pledges to each other that their country should be redeemed; that to accomplish this they would destroy their own hearths, abandon their families, lead wandering lives; death itself should not deter them.

Thus they prepared themselves for war, and on the next day was written in blood the first page in the history of Cuba as one of the nations of the earth.

Arms were now to be obtained at as little risk as possible. No attempt was made on Yara, which was held by a column of Spanish troops; but on the thirteenth of October, Vicente Garcia and Rubalcaba attacked Las Tunas; Pedro and Luis Figueredo, Canto Embarcadero; Donato Marmol, Jiguani; Francisco Maceo, Guisa; Esteban Estrada, Datil; and others, Santa Rita. All these places, except Las Tunas, were taken.

Carlos M. Cespedes himself marched upon Bayamo, accompanied by Luis Marcano, who here and elsewhere rendered distinguished services to the republic, and who afterward met with a mysterious death while in the discharge of important duty.

The Spaniards had constructed barricades to defend the approach to the Plaza, whither the governor, Udaeta, and other chiefs retreated, defended by the cavalry and part of their infantry; while a company of Creoles and some Spanish troops defended the Plaza. On the approach of the Cubans, the Creoles went over to them in a body, and the Spanish troops were soon overcome. The barricades were then attacked, and on the twenty-second a flag of truce was sent out and a treaty negotiated, which, by the magnanimity of the conquerors, terminated in an honorable capitulation.

No words can describe the rejoicings of the Cubans occasioned by this victory, nor the astonishment and consternation of the Spaniards. Colonel Campillo was sent out with eight hundred men to "put down the rebels." Generals Aguilera and Modesto Diaz advanced to meet him, when, after some vacillation Campillo returned precipitately to Manzanillo, leaving behind many stragglers. Colonel Quiros, a brave and experienced Spanish commander, was next sent to retake Bayamo. Meeting the Cubans under Generals Donato Marmol and Maximo Gomez, at Baire, about ten leagues from Bayamo, a fierce encounter ensued. The Cubans were armed mostly with *machetes*, pitchforks, and other farming utensils; the Spaniards with swords and bayonets; but Quiros retreated to Santiago de Cuba, leaving, scattered in his track, arms and ammunition, which were very valuable to the Cuban victors, and also leaving behind him in the mountains his train of artillery.

Such is a brief outline of the first chapter in the history of the insurrection of 1868.

The Cuban band soon increased to an army of three thousand men, and the whole eastern department (Oriento) rose in rebellion.

The pernicious influence of Napoleon Arango caused delay in the central department, and disturbed and crippled the revolutionary movement for a time. Armed with the prestige attached to others of his name, he sought to acquire a reputation for intrepidity and wisdom, while he was only an ambitious intriguer, seeking to retain the popularity he accidentally enjoyed. He convened a Junta which was attended by a few sincere patriots, whom he persuaded to join him in a treaty with Valmaseda, accepting a few concessions from Spain in exchange for a return to vassalage. He was violently opposed by Ignacio Agramonte, whose counsels prevailed, and war was decided upon, the army of this division being placed under command of C. Auguste Arango, a brave and enlightened patriot, who was afterward basely murdered by the Spaniards as he was going into Puerto Principe under a flag of truce.

In the battle of Las Minas, on the twenty-fifth of November, the Spaniards under Valmaseda were so badly beaten by the Cubans under Bernabe de Varona and Angel Castillo, that they left their dead on the field, the survivors hastening to San Miguel, where they fortified themselves with breastworks and trenches. In the battle of Las Teguas, the Spaniards, under a renegade Cuban, Francisco Acosta, assisted by the chosen battalion, a force of convicts, etc., promised themselves signal triumph, but they were completely routed by Manuel Boza and Bernabe de Varona. These battles opened the eyes of the Spaniards to the character and importance of the revolutionary movement, and caused them to suspend all attacks until the arrival of reinforcements of men and arms from the Peninsula.

Valmaseda, having increased his force to four thousand men, marched toward Bayamo. Donato Marmol lay in ambuscade for him; but his too impetuous men could not restrain a cry of, *Cuba libre!* which betrayed the ambush, and a sanguinary conflict ensued. The frenzied Cubans, armed for the greater part only with knives, broke through the Spanish ranks, killing and wounding many. The Spaniards retreated in great disorder, one Pelisser, a deserter from the Cuban ranks, pointing out to them where they could embark their troops and cross the river without being exposed to the fire of the pursuers.

The inhabitants of Bayamo, having no artillery to oppose the assault of Valmaseda, resolved to abandon their city, and, that it might afford no shelter to the hated invader, to deliver it up to the flames, casting into the blazing pile all their wealth, not even the poorest inhabitant manifesting any desire to reclaim anything from the flames. Having thus, in their patriotic fervor, deprived themselves of all the comforts of life, the women, the children, and the old men went forth to live in the woods. The Spaniards on their arrival found nothing but a smoking heap of ruins.

On the twenty-sixth of December, General Manuel de Quesada arrived in Guanaja in charge of a cargo of arms and ammunition, which he had collected with great dispatch. In the Island of New Providence Martin del Castillo, a generous and persevering patriot, had contributed largely the means for this purchase. Six thousand dollars were transmitted from Havana through Jose Valiente. Sixty young enthusiasts, all men of wealth and position, accompanied Quesada on this expedition. By this means four thousand stand of arms and the corresponding ammunition were safely landed on the coast of Cuba, where it was met by a sufficient force to receive and transport it to a point where it could be distributed to the best advantage.

At the time of the declaration of war by the Central Department, when Auguste Arango had been placed in command of the troops, a republican form of government had been decided upon. Salvador Cisneros, Ignacio Agramonte, and Eduardo Agramonte were elected a "governmental committee." In February two others were added to their number, one of whom, Francisco Sanchez Betancourt, had already rendered distinguished services. The first act of this "Central Representative Assembly" was the declaration of the immediate and total abolition of slavery. In the Eastern Department gradual emancipation had been promised by Carlos Manuel de Cespedes. Manuel de Jesus Valdes had, indeed, openly advocated, with the impetuous eloquence for which he was distinguished, absolute emancipation, convincing many, and acquiring general approbation; but Cespedes had promised certain rich proprietors to favor the "institution" for a while, on which condition alone they agreed to assist the cause of the revolution. Thus the patriots of the *Oriente* and those *del Centro* constituted two distinct parties.

Pedro Figueredo was commissioned to confer with the most influential men of Havana; others were sent out in different directions, securing sympathizers and resources for the insurrectional movement.

The distinguished patrician, Jose Valiente, was designated by the government of the Oriente to represent Cuba in the United States, with the hope that that nation would, without delay, accord belligerent rights to a people struggling to acquire the liberty already enjoyed in America.

In February, 1869, "Las Villas" rose in rebellion against Spanish authority, Villa Clara alone raising seven thousand men, who achieved notable victories under the Polish general, Carlos Roloff. They enrolled themselves without reservation under the banner of Carlos Cespedes.

In April, 1869, a national convention was held in the little town of Guaymaro. There were present representatives of the Eastern Department, those from the Central Department, the Junta of Villa Clara, and delegates from the different insurrectionary cities, Santo Spiritu, Holguin, Jiguani, etc.

They agreed to establish a general government, a "federative republic," consisting of four "states," — the East, Camagüey (or Central), Las Villas, and the West, — their decisions to be ratified by the cities they represented, and provisional only, obligatory until the end of the war for independence. A constitution was adopted, in all essential points similar to that of the United States; the army was organized, and a flag adopted; judicial courts instituted; even a diplomatic corps, with representatives named for the United States, France, and England. There was doubtless some exaggeration in all this; but it was necessary to discipline the insurrection, and confirm its existence in the eyes of other nations.

Chili, Bolivia, and Peru promptly recognized the new republic. The Chamber of Representatives of Mexico, by a vote of one hundred to twelve, authorized that government to take the same resolution.

Recognition from the United States was especially to be desired. Morales Lemos, a distinguished Cuban patriot, was sent to Washington to negotiate this matter, but he encountered grave difficulties, too complicated to be detailed here; but, as is too well known, that recognition has not yet been granted. Mr. J. A. Echeverria, J. M. Mestre, Ramon Cespedes, and Echeverria again, have succeeded each other at Washington, but their efforts have hitherto proved fruitless.

Carlos Manuel de Cespedes was unanimously elected President of the Republic of Cuba Libre. His life-long devotion to the cause of freedom gave guarantee of the fidelity with which he would discharge the sacred trust. His vast estates were confiscated by the Spanish authorities, he himself having liberated his slaves, incorporating into the Cuban army all those who wished to fight to maintain the liberty he had bestowed upon them.

An exile from a princely home, a reward offered for his capture sufficient to have been the ransom of a king in the olden time, in adversity as in prosperity, Cespedes ever remained faithful to the cause he had espoused.

In October, 1873, he was *impeached* by the Chamber of Representatives, for what was considered usurpation of power. His brother-in-law, Quesada, having been declared guilty of a military offense by a military court, President Cespedes, by an arbitrary decree, interposed his authority, and nullified the action of the court. For this he was impeached, and removed from office, Salvador Cisneros, Marquis Santa Lucia, succeeding him in the presidency.

Cespedes accepted the judgment passed upon him with good grace, acknowledging its justice. Although he could have obtained both wealth and honors by placing himself under Spanish authority, he still remained loyal to the Cuban cause, and resumed active military service.

His remarkable career was cut short in a most inglorious manner, in February, 1874. A negro, captured by the Spaniards, purchased his own miserable life at the cost of that of Cespedes, betraying the noble patriot into the hands of the Spaniards.

Wandering, houseless and homeless, suffering fatigue, hunger and thirst, his little encampment was surrounded by his enemies. He ran out from his hut, and was pursued by the soldiers; turning, he fired three shots from his revolver ere he fell, shot through the breast. In the hut he had just left was found his diary, the last entry being that he had not been able to procure any cocoanuts that day for food, owing to the proximity of the enemy.

"What Washington is for America, and Tell for Switzerland, that will Carlos Manuel de Cespedes be for Cuba. In grandeur and simplicity of character, he compares not unfavorably with the noblest figures of history; and although he did not live to see the completeness of his work, he laid securely the corner stone of Cuban independence. Though more fortunate hands may rear the structure of liberty, his life has not been in vain; and he fell as befitted a soldier."

Since the foregoing was written, Colonel Cespedes, the eldest son of Carlos Manuel, has furnished some very interesting details concerning the death of his illustrious father. The president had been staying, for some two months after his deposition, at a place called San

Lorenzo, in the Sierra Maestra, about eight leagues from Cambute, District of Santiago de Cuba, on the south side of the island. The deposed chief magistrate was waiting for his passport, which he expected soon to receive from the new government that had replaced him, he having made up his mind to leave the island for a season.

The ex-president was in the habit of visiting a family who lived in a ranch, or hut, about one hundred yards from that occupied by himself and son, the narrator. He had become accustomed to teaching the letters of the alphabet to some children belonging to the family whom he visited, and was thus occupied, with one of the boys on his knee, when the place was surrounded by about three hundred Spaniards, in three different detachments, and firing commenced at once about the ranch where the president was. Colonel Cespedes rushed to the assistance of his father, but the hut where he was being now entirely surrounded by the enemy, it became impossible for him to get there. The Spaniards opened a heavy fire, and a considerable number of the soldiers pursued the colonel. He was obliged to abandon the place, fighting his way as best he could. The colonel then made for Brazos Escandido, a place about three leagues off, where he expected to get some reinforcements with which to return, and attempt the rescue of his father. It must be remembered that Cespedes was without escort or troops of any kind, and unguarded, except by his son and their servants. Colonel Cespedes was unable to return to the scene of action until five o'clock on the morning of the next day, the twenty-seventh of February, at which time the Spaniards were leaving the place. The distracted son had been able to get together but some half-dozen soldiers with which to do battle for his father's life.

In the mean time, the Spaniards had burned the ranches, and razed their frail timbers to the ground. It was only then that Colonel Cespedes learned his bereavement, for he still thought that his father might have escaped by some other avenue through the woods. But here, while reconnoitering, one of the colonel's men found the president's clothing near to the burned hut where he fell. The watch and other valuable articles of the deceased patriot, as well as the portraits of his bereaved wife and children, were gone, and in possession of the Spaniards. The wound, which must have proved fatal to the heroic Cespedes, was in his left breast, and from a pistol ball. Colonel Cespedes thinks that when the president found escape to be impossible, he used his own revolver with fatal effect against himself, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards.

With the formation of the government, the command of the patriot army was given to Manuel Quesada, who, it will be remembered, had commanded the expedition from Nassau, which landed the first supply of arms and ammunition received by the insurgents.

Several battles were fought under his command. On one occasion, it is said that, with a force of only eight hundred men, he was attacked by two thousand Spanish regulars, the latter being defeated, and retreating in great disorder. He is reported on another occasion to have attacked a force of six hundred regulars with such success that his own entire reserve force of five hundred unarmed men armed themselves with Spanish rifles on the field of victory! These are, however, *newspaper reports,* and may perhaps be exaggerations. Quesada has, however, undoubtedly been very successful in procuring funds for the aid of Cuba, and in obtaining the recognition of belligerent rights for the "lone-star flag." *

A younger brother, Rafael Quesada, has been especially successful in organizing *expeditions,* having landed large quantities of ordnance stores, provisions, etc., for the use of the insurgent army. The following appeal of Rafael Quesada for aid from Americans for his countrymen, who are striving to throw off the yoke of tyrannical Spain, is worthy of preservation. Its sentiments are noble, while its language is temperate and well considered.

"Americans! emulating your example, and aspiring to your station, Cuba has struggled to free herself from political and social bondage.

---

* The flag of Cuba is a very beautiful one, composed of three blue and two white stripes, with a red triangle next the staff, bearing a solitary star in the center.

"She knows that the price of liberty is blood, and a spirit determined never to wear again chains once broken.

"She comes to you no mendicant. She claims to have achieved her victories by the unaided valor of her sons and endurance of her people, without the military demonstration of any foreign nation in her favor.

"Americans, do you not recognize in this an indomitable spirit, kindred to your own? Do not the battles with the hireling soldiery of a foreign tyrant, fought without adequate arms, and with inferior numbers, remind you of the Delaware, of Brandywine, of the Cowpens, and of Guilford? See you not in the patience of Cespedes the fortitude of Washington, and do you not recognize in the perseverance of Manuel Quesada a partisan as indefatigable as Marion?

. . . . .

"We will not recite the story of our wrongs, of our appeals, or of the cruel and contemptuous treatment with which they have been received.

We refer to your own Declaration of Independence for the catalogue of our oppressions. Added to them might be found punishments of a character of which even the tyranny of England was unconscious. From these causes a people signalized as the 'ever loyal' have been scourged and slain into uncompromising resistance.

"For more than five years has this spirit of resistance existed. In many different efforts to throw off the insupportable bondage has our determination been evinced. There can be no compromise — there will be no compromise — with a power so perfidious and incapable of trust. Happier are we in the Switzerland of the Antilles, free in our inaccessible fastnesses, fighting day by day in the defense of our frontiers, than when toiling for supercilious tyrants who only condescend to increase the exactions, and through others to compel the toil of her unhappy slaves by punishment which we refused longer to inflict.

"The present war of independence commenced five years since. We were weak and unarmed;

we have wrested weapons from the captured foe. We have received aid from a world sympathizing in the struggle of two races for liberation from a double bondage. After having defeated the regular troops of Spain in many pitched battles and innumerable skirmishes, the Republicans have compelled the monarchists to suspend their campaigns. They have defended themselves by a line of stockade forts stretching across the island. They thus hope to keep out invasion. This cessation of active hostilities, with their voluntary resignation of territorial limits, installs the republicans in possession of much the largest part of the island. They have regular representative government with an executive head. They have maintained successfully their independence for a term, not sufficient to satisfy Spain, who claimed sovereignty over Holland for three quarters of a century, Mexico for twenty-five years, from the period when those countries had respectively established their separation, and who, within a few years past, claimed that she had only suspended hostilities against Chili and Peru for the forty years that had intervened since her soldiers had lost their last foothold in those states. Yet the Republicans have maintained their independence long enough to satisfy all impartial powers that they are ready and competent to enroll themselves in the growing list of free republics. Free as your air, and as fit as Holland or Switzerland to defend ourselves and make defensive alliances or political union with other powers of congenial principles and approved position, we now ask at your hands the substantial aid which none better than yourselves know to be indispensable to maintain the double charge of freedom to two races. The aid we solicit may consist of an active influence with your government to recognize the just and demonstrated ability to defend ourselves from invasion, and to maintain all the responsibilities of a nationality; in strengthening by immigration of your strong and resolute men the cordon of hearts that now surrounds our hostile frontier; in contributing especially such assistance of arms and other material of war, provisions, and foreign credits, as may better demonstrate to Spain the futility of further annoyance. All of such aid will be repaid from the liberated resources of our fertile country, and in the satisfaction which freemen cannot but feel in having aided to break the shackles of two races, driven the dragon of despotism from its struggling victim, and added the Pearl of the Antilles to the brilliant tiara of republican freedom which already encircles the seas of Cortes.

"RAFAEL QUESADA."

GENERAL THOMAS JORDAN, formerly of the Confederate army, was the successor of General Quesada.

This gallant officer took service in the cause of Cuban independence early in 1869, and in May of that year went to Cuba with an expedition which landed safely at Ramon under command of Francis J. Cisneros — a young civil engineer who has done his country great service.

General Jordan added greatly to the efficiency of the Cuban army, by giving his whole attention to its complete organization and thorough drill. At Las Minas, in January, 1870, one of the most important battles of the war, he, with one thousand Cubans, defeated a force of twenty-five hundred Spaniards, killing and wounding one thousand of them; while his own loss, owing to his excellent strategical position, was very small.

On the removal of General Manuel Quesada, General Jordan was placed at the head of the Cuban forces — a position which he soon resigned, however, and was sent by the government to the United States to promote the organization of expeditions for relief.

He was succeeded by GENERAL IGNACIO AGRAMONTE, who had already distinguished himself at Las Minas, and who stands foremost on the list of those who have died in support of the cause of Cuban independence.

Born in Puerto Principe in 1843, he was endowed by nature with rare moral, physical, and intellectual gifts. As a member of the first Cuban Congress, this young patriot, by his impassioned eloquence and powers of logic, swayed the minds of many of the older senators; while, as a soldier, his daring bravery and patriotic ardor kept him always in the front ranks. He at one time commanded a corps of native Cuban flying cavalry, who rode like centaurs, and in a brief space of time had decimated nine detachments of Spanish cavalry. On the resignation of General Jordan, he was promoted to the rank of major general, and held supreme command of the central department.

The soldier's ambition to meet a glorious death upon the battle-field was never more thoroughly gratified than with General Agramonte. After gaining a splendid victory at La Molina, on the seventh of May, 1873, he was attacked on the eleventh at Jimaguaya by a powerful Spanish column. Forcing the enemy to retreat, he was shot dead, at the head of a corps of cavalry, leading the charge. Unfortunately, the Spaniards got possession of his body, and carried it to the place of his birth, where, yielding to their natural ferocity, they mutilated and burned it with great rejoicings. That sort of cremation will not help Spain.

Maximo Gomez, the successor of Agramonte, has also done good work. On one occasion, he, with a small force, marched boldly into the garrisoned town of Santa Cruz, meeting with no opposition from the Spanish troops, the garrison hiding on the approach of the Cubans. They captured all the arms, ammunition, provisions, clothing, etc., in the place — as valuable a prize as the successful landing of an expedition, and at the cost of nothing but cool daring. At another time, he entered in a similar manner the town of Neuvitas, the Spanish governor and the garrison of ninety men shutting themselves inside the fort — even the gunboats lying in the harbor not landing their men until after the departure of the Cubans.

Another Cuban officer of note is COLONEL MELCHIOR AGUERO, who, besides taking part in several hard-fought land battles, has made two successful trips by sea. One of these (in the Hornet) was unfortunate in losing the arms after being safely landed. Another was made in the Edgar Stuart, — a vessel owned by some Cubans in New York, — which, after being badly battered in this service, was run into the harbor of Baltimore, where, after resting quietly for several months, she was overhauled and put in thorough order, ready for another trip. The

Virginius affair having occurred in the mean time, the Edgar Stuart was closely watched by both Spanish and United States authorities. Finally, after being allowed to make a trial trip, under command of Colonel Aguero, with several government officers and a number of invited guests on board, she was seized by the United States marshal, by order, it was supposed, of the authorities at Washington.

Depending largely for arms and ordnance stores on what they can capture from the enemy the battles are usually *à l'outrance;* and such are the courage and determination of the Cubans, that they are able to combat successfully, apparently overwhelming numbers of splendidly armed Spanish veterans.

There is no exchange of prisoners in this strange war, the Spaniards refusing this tacit admission of belligerent rights to the Cubans, declaring persistently that *there is no war*, only an insurrection, which must be put down. They accordingly shoot every man found armed, whether in battle or not. At the battle of Holguin, one of the most important of the war, of the entire Spanish command of five hundred men, two hundred were killed or wounded, the remaining three hundred surrendering unconditionally. General Garcia, the Cuban commander, having ordered all the wounded prisoners to be cared for, had all the others drawn up in line. Laying down their arms at his command, they stood awaiting the word "Fire." The Cuban general rode up in front of them, and said, "There are two roads open to you: *join us* or *leave us!*" Astonished at this magnanimity, they shouted with one voice, "*Viva Cuba libre!*" and joined the patriot ranks.

The Spanish government pretends to despise the Cuban revolution, denouncing the patriots as "robbers — mostly negroes and Chinamen — wandering in the woods and flying at sight of a Spanish bayonet." Their official documents, however, show that it is no child's play. The *Diario de la Marina* of December second, 1871, after giving a statement of arms imported into Cuba from New York alone at that date, calculates the cost at one million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; while the same paper of

November fourteenth, 1871, published an *authentic statement* of the expenses caused by the war from November fourteenth, 1868, to the end of October, 1871; the sum total amounting to seventy million three hundred and thirty-nine thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars and forty cents, or nearly twenty-four millions a year! And all this for the persecution of a few vagabonds roaming about in the woods! *

The Spanish army is composed almost entirely of *regulars*, imported from the Peninsula. For nearly six years, reinforcements of blood and treasure have been flowing in a continuous stream; according to the *Diario de la Marina*, the organ of the Spanish government in Cuba, more than eighty thousand soldiers have arrived in Cuba, from Spain, since the inauguration of the revolt in 1868. More than two thirds of these troops have disappeared; some killed in battle, but probably the larger number having died from climatic diseases, the result of exposure and neglect.

---

* See Notes about Cuba, issued by F. V. Aguilera and Ramon Cespedes. New York: 1872.

Native white Cubans and negroes are also enlisted to some extent, but they sympathize too generally with the cause of freedom for much dependence to be placed upon them.

The so-called *volunteers* constitute an important element in the conflict. Originally a body of militia—composed exclusively of Spanish emigrants, between whom and the native Cubans there has always existed a bitter enmity—organized by General Lersundi, Captain-General of Cuba, at the time of the inception of the revolt, to aid in putting down the rebellion, these "western Mamelukes" have usurped the powers of the Captain-General, and made their name infamous by their brutal ferocity. Estimated at sixty thousand well-armed men, in the safe seclusion of their luxurious homes, or lounging in the cafés, they wage a fierce war of words, urging the extermination or annihilation of the rebels, but contribute neither men nor money to accomplish this end. They profess to be highly loyal to Spain, and very bitter against her enemies; and though they never raise a hand to help the one, or put down the other, yet they practically control the policy pursued toward the patriots, by driving from the island every captain-general whom they can neither intimidate nor bribe, arrogantly defying all interference.

General Lersundi having been recalled to Spain, his successor, General Dulce, found his power but an empty name, such was the authority already attained by these janizaries. They threatened to kill sundry Spanish military officers of high rank,[*] such as Generals Moret, Buceta, Pelaez, and others, because they were not considered severe enough in their treatment of the Cubans; and these officers were obliged to escape from the island in foreign vessels.

They obliged Captain-General De Rodas, the successor of Dulce, who was sent out from Spain purposely to suppress them, to don their uniform and to mount guard in the balcony of his palace. They stopped his carriage in the streets, and made him put on a Catalonian cap; and at last, tired of making him the instrument of their every whim, they suggested to him that it was time for him to leave — a suggestion with which he at once complied; driven out to make room for their favorite, Count Valmaseda, whose unparalleled barbarities have won for him a disgracefully notorious place among the exterminators of mankind. The volunteers expressing a wish that this monster should replace De Rodas as captain-general of the island, he was at once appointed by the obsequious authorities at Madrid. Under his administration the war was prosecuted with unexampled barbarity, the history of his reign being but a record of massacres and executions.

---

[*] See Notes about Cuba.

A civilian, Jose Valdez, being tried by court-martial for having uttered seditious words, was condemned to six years' hard labor in the chain-gang. The president and members of the military court were in their turn sentenced to two months' imprisonment *for too great leniency* in their sentence upon Valdez!

An intercepted letter from a captain of volunteers contained these words: "More than three hundred spies and conspirators are shot monthly in this jurisdiction. Myself alone with my hand have already disposed of nine, and I will never be weary of killing."

And another read as follows: "Not a single Cuban will remain on this island, because we shoot all those we find on the fields, on the farms, and in every hovel."

Another letter, from the latter writer to his father, had this sentence: "We do not leave a creature alive where we pass, be it man or animal. If we find cows, we kill them; if horses, ditto; if hogs, ditto; men, women, or children, ditto; as to the houses, we burn them; so every one receives his due — the men in balls, the animals in bayonet thrusts. The island will remain a desert."

The following extracts from one of Valmaseda's proclamations will illustrate his method of warfare — the *civilized warfare* of the nineteenth century: —

"Every man, from the age of fifteen upward, found beyond his farm, will be shot, unless a justification for his absence can be found.

"Every hut that is found uninhabited will be burned by the troops.

"Every hamlet where a white cloth in the shape of a flag is not hoisted, in token that the inhabitants desire peace, will be reduced to ashes."

This proclamation was to take effect from the fourteenth of April, 1869.

Of this proclamation the *Diario de la Marina* said in its leading article of May ninth, 1869, "These measures adopted by General Count de Valmaseda are undoubtedly measures of war, but they are not of such a nature as to revolt the feelings of humanity. Let the proclamation issued by General Count de Valmaseda be studied without passion, let the antecedents be recorded, and it will be seen that said proclamation does not even reach what is required by the necessities of war in the most civilized nations." *

Mr. Fish, in a letter to Mr. Lopez Roberts, of May tenth, used this language: "In the interest of Christian civilization and common humanity, I hope that this document is a forgery. If it be indeed genuine, the president instructs me *in the most forcible manner* TO PROTEST AGAINST SUCH MODE OF WARFARE."

---

* See Book of Blood.

The most important work — in design, if not in execution — undertaken by the Spaniards in the prosecution of the war, has been the construction of the *Trocha* — a line of forts, stockades, and earthworks, extending across the island, designed to form an impassable barrier, which should prevent the Cuban forces from passing from the eastern and the central departments into the western department.

The Cubans have recently captured several of the military maps of the Trocha, prepared by a Cuban, a native of Santiago de Cuba, employed in the Spanish topographical engineer corps. The map shows the position of all the forts, pitfalls, outlying picket stations, etc., and is found of great use to the Cubans.

Although much money and labor has been expended upon this undertaking, it has proved of little practical value, the Cuban troops passing back and forward as they choose, ignoring the Trocha completely, as an insignificant piece of military engineering. It has been, not inaptly, compared to the fabled wall which Romulus is said to have built around Rome, over which Remus leaped in derision.

With the exception of what is captured on the field of battle, or in raids upon the garrisoned towns, the Cuban patriots depend for arms, ammunition, and stores of every kind, upon the successful landing of expeditions, fitted out by those of their leaders who are acting as agents in the United States, the South American States, and elsewhere. The more important of these expeditions have been mentioned incidentally already in this sketch. The exploits of the Virginius, under Quesada, were recounted as necessary to the understanding of Captain Fry's position when captured. More recently, in June, 1874, a very important landing is reported to have been made by General Aguilera, on the north coast, of some four thousand Remington and Peabody arms, six pieces of mountain artillery, and a large quantity of ammunition. The material was safely landed, and communication established with the forces of Maximo Gomez. This is said to be the most important expedition gotten up since the first year of the war.

Since the "Virginius affair," the war has been prosecuted, on the part of the Cubans, with a more determined spirit of resolution than ever before, and with the same undaunted bravery which has characterized them since the inception of the struggle.

Nearly all of the heroes who inaugurated the rebellion, only six years ago, have passed away; but the younger men who have taken their places in the arena are in no wise inferior in bravery, skill, or resolution.

The army is divided into five army corps, commanded by the president, as commander-in-chief, with four major generals, six brigadier generals, and twenty colonels. There is, besides the regularly organized army, an immense unarmed reserve force, every Cuban over the age of fifteen years considering himself a member of the army.

The government powder-works, recently established, are a complete success, and with the inevitable speedy capture of one or more seaport towns, where they can receive imported arms, will render the Cubans more efficient than ever.

In the civil department, "everything works as smoothly as in an old-established government. Laws are made and executed; elections are held; courts hold their regular sessions; and taxes, which are as light as possible, are collected."

On the part of the Spanish government there exists the same relentless determination to "suppress the revolt" at all costs. After the "Virginius affair" Captain-General Jovellar insisted upon being invested with "extraordinary powers." This being granted, he declared the island in a state of siege, and under martial law. Not satisfied with the loud-spoken protestations of patriotism on the part of the volunteers, he determined to put it to the test, and accordingly issued a proclamation drafting into active service one volunteer in every ten, subject to the same laws and regulations as the regular troops; two thirds of those drafted to remain in garrison, the rest to go into the field with the regular army. An attempt to carry out this order met with determined opposition from the volunteers. A mob surrounded the palace of the captain-general, and, to the number of seven thousand, took possession of the city, cutting off all passage through the Plaza de Armas, in front of the palace, for several hours, and compelling Jovellar himself to take refuge on board a man-of-war lying in the harbor. He was compelled, before they would disband, to concentrate within the city all the troops from the surrounding country.

Finding it impossible to carry out his plans, Jovellar tendered his resignation, as more than one of his predecessors had gladly done.

He was succeeded, in the spring of 1874, by Gutierrez de la Concha, who had previously twice held that position, both periods of his administration being epochs of blood marked by the execution, imprisonment, or banishment of the most distinguished sons of Cuba.

Concha is described as "a born tyrant, devoid of intellect or military skill, distinguished only for his savage ferocity," his political and military history being the record of an unmitigated series of ignominious acts.

On his arrival in the island, Captain-General Concha declared his intention of "taking the offensive in the most resolute manner." He issued a proclamation to the effect that, as Providence had crowned with success his former efforts to secure peace, he was confident that the same success would be accorded again. He declared that he would be deterred by no obstacles—would pursue a policy "of severity against the enemies of Spain, of protection toward its friends, and of justice and legality toward all," repeating, in conclusion, his conviction that peace would speedily be restored under the flag of Spain.

That his policy of severity is being put into execution is evidenced by the following statements made by an American gentleman recently returned from Cienfuegos. He reports that "the inhabitants are in great terror, owing to the relentless manner in which conscription is carried on. Persons of all ages and conditions are forced into the army, and those too feeble to shoulder a musket are placed in the chain-gang. He frequently saw old men and boys not over thirteen years of age chained to negroes, and working in the street. A Spanish officer was standing over them, whip in hand, ready to apply the lash unmercifully upon the least dereliction of duty. Even the Spanish residents of the city had become disgusted with the inhumanity of their own race, and were disposing of their goods and property as fast as possible, to escape from the island. He knew of a vessel that left Cienfuegos the week previous to his departure carrying away twenty refugees.

"All persons suspected of sympathizing with the patriots were drafted into the army, without law, and of course without redress. The whole country for several leagues was one vast waste, many of the sugar plantations having been burned by the insurgents. There were two thousand volunteers and regulars in the city. The commandant was afraid to venture outside the stockade, to fight a handful of Cubans, and put an end to the work of destruction."

With a fierce civil war raging in Spain, exhausting the resources of the mother country, and thus cutting off that continued stream of reinforcements, both of money and of men, hitherto flowing from the Peninsula to the island; with troops paid in paper currency but little better than waste paper (gold for export duties selling at two hundred and ninety in June, and all exchange offices closed); with the negroes rising in all directions, and burning the sugar plantations, thus cutting off that prolific source of Spanish revenue; with the volunteers disaffected, and going over to the patriot ranks in large numbers; with the Cubans themselves more determined and better armed than ever, leaving the inaccessible mountains of the East to assume the offensive on the plains of the Central Department and the sea-coast; — Captain-General Concha seems likely to find his task of "subduing the rebellion" exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. "Peace" may, indeed, "be secured," but it may not be "under the flag of Spain."

I insert, in conclusion, an appeal for the recognition of belligerent rights. It is a letter from Señor Don Miguel de Aldama, President of the Cuban Junta in New York, addressed to the editor of the New York Herald, and dated in that city on the twenty-third of July last.

"Late news from Cuba confirms the reports previously received of new and signal successes by the patriot troops over their Spanish oppressors. In view of this information, I feel constrained to make a personal appeal to you in behalf of the long-suffering friends of freedom on that island. For now nearly six years my countrymen of Cuba have conducted this fearful struggle with Spain alone and unfriended from without. Their natural ally in the contest was the United States. They expected from it succor and sympathy, and, with anxious hearts, have pleaded for equal rights with Spain. How these appeals have been answered is a gloomy history.

"The administration has not, up to this time, been able to see its way clear to accord belligerent rights to our revolutionists. Of course, it has put no limit on the privileges of Spain. The effect of this discrimination has been at times well nigh disastrous to our cause. It has put the United States in the attitude of playing policeman and detective for Spain. It has enabled her to draw all her supplies for Cuban subjugation from free America, which has served her as her quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance departments. Absolutely a large portion of the navy with which our coast is blockaded was furnished from American ship-yards. I advert to these hardships and sufferings of my countrymen merely to remark, that in spite of them, Cuba Libre still lives, and is to-day stronger than at any previous period since the revolution began.

"For nearly as long a time already as your own revolutionary patriots struggled against the pretensions of George III. and Lord North have our Cuban brothers fought against the galling yoke and hideous despotism of old Spain. All the questions at issue in your own war with Great Britain are involved in the struggle with Cuba to-day, coupled with the prospect of escape from the most terrible tyrannies that ever oppressed any people.

"The late successes of the patriots having struck terror to their hearts, the Spaniards are now making a supreme effort to crush the revolution. From this time forward we shall expect to receive reports of bloody battles. It is in this hour we solicit your powerful pen in aid of our sacred cause. After all, your government is one in which public opinion, strongly asserted, must and will prevail. It is the great merit of your beautiful system that no administration can withstand an overwhelming expression of popular desire. Public opinion finds its voice outward in a bold, able, and independent press such as yours.

"The present occasion is propitious. The various conventions that meet to nominate candidates this summer could give utterance to the popular sympathy for Cuba, and in this way the press and the people could act and react on each other, forming, after a while, a steady current of opinion to which the administration will consider itself compelled to yield.

"We ask equal rights with Spain in free America. Surely a revolution that has been six years in existence, that has cost Spain over one hundred thousand lives and one hundred and forty millions of dollars in the attempt to suppress it, and which is now stronger than at any moment since it began, has earned a title to belligerency at least. And has not such a struggle against such a despotism established a claim on the friends of liberty and humanity everywhere?

"Hoping it may be your pleasure to sustain the patriots of Cuba in their great contest for independence,

"I have the honor to be, respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"MIGUEL DE ALDAMA."

Señor de Aldama, the present general agent of the Cuban republic, was one of the most wealthy citizens of Havana, and one of the first to take sides with the patriots. His palatial residence being sacked by the volunteers rendered necessary the removal of his family to New York, and he was placed at the head of the Cuban Junta. Notwithstanding his property had been confiscated, he bought the steamer Hornet, and, fitting her up as a man-of-war, at a cost of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, presented her to the Cuban republic. She went to sea in good order; but Captain Higgins having put into Charleston harbor, she was seized by the United States officials. As President of the Cuban Junta, and, later, as general agent of the republic, Señor Aldama has sent out several expeditions of men and arms to Cuba. All have been landed safely, but some have been captured afterward. Señor Aldama has been one of the most liberal and energetic of all the Cuban refugees, having spent more than two hundred thousand dollars out of his own pocket in sustaining the revolution which is to give Cuba her independence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Last Words of Captain Fry. — His Letters Heroic Poems. — Letter to his Daughter Agnes, November 4, 1873, here published for the First Time. — Letters to Dr. V. O. King, Mrs. Dickson, his Aunt, and to his Brother Walton. — Last Letter to his Beloved Wife. — Letter to President Grant. — No Notice taken of it. — Captain Fry's Last Appeal for his Men, in a Letter to General Burriel. — Comments of the Press upon the Last Words of the Sailor, Gentleman, and Hero, Fry.

For tender, pathetic eloquence, for exquisite purity of thought and diction, for moral heroism and spiritual grandeur, nothing in the annals of prose or poetry surpasses the "last letters" of Captain Joseph Fry. They have been published and republished throughout the length and breadth of our land. They are worthy to be emblazoned in letters of gold.

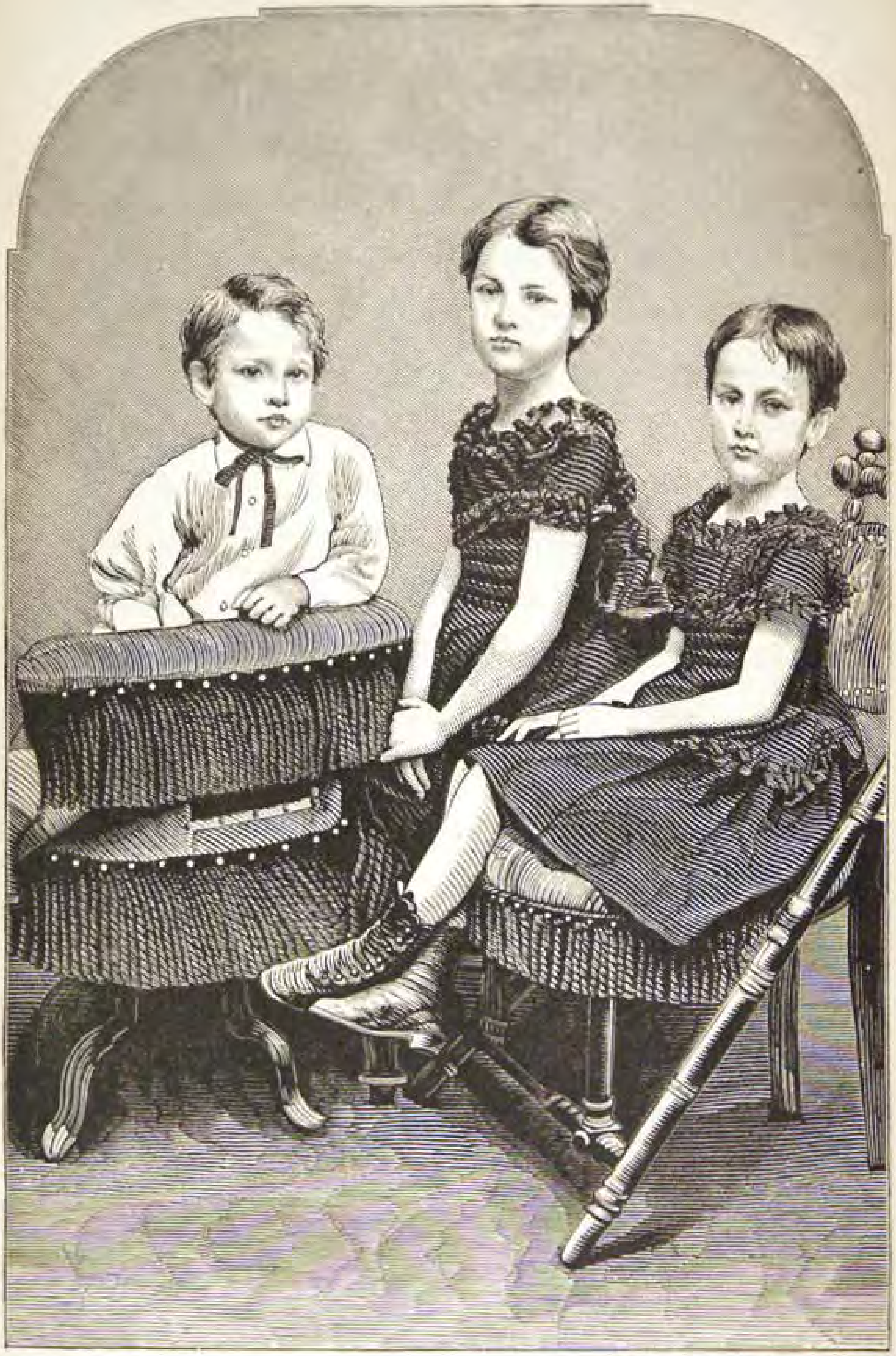
In the eloquent words of the editor of the Mobile Register, "Is there a boy who reads the language in which these dying letters are written in whose soul is not kindled a spark that made it a nobler soul? Is there a man who would not wish to be able to die like him? Fry's letters are an heroic poem, and in their moral influence in elevating our humanity deserve to stand by the works of genius, in song and story, that tell of, and teach our youth to emulate, unselfish courage and the highest type of manly fortitude. . . . They are all alike, because they all come from the depths of the same great heart. In none of them is there the faintest sign of faltering in his great purpose to devote his last moments to an effort to save his fellow-victims, and in tender solace of the dear ones and friends he was about to leave. More simple eloquence was never poured out upon paper. Their every line reveals the tenderness of a woman, and the courage and truth of a man."

In addition to those "last letters" with which the world is already familiar, there is another, which has never before been read outside of the family circle — one which will bring tears to many eyes. It is the last farewell of a fond father to his children, so soon to be deprived of a father's love and protection. Addressed to his little daughter Agnes, couched in the simple language suited to impress the mind and heart of a child, it gives to each his dying counsel. To his boys, "Tell Feedie his father loves him, and hopes he will be *manly*, *truthful*, and *gentle* in all his ways." "Tell Charlie *to do his best* at whatever he tries at all, and he will succeed." "Love each other, and, if you wish to honor my memory, *practice telling the truth*, at any sacrifice, and God will bless you." "If you love your father, be kind, and good, and true." What simple purity, what noble integrity, speak forth in every line! *The truth*, even at any sacrifice, is the burden of it all.

"LA TORNADO,
"November 4, 1873.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER AGNES: You asked me, when I wrote again, to write to you.

"This will be the last letter you probably will ever receive from your father, and I want to tell



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS.

CHILDREN OF CAPTAIN FRY.

you how much I have ever loved you. . . . If I have been stern or apparently unkind to you, I want you to remember I loved your soul, and wanted to be strict in matters of right, so you might learn to serve God, and be holy like Him.

"I hope my children will forgive all harshness on my part. I love you all dearly, and, if God will let me, will come with dear little Lize, and watch over dear mamma and you all

"Love each other, and, if you wish to honor my memory, practice telling *the truth*, at any sacrifice, and God will bless you. Remember that for me.

"I need not ask you to pray for me; I know you will. Remember how sad your poor, dear mother will be, and try to comfort her, for my sake. I love her with all my heart; and shall die loving and blessing her, and, if God lets me, will be very near her and you always. May God comfort and bless you, and teach you to shun every sin! Let us all try to get to Heaven.

"Tell Feedie* his father loves him, and hopes he will be manly, truthful, and gentle in all his ways.

---

* *Feedie*, a pet name for Felix.

"Tell Charlie to do his best at whatever he tries at all, and he will succeed.

"As for Dell, God will bless her, for she is a dear, good girl, and her father's spirit will be near her in prayer.

"The reverend father has given me a scapular, which he will send to your mother after I am dead, and keep a medal I am to wear for him."

"The father is chaplain of this ship, and is going to say a Mass for me, and give me communion in the morning; and if I am shot, I hope to take it again on the field, and die in the act. That would comfort your mother, I know.

"I do not know how you will all get along now, but God is over all, and he will not suffer you to be tried beyond your strength.

"Good by, my sweet daughter. I am sorry my first letter to you should be so sad; but if you love your father, be kind, and good, and true.

"Your father,

"JOSEPH FRY."

Of the letters which have been given to the world, the first one was written to his friend Dr. V. O. King, of New Orleans. Though written before his trial by court-martial, it is evident that he considered his doom as sealed, and had bravely resigned himself to his sad fate. True to his philosophy, he found consolation, even in this trying hour, in the fact that he should be spared the lingering sufferings of a bed of sickness, and die in the full possession of his faculties. Faithful to his country to the last, he thought of Louisiana, and prayed that God might send her peace and plenty soon. May his prayer be heard and answered!

"On Board Spanish Man-of-War La Tornado,
"Santiago de Cuba, November 4, 1873.

"Dr. V. O. King, *New Orleans, La., U. S.*

"Dear Doctor: I have been captured by the Tornado, subjected to a rigid examination and cross-examination, and to-night have been officially informed that to-morrow morning I and thirty others will be tried by a court-martial. They did not add '*and shot,*' but, as I look upon it as a polite way of making that announcement. I have but a few hours left in which to say to you, Mrs. King, M. and T., the judge, and Mrs. Gayarré, *Adios!* as they say it here. For your warm friendship and many acts of kindness to me and mine, receive my last and warmest thanks.

"They shot yesterday four splendid fellows, and in less than forty-eight hours I will be with them, and am not sorry that it is so for my own sake. . . . My little Lize hovers over me now. Say good by for me to the fellows of the Academy.* I shall be spared a bed of sickness, and die in the full possession of my faculties, and in good health. God bless you and yours, dear doctor, and may he send peace and plenty to your poor State soon, is amongst my last prayers.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FRY."

To his aunt, Mrs. Dickson, of Jersey City, who, raised with him, and near the same age, was like an elder sister, he wrote the following letter, also published for the first time.

---

* The New Orleans Academy of Sciences, of which Dr. King was vice-president, and Fry a fellow.

"LA TORNADO, SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
"November 4, 1873.

"DEAR LIZZIE: As I expect to be tried to-morrow morning, and shot at sunrise the next morning, I cannot quit this world without telling you how I have ever loved you, and leaving at least this slip as a remembrance of me. Bless you and yours. . . . When you get this I will have been dead for some time, and none of you need shed a tear for me. Pray for my widow and orphans, and get your friends to help them help themselves.

"Love and kisses to all.

"Yours,

"JOE."

He also wrote to his brother Walton on the same day:—

"LA TORNADO, SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
"November 4, 1873.

"DEAR WALTON: Day after to-morrow will be Sis's birthday. It will be rendered doubly memorable in after days, for I expect on that day, probably within thirty-six hours, to be shot—

as were four splendid fellows yesterday morning. The news has been most carefully kept from me, but I got it, nevertheless. Having good reason to suppose I would share their fate, and wanting some little time for preparation, I made a request to know my fate, and was officially informed that I would be *tried* to-morrow morning by court-martial with *thirty others.* Of course I know what that means, as I have already *been tried!* Well, I am satisfied, and shall sleep well upon it. I feel sorry for the few who shall weep for me — glad they are so few. Poor, dear Dita did not have the Madonna face for nothing. I shall take communion, and be shot in the act, if they will grant my request; and if so, God will have answered my prayer, and allowed me to die at that moment. It is a curious circumstance that there is no priest here who can speak English, and who can absolve me, as many are suspended by the pope, I believe. But the *padre* says I can confess to God, make the act of contrition, and be absolved. The officers of the Tornado are very kind to me. I am a prisoner in their ward-room.

"Kiss your wife and children for me. Good luck to you, old fellow. Love to J. Tell B. the memory of his angelic goodness to me helps me to trust in God.

. . . . .

"Tell Sis not to mourn for me, for I would rather die trying to do something than sink like a dog into the grave, and rather like the idea of rest which I hope for. I hope God will not abandon me, and that friends may pity my poor widow and my fatherless children.

"I wish I could get General Varona's last letter to me to send you.

. . . . .

"How this news is to be broken to poor Agnes I don't know. May God help her — for he only can.

"I wish my friends to be patient and kind to my poor children. Kiss little Willie for me, and my little Lina and Annie. Kiss Aggy and Dell. May God bless my poor boys, and raise up friends for them, who will show them *how to live* and *how to die.* Tell T. good by, and may God prosper him and all his good works. Tell him to kiss M. and his children for me. I don't know what they'll do with my body. It was never worth much in life. I do not want a cent spent upon it in death — it is useless. Love to my friends.

"God bless you, my dear brother. I hope to be with those who have gone before, right soon, and am not conscious of a pang for myself. I feel sorry for those I know will mourn me sincerely.

"Your brother,

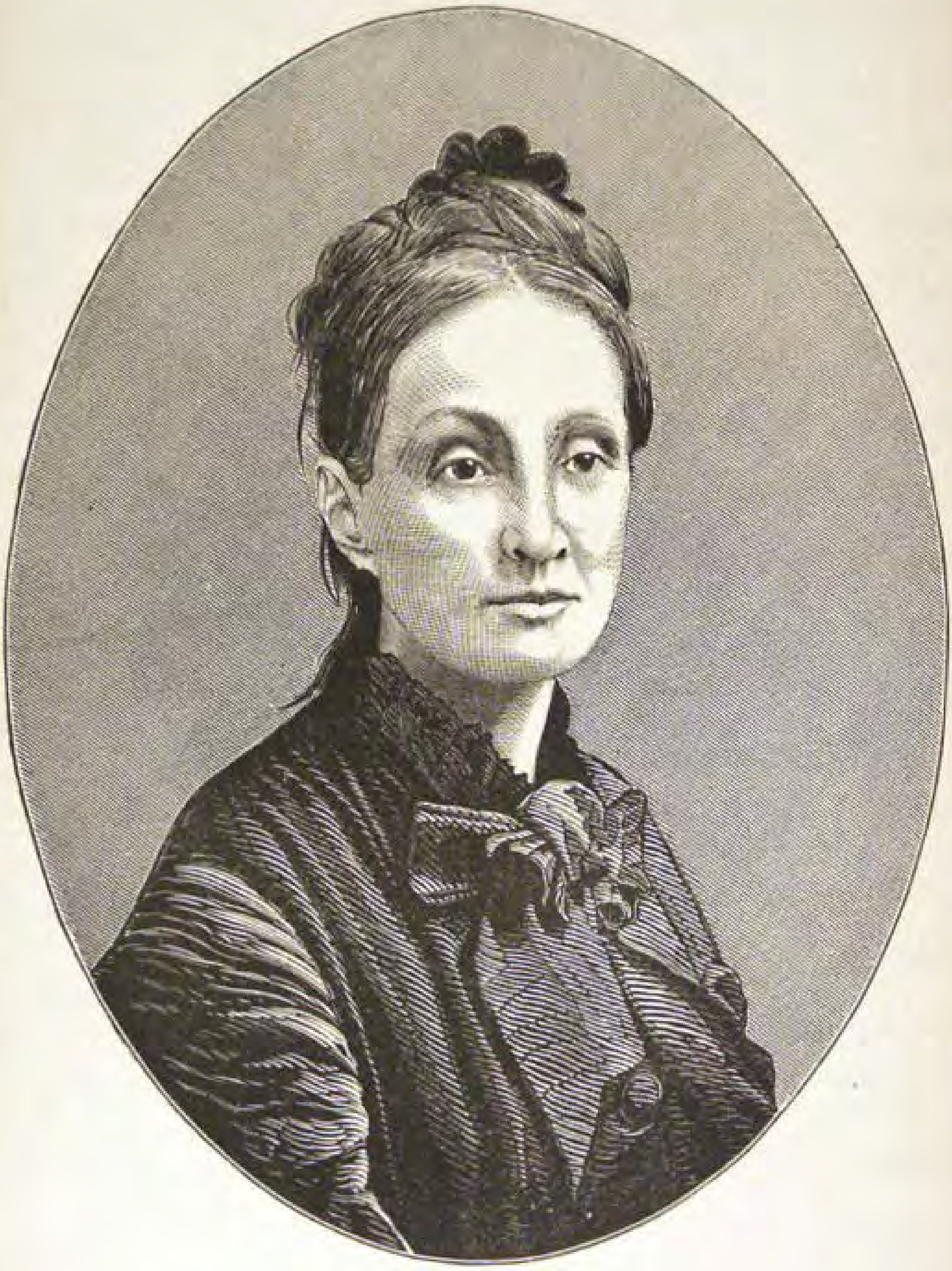
"JOSEPH FRY."

The evening before his death he sat down to write a last farewell to his wife. In that last supreme moment, there was no thought of self, no fear of death, no longing for life; his only regret was the bitter anguish he knew his loved ones must suffer. Every line is replete with the tenderest love, and bears the impress of almost angelic purity and trust in God.

The Baltimorean, in giving this letter to its readers, prefaced it with the following words:—

"It is a matter of no common occurrence for a man in full flush of health to be called to take an eternal farewell of all that his heart holds dearest. When this demand is made, and the circumstances are such that the world's attention is directed to it, that world is apt to listen respectfully to the words, and watch the conduct of the man, and feel for the moment the emptiness of life compared with the beauty of an heroic death. Such a spectacle as this was presented on the evening of the sixth of November. The scene was the Bay of Cuba, over which the moon peacefully shone. The locality was the Spanish man-of-war La Tornado. The man was Captain Fry, and the transaction was a letter, which Captain Joseph Fry was writing to his wife. There are very few personages in this little tragedy — a man about to die, and his wife hundreds of miles away, unconscious of his fate. The scene is one of those paradoxes which Providence brings about, contrasting the beauty and peacefulness of nature with the distortion and agony of man. The letter has since been published, and very touching it is. It will be republished wherever the English language is understood, for it strikes one of the tenderest chords in the harp of home affection. It is full of that poetry which sometimes comes to the most commonplace man or woman in the sudden prospect of death. It is the purest breathing of conjugal and parental affection at a moment when all the dross subsides from earthly passion, and the heart is left clean and pure upon the brink of the grave.

"At that sad hour, with all that is grand and sweet in life fading away, and the amazement of the tomb confronting him, Captain Fry compressed his thoughts with a simple eloquence that is not always attained by a practiced writer, even under the inspiration of a sympathetic theme. He avers that the anguish of his wife is his sole regret in dying, mentions with a very pardonable pride the proofs of respect and attachment he has received, even from the President of the court-martial, expresses the satisfaction of a gentleman in having been recognized as one, commends himself to the children whom he is forever leaving, adjures his wife to turn for consolation to Him alone who permits this



Agnes E. Fry.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS

fearful agony, bids her not dread death, for that when it comes it will come as an angel of rest, and announces, with the dignity of a man whose face is damp with the breeze from the unknown world, that he dies in the religion of his childhood. Wherever the story of the Virginius outrage shall go, the story of this letter will go too. It is a letter that many an eye will weep to read, and that any man at such an extremity might envy the power of being able to write."

"ON BOARD THE SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR LA TORNADO,
"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, November 6, 1873.

"DEAR, DEAR DITA: When I left you I had no idea that we should never meet again in this world; but it seems strange to me that I should to-night, and on Annie's birthday, be calmly seated, on a beautiful moonlight night, in a most beautiful bay in Cuba, to take my last leave of you, my own dear, sweet wife! and with the thought of your bitter anguish my only regret at leaving.

"I have been tried to-day, and the President of the court-martial asked the favor of embracing me at parting, and clasped me to his heart. I have shaken hands with each of my judges; and the secretary of the court and interpreter have promised me, as a special favor, to attend my execution, which will, I am told, be in a very few hours after my sentence is pronounced. I am told my death will be painless: in short, I have had a very cheerful and pleasant chat about my funeral, to which I shall go in a few hours from now. How soon I cannot yet say. It is curious to see how I make friends. Poor Bambetta pronounced me a gentleman, and he was the brightest and bravest creature I ever saw.

"The priest who gave me communion on board this morning put a double scapular about my neck, and a medal, which he intends to wear himself. A young Spanish officer brought me a bright, new silk badge, with the Blessed Virgin stamped upon it, to wear to my execution for him, and a handsome cross in some fair lady's handiwork. These are to be kept as relics of me. He embraced me affectionately in my room with tears in his eyes. . . .

"Dear sweetheart, you will be able to bear it for my sake, for I will be with you if God permits it. Although I know my hours are short and few, I am not sad. I feel I shall always be with you right soon, dear Dita, and you will not be afraid of me. . . .

"Pray for me, and I will pray with you. . . There is to be a fearful sacrifice of life from the Virginius, and, as I think, a needless one, as the poor people are unconscious of crime, and even of their fate up to now. I hope God will forgive me if I am to blame for it.

"If you write to President Grant, he will probably order my pay, due when I resigned, paid to you after my death. . . . People will be kinder to you now, dear Dita; at least I hope so. Do not dread death when it comes to you; it will be as God's angel of rest — remember this. . . .

"I hope my children will forget their father's harshness, and remember his love and anxiety for them. May they practice regularly their religion, and pray for him always. . . .

"Tell —— that the last act of my life will be a public profession of my faith and hope in Him of whom we need not be ashamed — and it is not honest to withhold that public acknowledgment from any false modesty or timidity. May God bless and save us all.

. . . . .

"Sweet, dear, dear Dita, we will soon meet again. Till then, adieu, for the last time.

"Your devoted husband,

"JOSEPH FRY."

The following from the Memphis Appeal is worthy of preservation: —

"The farewell letter of poor Captain Fry to his wife is the most touchingly beautiful tribute to his own true, gentle, and manly heart that eulogy could pronounce, or love for his noble nature dictate. What a grand, what an heroic, nature is that which, on the night before his execution, could contemplate his funeral of the morrow, not only with calmness, but with a sweet and holy, almost playful, resignation, as if the gate of death were the entrance to home, and to the companionship of his beloved wife and little ones! The tropic moon and the golden stars looked down upon the waters of one of the loveliest bays in the world. The land-breeze blew fresh, and came laden with the fragrance of Cuban flowers, and the subdued notes of far-off mandolins played by the fairy fingers of lovely Creole women, the night that this brave man sat down upon the deck of the Spanish man-of-war La Tornado to write a last farewell to his 'own, dear, sweet wife.' It was a night to make one in love with life; for the air of the Caribbean Sea is wooing and sensuous, and it seems very sweet to live when one is in the land

'Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the lines of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie;
Where the maidens are soft as the roses they twine,
And all *save the spirit of man* is divine!'

"But it was not the influences of the tropical clime, the moonlight on the phosphoric waves, or the scented winds from the shores, that might have appealed to and aroused the love of life in the breast of the condemned American sailor. The crowding memories of his own home and family, his kindred, and his friends in his far-off native land — these, indeed, must have whispered to his courageous heart how sweet was life, how bitter was the fate of the morrow. . . . And yet not one regret for self escapes him, not a murmur passes his lips, not one unkind word of his judges, no call upon his country to avenge his cruel murder."

Resolved to leave nothing undone which might possibly benefit his family, Captain Fry also addressed the following letter to President Grant: —

"U. S. GRANT, *President of the United States of America.*

"MR. PRESIDENT: My resignation as lieutenant in the United States navy, dated the twenty-sixth of January, 1861, was accepted by the navy department, but no application for the pay due me has ever been replied to. Unable to find employment in my native land, I was forced to accept the first offer, one that leads to my death. The money due me, I am inclined to believe, will be paid to my family when it is known I am dead. Will you see to it? I ask it of you as a brother officer. If the questions of the war had been left to the old officers of the army and navy, there would have been no war. Cherish both arms of the service, for they are most free from the taint that corrupts the land. My field of usefulness to the country has been abridged by proscription. The carpet-bag policy is ruinous to the land. Let Louisiana govern herself. Her prosperity is that of the whole country. It is treason to do otherwise.

"Respectfully,

"JOSEPH FRY,

"*Confederate States Navy.*

"P. S. The Spanish officers are very kind to me, but the United States are weak when a vessel can be captured on the high seas, with perfectly regular papers, and her captain, crew, and passengers shot without appeal to the protection of the United States. J. F."

Of this letter no notice was taken, other than the formal reply, "The matter will be placed in the proper hands."

He has bidden adieu to friends and brother, to wife and children; but he has still another duty to perform; "as a sailor and a commander, his last efforts are for his crew." To General Burriel he addressed these eloquent and generous words, submitted to the authorities in Santiago, not in his own behalf (for he met death without a murmur), but in behalf of some of those on board the vessel with him, whose circumstances should have commended them to merciful consideration.

The reader will perhaps miss from this eloquent appeal the elegance and purity of the faultless English for which the letters of Captain Fry are so remarkable; but it must be borne in mind that his original composition was never given to the world. This *protest* was first published in the Cuban papers, necessarily translated into the Spanish language, and thence re-translated into English for us. The sentiments, if not the exact words, are wholly his, and will touch the hearts of all who are worthy to bear the name of men. That his brutal captors were not moved to pity by it, only shows that they were not men — that they had no hearts.

"CAPTAIN FRY'S LAST APPEAL.

"WITH permission of the Consul, I wish to say a few words in favor of the crew of the Virginius, and the mitigation of their punishment. The pilot had just escaped from a shipwreck, and needed an advance of salary to buy clothes and have them made. Nothing was said to him in regard to the blockade running, but, on the contrary, as I had the authorization of the owners, I had prepared the papers of the vessel, I notified every one that we were to be occupied in trade with the islands, with passengers for Puerto Simones, in Costa Rica, or in taking cattle to Cuba, as I believed that the vessel might do so.

"From the time when arms arrived on board, I thought there would be occasion for a portion of the men to see the consul. The consul in Puerto Principe sent for me, but I did not receive his message until I was on board, having been compelled to leave port by order of the authorities. There was a guard on board to prevent desertion by the passengers. I know that some of them protested, but Varona let them know that he would answer propositions of this class with the pistol.

"Running the blockade is considered a risky business among sailors, for which good pay is received. It is notorious that a great number of vessels were employed in it during the American war, and, although captures were numerous, not a single life was lost; the greater part of the prisoners were set at liberty after a short imprisonment. I never heard a word before the night of my sentence of Cuban law and the proclamation relative to an attempt to introduce arms into Cuba. If, with superior opportunities, I was ignorant that the case could be decided by another law than the international, how complete may have been the ignorance of these poor people! I was continually in the company of people who ought to have known it, and not one alluded to the fact. In a word, I believe that it is not known, and that the world will be painfully surprised at learning the sacrifice of these lives.

"The Consul knows well that I am not pleading for my own life. I have not prayed to God for it, not even to the Blessed Mother. I have neither home nor country — a victim of war and persecution, the avenues to the securing of property being closed to me to such a point that I have not been able to provide bread for my wife and seven children, who know what it is to suffer for the necessaries of life. My life is one of suffering, and I look upon what has happened to me as a benefit of God, and it is not for me, therefore, to ask favors of any one.

"The engineer Knight, I know, came contrary to his will. He was bitterly opposed to it, as I learn from the person who obtained him to come.

"Spaniards, the world is not so full of people who prefer honor to life. Save him, poor 'Rosa!' Poor gentleman, with heart as tender and as compassionate as that of a woman, of irreproachable honor, his business was that of charity. He was devoted to others, and though he was aboard the vessel for the benefit of their health, I believe he will not use this advantage for himself.

"The man Bribon was my servant, hired by the day, when we were in port, and not inscribed on the roll. He wanted to be set on shore at Jamaica. He was disembarked at Paimitor, and lost the opportunity. He is almost an idiot. They call him Cubanello, and he is a Venezuelan. He was a favorite on board, and ought not to suffer. Another fellow was taken on board to keep him from dying of sickness and hunger, was sent to the hospital from the boat, and permitted to come on board through charity.

"The greater portion of the crew were entrapped by their lodging-house keepers, who gained possession of them, and watched the opportunity to put them on board, on receiving advances on their wages.

"Spaniards, I believe I am the only one who dies in the entire Christian faith of our holy religion. Consider the souls of these poor people; give them an opportunity to ask mercy of God. I know that you must fulfill your duty, but my blood ought to be sufficient, because innocent and defenceless people will suffer with my fall.

"May these considerations have influence with the authorities to whom I beg to appeal. These poor people had no knowledge of what you think their crime. Pardon me if I say that I don't believe their deaths would have on the fate of Cuba the good effect the law foresees — our civilization is so opposed to such proceeding. I don't say this in tone of complaint, but we are accustomed to at least identify victims when we are going to sacrifice.

"According to my view, there should have been some intervention. Our government, by its influence, should have been pronounced, and perhaps in that way their lives might have been saved without compromising the dignity of Spain.

"Señores, farewell. I know that the members of the council who condemn me accomplished a painful duty. Let them remember us in their prayers to God, and ask their wives and children to do the same for us.

"Respectfully,

"JOSEPH FRY.

"Written on board the Tornado, Nov. 7, 1873."

From the comments of the press, I will select only the following: —[*]

"There is no bravado about this paper, yet never was epistle penned with more calmness, or less trepidation, under the very shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death. Self is forgotten, but the present is not. Not even the necessity of preparing for immediate death, nor the grandeur of those mysteries of eternity, so rapidly drawing near, can withdraw the attention of the Christian hero from his duties of the hour. There are those whose lives he may save by an appeal. That appeal, written calmly, temperately, elaborately, is before us. We know how it failed, but we can see how it ought to have succeeded. It was insufficient to save, but ample to nerve every hand to avenge, though such was not its object. If Captain Fry had not already proved himself a model of coolness and chivalric bravery, this letter would, in itself, be enough to convince the world that these traits were eminently his. Yet they fade into secondary importance compared with the magnanimity, the unselfish devotion, of his care for others, and forgetfulness of himself. The saddening reference which he makes to his pecuniary misfortunes, and the privations of his family, does but add a touch of exquisite sentiment to a picture which, we know, will go down to posterity as one of the noblest that tragedy has given to history."

---

[*] I regret that I cannot, in every instance, give due credit to the editors whose eloquent language I thus reproduce; but in this, as in many other instances, the clippings only have been forwarded to me, cut in such a manner as to afford no clew to the paper whence taken.

The following was published in the New York Herald as a "communication" over the signature "*Army*:" —

"The letter from Captain Fry to General Burriel, written in behalf of the crew, states the whole thing plainly, and without extenuation. I would call the attention of my countrymen to the sublime spectacle of this *sailor*, *gentleman*, and *hero*, whose final utterances of sorrow-stricken but unconquered spirit will claim the heartfelt sympathy and admiration of all men not utterly selfish and cowardly. Taking a perhaps legally wrong but hazardous service to support a wif. and seven children; captured, — whether justly or not, I care not, — but most outrageously tried, convicted, and barbarously executed; as a *sailor* and commander, his last efforts are for his crew; as a *gentleman*, he bows them farewell on his way to his death; as a *hero*, he dies! He bitterly says he has no country, because he belonged to the list of soldiers and sailors by profession who have never been permitted to resume their allegiance to their government. I claim him for my countryman. I claim his example and glorious death as a legacy to both professions, to both of which he belonged; and I claim for all of us the privilege of avenging his murder."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN FRY'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER. — HIS MOTHER A ROMAN CATHOLIC. — HIS BOYHOOD MOSTLY SPENT IN THE PURITAN HOME OF HIS GRANDFATHER. — A CATHOLIC EDITOR'S ENCOMIA. — A PROTESTANT WRITER'S PRAISE. — GENERAL QUESADA'S APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS. — A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS CELEBRATED.

FROM a sketch furnished to the New York Journal of Commerce, by a near relative, we learn that "the combination of influences under which Captain Fry's religious life was developed was somewhat peculiar.

"His mother, a devoted Catholic, dying while he was yet a child, this early bereavement invested with especial sacredness those precepts of church loyalty which, planted deep, by her fidelity, among his first impressions, controlled the allegiance of his latest years.

"The house of his grandfather, where the greater part of his boyhood was passed, was a home of Puritan faith and virtue; and during his residence there he was brought under the influence of another phase of Protestantism in the preaching of the celebrated evangelist, Knapp. . . .

"He has often been heard to tell how, when traveling once by sea, he spent much of his time in the forecastle, reading to the sailors, from the Apocalypse, and dwelling with delight on its closing visions of pure and peaceful glory. To ascend to that heavenly city was, we may be sure, no prospect of terror for him."

A Catholic editor, writing of his last moments, speaks of him thus:—

"Nor is the golden halo of religious triumph wanting to that picture. The war-worn soldier forgets not to speak of '*our holy religion*,' and to plead with Christian zeal for others, that time shall be given them to prepare their souls for eternity. He approaches death with the tranquil mien of a '*soldier of the Cross*,' not with the ribald bravery of a *petroleur*. Towering in the stalwart manhood of a form that never felt the weakness of fear, he hesitates not to speak out, as a child might do, of the 'BLESSED MOTHER.' Before the power-wielding minions of an infidel government, who hated his church; . . . before that Protestant public at home which must ponder well the words he should utter; before the world that must sit in judgment in his case; before men, and devils, and angels,—the bold, strong man, looking with unquailing glance into the very eye of death, speaks gently, humbly, of the BLESSED MOTHER. *Unless ye become like unto little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

A Protestant editor, inspired by the same theme, wrote thus:—

"Here is a grand and noble nature, and a man whose death this whole nation can speak of with pride, since it illustrates the heroism of that Christian civilization of which our country is evangel to all the nations of the earth. To strengthen the growing ties of church fellowship, and that commendable tendency to unification of faith among the various churches, let us not forget that Captain Fry was a Roman Catholic.

Whatever may be our views of the dogmas of that church, if its teachings have contributed to produce the noble heroism of Fry, let us freely accord it the credit. The light of its animating faith issues from the same divine source whence comes our own. And touching this point of religious belief, Captain Fry reveals the origin of the power that sustained him in the most trying hour that can come to man; and that was, FAITH IN GOD. . . . It was a similar spirit of Christian faith that, three hundred and thirty-eight years ago, sustained another martyr in his last moments. Sir Thomas More, the illustrious author of the *Utopia,* the successor of Cardinal Wolsey, who was, for conscience' sake, condemned to death by the order of Henry VIII.; he also was a devout Catholic. But let us not ask whether they were Catholics or Protestants; they were Christians!"

That Captain Joseph Fry was a sincere *Christian,* earnestly endeavoring to live out, in his own life, the teachings of the great Master, has been amply shown in these pages. That he was a *Catholic Christian,* complying practically with the requirements of the Catholic church, his "last letters" freely testified.

The following testimonial to the beautiful spirituality of his faith has been furnished me with the authorization of his confessor, Rev. Father Hubert: —

"In the practice of his religion, Captain Fry did not wait for the near approach of life's last hour. He was a practical Catholic during a number of years preceding his death, even sometimes under circumstances of poverty and misfortune that would have driven many a person into a stolid, despairing revolt against the decrees of Providence. Rev. Father Hubert, S. J., speaks of his faith in very high terms. The reverend father was his confessor during a number of the last years of his life, and bears testimony to the child-like confidence and unreserve with which he submitted his own judgment and will to the decisions of spiritual authority. His devotions were marked with an unusual fervor and all the earnestness of a sincere, honest character.

"The beautiful, affectionate enthusiasm of his nature led him to much interior communing with the spiritual world. He loved to think of the departed as still watching over us, and interesting themselves in our welfare. He knew that his church teaches the 'communion of saints,' and the presence of 'guardian angels.' This was not a mere theory with him, but had grown to be a pervading sense. He realized it habitually."

How fully he realized this presence of the departed, and how confidently he anticipated sharing their watch over his loved ones, is seen in his last letters. To Dr. King he wrote, "My little Lize* hovers over me now." To his daughter, "I love you all dearly, and, if God will let me, will come with dear little Lize, and watch over dear mamma and you all. . . . I love her with all my heart, and shall die loving and blessing her, and, if God lets me, will be very near her and you always. . . . As for Dell, . . . her father's spirit will be ever near her in prayer."

---

* A little daughter who had preceded him by about a year.

To his wife — at that last, supreme moment, when surely he expressed his truest thought, his firmest belief — he offers the consoling thought, that to them death would prove no separation, but rather a speedy reunion, for he would be with her "right soon, dear Dita;" that she would know it, and would recognize him, for he says, "and you will not be afraid of me."

Captain Fry having died in the full faith of the Catholic church, General Rafael Quesada addressed the following eloquent, pious, and patriotic letter to Archbishop Perché, of the Diocese of New Orleans: —

"*To his Grace, the Most Reverend* N. J. PERCHE, *Archbishop of New Orleans.*

"MOST REVEREND SIR: The indignation of humanity has been concentrated upon the atrocious authors of the recent Cuban massacre, and temporal sympathy has been extended to protect the living, and avenge the dead.

"There is, however, a higher and more holy duty due to the memories and spiritual happiness of those who thus perished. It is to assure them the sacred office of the church of which so many among them were communicants. It is to implore the pardon of a just God for the sins committed by them while in the flesh — to ask that the happiness of heaven may afford glorious exchange for the sorrows of earth, and that God will turn the barbarous hearts of those who murdered their fellow-beings to a contemplation of their wickedness, and to repentance of their horrible crimes.

"It is to you, most reverend and excellent shepherd and spiritual father of the holy Catholic church in Louisiana, that the undersigned appeals for counsel, consolation, and aid.

"The friends and relatives of the patriots murdered by some of the Cuban authorities respectfully ask that your grace will authorize, and if compatible, conduct the sacred and solemn requiem office, at the cathedral, for the repose of their dead, to which they are entitled, not only as Catholics, but by every consideration of Christianity and humanity.

"We are exiles. Our native homes are held by those who denounce our acts while living, and our names when dead. Those who ordered those acts of assassination cannot be expected to grant the consolation of religious rites to the victims of their injustice. Even the honors of religion would be a reproach to the inhumanity which occasioned them.

"Hopeless, then, of an honorable sepulture or Christian offices for the martyrs of freedom who have perished in Cuba, the undersigned, for himself, and in behalf of sorrowing friends and relatives, solicits of your grace, our spiritual father in the faith, in a foreign land, this Christian service, which they cannot dare to expect in their own.

"With profound respect and veneration for your grace, the undersigned has the honor to subscribe himself your son in Christ, and most humble and obedient servant,

"RAFAEL QUESADA."

In response to this appeal, a solemn *requiem* *mass* was celebrated in the cathedral in New Orleans, on the third of December.

Special services were also held in the Church of Santiago, New York city, and elsewhere, in memory of the Cuban martyrs, who, dying in the Catholic faith, were in their last moments denied the solemn offices of their church.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN FRY. — LETTER FROM MR. DE CORDOVA OF JAMAICA. — OTHER LETTERS. — "A NAME LUSTROUS IN ITS SUBLIME HEROISM." — "A CUBAN PICTURE," A POEM. — "O, REST YE IN PEACE." — REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE PRESS: THE MOBILE REGISTER, THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, THE NEW ORLEANS HERALD, TIMES, ETC. — "VIRGINIUS," A POEM. — AMICUS'S "VERSES TO THE MANES OF CAPTAIN FRY."

MANY tenderly beautiful letters of condolence and sympathy were received by Mrs. Fry. They came alike from far and near, from strangers and from friends. I venture to make public the following extracts, hoping that, as with one exception I give no names, no offense will be taken. I only desire to show to the world the hold he had upon all hearts.

"KINGSTON, JAMAICA, January 16, 1874.

"MRS. JOSEPH FRY, *New Orleans.*

"DEAR MADAM: The unfortunate and unjustifiable end of your late, much lamented husband has received the sympathy of the whole of the civilized world. The illegal and unconstitutional manner in which he was executed by the bloodthirsty Spaniards has drawn on the heads of his assassins the execrations of all nations. Be assured, madam, that this small island has not been isolated from the world in its expressions and feelings; and I therefore convey to you the sentiments of the people of Jamaica when I tender you condolence on the bereavement which you have suffered in the death of one whose last acts and words gave evidence of his unselfishness and his devotion to the cause of freedom and liberty.

"Some young gentlemen in this city gave a theatrical representation, and the proceeds thereof were placed in the hands of Señor Mariano Acosta and myself for distribution. I beg, therefore, to wait on you with a colonial bank bill of exchange for £——, being the proportion awarded to you, and which is tendered, and, we trust, will be received by you in recognition of the worth of your late husband, and as a mark of the expression of sentiment to the widow of one whose life was intended to be devoted to the work of emancipation, but on whose head the tyrannizing hand of despotism inflicted the death-blow.

"I have the honor to be, madam,
"Your obedient servant,
"ALT. DE CORDOVA."

"—— ——, November 20, 1873.

"MY DEAR COUSIN: The intelligence of the terrible blow which has fallen upon yourself and family reached us in the midst of affliction scarcely less severe than that under which you are bowed. My mother and her family were mourning the loss of a dear husband and father when the news of cousin Joe's death was announced. It is needless for me to say that he was loved by us all, and that his death rendered even darker, if possible, the dark cloud of sorrow which shadowed our house. For my mother and father he always cherished the warmest affection, and the knowledge of this fact, together with an adequate appreciation of the noble, manly qualities of head and heart which characterized him from boyhood to the grave, endeared him to our whole family far more than the ties of relationship alone could ever have done.

"I would scarcely attempt to offer you any subject for reflection with the hope of affording you lasting consolation; time alone can bring solace, and even that sometimes fails; but in the midst of your grief it will not be without some comfort to remember that he never did a dishonorable act; that he scorned all things mean and little; and that, toward the latter part of his life, at least, he was an earnest and sincere believer in the truths of the Catholic Church, and persevered in endeavoring to follow the path she pointed out to him. While in New Orleans, he and I frequently conversed on the subject of a future life, and I was always struck with the simple, child-like faith in the promises of the church which his conversations ever revealed.

"My mother and the rest of her family all join me in the sincerest sympathy with yourself and your children, and earnestly pray that the Father of the fatherless may protect you all.

"—— ——."

"New York, January 15, 1874.

"If my grief for the loss of one who was a valued friend, from childhood till ripened manhood had attained its zenith, was so intense, surely it were reasonable that language should be unavailing to soothe or render less acute the sorrows that have befallen the wife and children of my cherished friend Fry.

"Our love was reciprocal. When the ambitions of our earlier years were frustrated, new projects were formed, that in after years ease and happiness for our little home circles might be the reward. Upon the hazard of a die he cast his lot, and in the bitter end, as throughout life, the characteristics of the man and the gentleman predominated; leaving a name lustrous in its sublime heroism, and as imperishable as his Christian virtues.

. . . . .

"—— ——."

"Hagerstown, Md., December 23, 1873.

"Mrs. Captain Joseph Fry.

"Dear Madam: Admiration for the heroic character of your lamented husband, as particularly evidenced by his farewell letter to yourself, and a strong feeling of sympathy for you in your great affliction, have given birth to the following lines, which, as an expression of such admiration and sympathy, I have taken the liberty of herewith inclosing, with the hope that an appreciative country will not cease to remember the name of Joseph Fry so long as bravery and magnanimity continue to be regarded as virtues.

"Most respectfully,

"—— —— ——."

A CUBAN PICTURE.

On Santiago's placid bay
The town of Santiago lay;
And in her walls a deed was done —
The foulest e'er the sun shone on.

O Cuba! rarest, brightest gem
That decks Atlantic's diadem!
O star of constellation bright
That beams upon our ravished sight!
When yet the earth was fresh and young,
And stars their matins scarce had sung,
And still the heavenly echo rung,

With lavish hand then Nature flung
A shower from her richest store —
Which on her breast and brow she wore —
Of gems that ransomed kings of yore,
Which fell beside the western shore
Of green Atlantic's swelling flood,
And there began to grow and bud,
Till soon was seen a group of isles
Which wear their mother Nature's smiles;
Cherished and blest beyond the rest
Of those who claim the mother's breast!
As parents still love most the face
Where their own features they may trace.
Of this fair islet galaxy,
Which studs the fairy summer sea,
Most grand of all, my theme is seen —
Lo! Cuba — great Antilles' queen.

Here zephyrs whisper through the palms,
With odorous breath of spice and balms;
The orange, rich in golden hue,
Hangs ripe and tempting to the view;
The bulbul, from his fragrant nest
Upon the green Acacia's crest,
With quivering wing and swelling throat,
Pours forth his rippling, pearly note;
And as he calls his absent mate
From 'mid the stately feathery date,
He weaves, with silvery voice and strong,
For her a wreath of gems of song.
Its massive, elephantine leaves

The staid banana here upheaves;
And far above the garden wall —
Adobe-built, and stout and tall —
Its verdant banners wave on high,
In rhythmic bend to zephyr's sigh;
While, from the distance-softened height,
With vines and cocoa-plumes bedight,
The mellow tinklings faintly sound,
As though in light and fragrance drowned.
The train, with bells and trappings gay,
Toils up the steep and devious way;
While, sauntering idly in the rear,
Lags slow the swarthy muleteer.
The warm, voluptuous, tropic day,
Which knows no fall, nor year's decay,
With sense-intoxicating power
Bids all enjoy the golden hour,
Unchecked by thoughts of future woe,
Of blighting blast, or field of snow;
For here the summer knows no death,
The gentle spring no dying breath;
No early grave ingulfs the bloom,
Nor hides their sweetness in the tomb.
Like fair twin souls, from sin set free,
And radiant in eternity,
The favored children of the year
All live and reign immortal here.
Here find they what vain mortals seek,
And that of which the poets speak —
A heaven on earth; 'tis here it lies,
For them a mundane Paradise.

Amid the scene depicted here,
And mirrored in the waters clear
Of Santiago's placid bay,
The town of Santiago lay.

A prisoner from his grated cell
Looked out upon the briny swell,
And in his breast an echo found
For ocean's heaving, sobbing sound.
And as he watched the dying day,
And caught the sun's expiring ray, —
He sat and gazed with yearning eye
Upon the soft cerulean sky.
He saw Night draw her curtain dark
O'er sleeping sea and anchored bark.
The eyes of heaven — the gleaming stars —
In pity watched him through the bars.
He looked out on the glorious night
And thought on Him — supremely bright —
The Architect of skill divine
Who did the starry dome design,
Which roofs this balmy southern night,
Replete with incense and delight —
Most grand that he has since his birth
Beheld, and 'tis his last on earth!
But in this solemn, dying hour,
He fears not death nor human power;
He looks his fate full in the face,
Supported by his Saviour's grace.
Yet still his brave heart fondly turns
To where his hearthstone fire still burns,

And where are gathered those for whom
He'd laugh at danger, scorn the tomb.
He thinks of her — his bosom's wife —
And of his children, more than life ;
Regrets, for this alone, his end,
That it with pain their hearts should rend ;
And now, with heart still fond and true
He writes his sad, his last adieu.

The night is o'er, the morning breaks,
But not a heart among them quakes.
A martyr band, and he their chief,
They stand unmoved by fear or grief.
At sharp command the column starts,
And on they move, those patriot hearts,
With steady step, unblenching eye ;
Thus nobly move they on to die.
And as they pass the Consulate
Which marks Columbia's flag and state
Though powerless to save him now,
He greets it with a loyal bow.
And now they reach a massive wall
Where lies imbedded many a ball ;
For other victims on this spot
Have died beneath the murderous shot.
At the wall's base, a ditch there lies,
Where drops the doomed one as he dies ;
And here the hapless victims halt,
And kneel beside the waiting vault ;
The guard steps back — a breathless pause —
A deadly aim each soldier draws.

The signal comes — a flash — a roar —
And Freedom's sons lie red with gore!

As Rachel, lone and childless left,
And of her own by death bereft,
Wept sore, and comfort still refused,
Columbia! mourn thy flag abused,
Thy children bound by foreign chain,
And by the ruthless alien slain.
O, where those sacred ashes lie,
Weep o'er the grave of noble Fry!
No more from out his grated cell,
He gazes at the briny swell;
His children, wife, and native shore
Shall see his loving face no more.
His voice is now forever hushed,
Quenched by the stream of life which gushed
From out his body, wounded sore,
But painless now, forevermore.

Shall butchers scenes like these act still?
Insult our flag, our brethren kill?
From widows, mothers, stricken homes,
From rural plains, from city domes,
From friendless orphans' severed ties,
From graves where buried honor lies,
From north to south, from east to west,
One answer comes — one sole behest!
That answer will be verified
When Freedom's banner, hailed with pride,
Shall o'er the beauteous island queen

Where now red murder's flag is seen
And o'er bold Fry's forsaken grave,
Forever in sad triumph wave.

—— ——.

IN MEMORY OF THE CUBAN MARTYRS.

"O, rest ye in peace."

O, REST ye in peace by the ocean wave,
Where the orange tree blooms above your grave;
And the whispering tamarind sighs so low,
That dirge-like it sounds, a wail of deep woe!

O, rest ye in peace. The beautiful earth
To all beautiful forms gives constant birth;
And o'er you rich flowerets shall flourish in light,
Though unwatered, above your dwelling of night.

Soft skies on high, with clear amethyst hue,
Stilly at even shall scatter pearl dew;
And the star-beams, gilding ocean's billow,
Shall robe in luster your lowly pillow.

O, rest ye in peace where the Western Isles
Rejoice in the light of the day king's smiles,
Where the mellow moon shall watch o'er your rest,
And soft breezes blow in the Isles of the West

M. S. WHITAKER.

From the many eloquent tributes to the memory of Fry already published, I reproduce the following as worthy of preservation: —

From the Mobile Register: —

"No man has figured in the history of a century who, in death, proved himself more worthy to live than Captain Joseph Fry. And yet his death was an epic that the world could not well have spared. . . . How sublimely his faith and trust in God shine out above the good deeds which engaged his latest thoughts and efforts! As we dwell upon the manner of his noble death, we almost feel that envy, rather than pity, is his due. Even the bereaved ones, the jewels of his heart, in the family circle must find some consolation in contemplation of their relationship to a husband and father who, in the full tide of vigorous life, stood erect and robbed death of its sting."

From the New York Tribune: —

In the "Thanksgiving article" of this paper occurs the following beautiful reference to his character and death: —

"One other picture we should like to place before every man or boy who hopes to be ennobled by manhood — that of the captain of the Virginius, on the day when he was shot at Santiago. It does not import whether we, the spectators, wish Cuba bond or free, — whether this man Fry was Spaniard or American, Catholic or Protestant, right or wrong in his errand, — the facts remain that he believed it right; that, sustained by this belief, and by his faith in his religion, he was, when captured, tried and shot, able to meet death in a fashion that proved the man the stronger of the two. . . . We protest that we know no more heroic figure in history than this noble captain of the Virginius, in his poverty and commonplace work, brought face to face with eternity. We would give to our children no loftier thought to refresh them on Thanksgiving day than that with which he passed out of sight, with his hand held out to help his brothers, and welcoming death with proud humility as 'a benefit of God.'"

From the New Orleans Herald: —

"As simple as a child, as gentle as a woman, he was as gallant and fearless as Bayard, and pure as Sir Galahad. In those last supreme moments, when his thoughts might well have been absorbed in the contemplation of the terrible death he was about to meet, how entirely he sank all ideas of self, and thought only of those dear ones whom he was never to see more! His only regret was the bitter anguish he knew his wife must suffer. The soil of Cuba never drank the life-blood of a truer nobleman."

From the New Orleans Times:—

"We knew him long and well. He was one of the kindest yet bravest of men. Possessed of fine mental powers and large scientific attainments, he was still little fitted for the hard task of pushing his way successfully through the world. He made practical discoveries which are yet likely to prove valuable; but his was not the genius through which they could be carried into successful execution. He was so unselfish as to be improvident. This feature continued up to his dying hour. While pleading for the lives of others, not a word was uttered on his own behalf. Throughout all his later acts, he vindicated a heroism which will yet prove a proud heritage to his descendants, and be honored by the American people till the last syllable of recorded time is uttered. When Captain Fry fell, a brave and gentle spirit was released from its prison-house of flesh to enter upon the glories of the better life with his 'little Lize.'"

VIRGINIUS.

BY "TIM LINKINWATER."

MEN, have your pulses quickened as you read with bated breath
How the young, the brave, the dauntless, died an ignominious death?
How the blood we claimed as kindred moistened Cuba's sun-touched land?
How, through tyrannic hatred, fell that unoffending band?
How, without a show of justice, or a pause, they hurried on
The freeborn sons of freemen o'er that bloody Rubicon?
How, even now, the minions who mocked their last sad groan
Laugh at us in our anger, and deride us as we moan?

This is no fearful legend of days when men bowed down
Before a sceptered autocrat, and trembled at his frown;

Nor of dim middle ages, when strife and war held sway,
And wrote those deeds on history's page we should shudder at to-day;
No tale of old time, telling of the fierce Viking's horde,
Who captured enemies at sea, and put them to the sword;
Nor yet of outlawed pirates, who erst rode on the seas,
And flung out black "*No-quarter*" from their mast-head to the breeze.

This deed was wrought but yesterday, though its dark horrors seem
As wild as are the fancies of excited fever dream.
The waters that flow past our homes, in ripples touch the spot
Where the laws that bind mankind to man and nations were forgot.
The men who fell were not at war with those who shed their blood;
The Stars and Stripes protection claimed, — for they beneath it stood, —
And should have given safety; yet to-day, with tearful eye,
We mourn the men who perished with the gifted, generous Fry.

The wail of woe from orphans; the weeping widowed band;
Tears from bereaved mothers throughout our wide-spread land;

Fathers bowed down in sorrow for sons whose midday prime
They hoped to lean on as a staff, when came their life's decline;
Bright eyes bedimmed with weeping; soft, white hands clasped in prayer;
Ten thousand home-ties broken; the hopeless, wild despair —
All, all are woful pictures, and intensify the shame
We feel has fallen like a cloud upon our nation's name.

A nation's honor tarnished! Shall we count the fearful cost
Of a country's flag insulted, a people's honor lost,
And bear within our bosoms the stinging, burning thought,
Our unhonored place 'mong powers was by base submission bought?
Forbid it, justest heaven! Forbid it, souls whose fire
Burns with impatience to avenge; who vow in righteous ire,
That till the name "Virginius" recalls a humbled foe,
Till for each drop of brother's blood a caitiff's life-stream flow,
We'll bear the badge of battle, this motto keep in sight —
Our flag protects all citizens who shelter 'neath its might.

New Orleans Times, Nov. 21, 1873.

[From the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.]

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN FRY,

COMMANDER OF THE ILL-FATED VIRGINIUS.

He has perished far from the genial land
Which gave his spirit birth —
His blood makes moist a foreign strand —
His shroud is hostile earth.

And no more, alas! may our longing eyes
Upon his form e'er dwell —
That form stretched prone, 'neath friendless skies —
Is bound in Death's cold spell!

And a heart is stilled in which ne'er did rest
Dishonor, fear, nor shame —
Whilst naught remains to friends distressed
But reverence for the name!

By no loving hands were his dying eyes
Closed to their last long sleep —
No loving ears might catch the sighs
That memory loves to keep.

And it matters not that his guiltless soul
Knew not dark Fortune's ways —
The pure, alas! reach not *that goal*
In these corrupted days!

But we know, thank God! as we drop the tear
To his untimely end —

His blameless life, as death drew near,
Gave him, in God, a friend!

Let us send above to the Master's throne
An earnest, heartfelt prayer—
That saving mercy may be shown
To him we held so dear!

AMICUS.

New Orleans, Nov. 13, 1873.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HELP FOR THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS. — CAPTAIN FRY'S SACRED LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN. — GENERAL QUESADA'S WARM-HEARTED APPEAL. — THE APPEALS OF THE PRESS SINGULARLY DISREGARDED. — RESPONSE OF ST. LOUIS. — VARIOUS ABORTIVE EFFORTS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE SUFFERING FAMILY OF CAPTAIN FRY. — "A WOOD AND COAL YARD" BUSINESS PROVIDED. — A FINAL APPEAL IN THE ELOQUENT LANGUAGE OF THE MOBILE REGISTER.

HAVING struggled in vain, throughout his whole lifetime, with poverty, misfortune, and disappointment; having risked his life, and lost it, in the fruitless effort to win bread for his family, Captain Fry, with his dying breath, gave his wife and children, a sacred legacy, to his countrymen.

Let it not be said, for the honor of humanity, that they proved themselves unworthy of the sublime trust.

During his lifetime, they had suffered silently and uncomplainingly. When they were forced into unwilling publicity by their sudden bereavement, their unfortunate circumstances became known; and their claims upon their countrymen were promptly urged by others, in spite of all their protestations, and pleadings to be allowed to suffer in silence and alone.

General Rafael Quesada, as representative of the Cubans, in whose cause Captain Fry had lost his life, pleaded their cause in the following warm-hearted and patriotic appeal to the different newspaper editors in New Orleans. This appeal speaks for itself too touchingly to require comment.

"New Orleans, November 15, 1873.

"*To the Editor of the New Orleans* ——.

"Sir: Captain Fry, a brave man of the South, possessed of great civil virtues, and one of the most accomplished and thorough seamen of this country, has lost his life in the horrible butchery which, for the dishonor of humanity, the Spaniards of Cuba have lately perpetrated.

"Captain Fry has left in New Orleans a family which deserves the protection of all those who feel their hearts beating with the impulse of generous sentiments.

"Under these circumstances, I have determined to open a popular subscription to assist immediately the family of the noble Captain Fry. With the conviction that neither natives of this state nor Cubans will fail to contribute, I have the honor to invite you to give circulation to this through the medium of your columns, requesting you to be pleased to receive the donations, that they may be early offered to the suffering family of the brave Captain Fry.

"In the future, when the cause of Cuba, for which with so much honor Captain Fry has died, shall have obtained a definite, final triumph, it will be a patriotic debt which the republic will pay, offering his family a second country, where the name of Fry shall be venerated for all time to come.

"I remain, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"GENERAL R. QUESADA."

This appeal was published in all the New Orleans papers, with such sympathetic comments as this from the different editors:—

"THE MURDERED COMMANDER OF THE VIRGINIUS. — In relation to the subscription lists recently placed before the public for the purpose of raising a fund for the dead hero's widow and children, we have some remarks to make. But first we must dispel the idea that has obtained among some who can know nothing of Captain Fry's impulsive and generous nature, to the effect that he had received a large sum of money, some thousands of dollars, to take command of the Virginius. Such a transaction never took place, and all statements tending to any such assertion are unqualifiedly erroneous, and can only proceed from ignorance. Captain Fry, having all his life been a naval officer, was unfitted by his training and education for commercial pursuits. It is small wonder, then, that though industrious, energetic, and frugal, he could not succeed. To win bread for the loved ones at home, he went to New York on the twenty-sixth of July, to try and obtain employment in his profession. The command of the Virginius was offered him at a moderate salary. He accepted, and the world knows the rest.

"A subscription list is at this office, and we feel that no urging is needed to make our generous public subscribe freely."

And this:—

"THE LATE CAPTAIN FRY.—General Quesada has addressed a warm-hearted and patriotic letter to the —— office, which will be found in another column, proposing to open a subscription list in aid of the bereaved family of this martyr to the bloodthirsty Spaniards. The sentiments contained in his letter are worthy of the General and of his object. Although some of his own relatives were among those who perished, his first thought is for the volunteer to the Cuban cause. No doubt our generous citizens will speedily respond to a call which appeals, not only to their sympathy for the family of the martyr, but to the indignation they feel against his murderers."

And this:—

"CAPTAIN FRY.—A subscription list for the benefit of the impoverished and suffering widow and orphans of the late massacred Captain Joseph Fry has been opened at the —— office, and all who desire to show their appreciation of this late officer's courage and nobility of character, and all who respect the freedom in defense of which Fry sacrificed his life, will give the best evidence thereof by a liberal subscription. We are assured that Captain Fry received but little compensation for taking command of the Virginius, and did so to save his wife and children from starvation."

"Communications" without number were addressed to the papers, and many of them published.

"A great deal of public generosity has recently developed itself in this community in behalf of the struggling Cubans. Would it not be well if those Cubans and Cuban sympathizers who are contributing so nobly would bear in mind that the destitute family of one of the bravest and best of those lately sacrificed to the cause — Captain Joseph Fry — are in this city, and sadly in need of pecuniary assistance. Let the afflicted wife and children of that noble and brave man, who are in the deep sadness of bereavement and suffering, not be forgotten now, nor wait long for substantial generosity. Let it not be said, that while we contribute thousands of dollars to the cause of the struggling patriots, the family of the martyr suffer for want of the common necessaries of life."

Strange to say, these appeals failed to produce the expected result, and the returns were totally inadequate to relieve even the absolute want of the bereaved family. Again came the call, —

"The family of the late Captain Fry are living in our city in almost a state of destitution. Will not our people, who are ever ready and willing to respond to the calls of charity, and whose sympathies are always for the brave and deserving, do something for this now doubly afflicted family? Cannot some of our benevolent dramatic associations give a performance for their benefit?"

The response to this call was thus heralded:—

"VARIETIES THEATER — IN MEMORIAM OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY. — To-night has been set apart as the occasion for the dramatic performance at this house, offered by the members of the Orleans Dramatic Association, for the benefit of the family of the martyred Captain Joseph Fry; and it seems almost unnecessary to bespeak for the event a hearty and earnest encouragement at the hands of a public by whom the lamented Fry was known and esteemed, and whose especial privilege, we doubt not, it will be to extend at this time a tribute of generosity on behalf of those whose protection and support have been lost them by his lamentable death. To the members of the club, whose thoughtful and kindly action herein is beyond praise, is also due a recognition by the disciples of true Christian charity; and that the result will be at once cheering to the widow and orphans, and a sterling evidence of the quick response with which our people meet an appeal like this, must be beyond peradventure."

Owing to the "hard times," perhaps, and perhaps, also, to the prevalence of a severe rain storm (though this need not have interfered with the purchase of tickets), this performance was not the success, pecuniarily, that it should have been. Early in December a similar attempt was made in Mobile, but with a like unfortunate result.

As a Christmas gift, Mr. D. M. Hollingsworth, a gentleman of high standing in commercial and social circles in New Orleans, made the following proposition:—

"Editor ——: Learning that the distressed widow and children of the lamented Captain Joseph Fry require substantial aid, I propose, in furtherance of their benefit, to put up immediately, for raffle, or lottery, as the managers may deem best, one of my finest and best made, light, fancy trotting buggies. I will have the tickets printed, numbered, and stamped, and furnish them to the several newspapers, banks, insurance companies, hotels, and saloons, if they will respond to my efforts by disposing of them by the twenty-third of December, so that the drawing can take place on the day following, twenty-fourth, and the proceeds be paid over to the sorrowing and afflicted family on Christmas day. I propose to make the tickets one dollar each, in order that all who may desire to contribute to so laudable and deserving a purpose can do so with the assurance that, while they aid those of his bereaved family on earth, they give substantial tokens of their regard and respect for the memory of one of Louisiana's noblest and bravest sons, whose last wish was to be sacrificed to save others.

"Yours, respectfully,

"D. M. HOLLINGSWORTH."

All the printing of tickets, circulars, etc., necessary to make this a success, was done gratuitously by Mr. A. W. Hyatt; and the terms of the proposition coming within the reach of the many who desired to contribute their little mite without exposing their inability to do more, it met with a hearty response, and was the most successful "benefit" of the many undertaken, the expenses of the majority of them being so heavy as to consume all the receipts, leaving no net proceeds.

Appeals were made to the different cities of the North and West, through the press. The Baltimore Gazette said, —

"The following telegram reaches us from New Orleans. It is from a merchant of forty years' standing. Those who knew the late Captain Fry speak of him as one of the bravest and most gallant officers that ever trod the deck of an American ship. The brutal and barbarous circumstances under which he met his death have roused popular indignation to the highest pitch. The appeal we now print, on behalf of his widow and orphan children, discloses in a few simple words the sorrow and the need of those who were nearest and dearest to him.

"'NEW ORLEANS, November 19, 1873.

"'The family of the late Captain Joseph Fry, commanding the steamer Virginius, are in very destitute circumstances. Will you kindly submit the case of a widow and seven orphans, left without a protector, to your charitable citizens?'"

The following appeared in the New York Herald:—

"The late Captain Joseph Fry, commander of the steamer Virginius, leaves a widow and seven children in extremely necessitous circumstances. Will you lay the case before your Cotton Exchange and benevolent citizens for action? We think your columns the best medium of making known the wants of the unfortunate family, and it would be an act of charity if you would make a public appeal for their relief."

St. Louis responded nobly to this appeal. The Globe, in its issue of Thanksgiving morning, published the following:—

"Captain Fry, of the Virginius, was a Confederate officer in the late war. The manner of his death explains, to a great extent, why the struggle between the two sections was so hard and long continued. If the North had had Cubans instead of Americans to fight, Mr. Seward's ninety-day prediction would have been fulfilled. Will the American people allow the family of this brave man to die for want and starvation when a trifle from a few of them will afford the needed relief? The Globe will head the subscription list with a sum at least equal to the largest individual subscription, and will forward the entire amount to the widow of the gallant sailor. There could not be a better day than this for making a donation in such a noble cause."

And also this, addressed to Governor Kellogg, of New Orleans:—

"GLOBE OFFICE,
"ST. LOUIS, November 27, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR: I understand that Captain Fry, of the Virginius, was a citizen of your State.

"The Globe has started a subscription for the benefit of his afflicted family, and I think it will reach a considerable sum. Mr. William McKee, the senior proprietor of the paper, will act as the custodian of the fund, and will pay it to the widow of Captain Fry through you. Will you please ascertain her residence, and use your efforts to increase the donation to the largest possible sum? It is not intended to raise a testimonial to Fry as commander of the Virginius, but as a brave man who knew how to die, and who, in the manner of his death, shed undying luster on the American character.

"Very truly yours,

"J. B. McCullough.

"His Excellency Governor Kellogg."

The generous, large-hearted people of the West, unprejudiced by the connection of Captain Fry with "the other side" during the late war, responded promptly and freely to this noble appeal, and as early as the eighth of December, the following was sent through Gov. Kellogg:—

"Globe Office,

"St. Louis, December 8, 1873.

"My dear Madam: The inclosed draft of five hundred dollars, payable to your order, herewith transmitted through Governor Kellogg, is part of a fund contributed by the citizens of St. Louis, without respect to politics, creed, or nationality, in aid of the family of your heroic husband. It is but a feeble response to the appeal which his dying words convey to all who have hearts to feel for those who were so cruelly bereft. But I trust that St. Louis will not be the only city to honor a brave man's death by remembering those to whom it leaves the inheritance of a keen distress.

"I hope to be able to send you an additional sum in a few days.

"I have the honor to be, dear madam,

"Very respectfully,

"WILLIAM McKEE."

The Globe published the following interesting correspondence, conveying Mrs. Fry's thanks to St. Louis:—

"STATE OF LOUISIANA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"NEW ORLEANS, December 11, 1873.

"WM. McKEE, ESQ., *St. Louis Globe.*

"SIR: By direction of Governor Kellogg, I yesterday waited upon Mrs. Fry, at her residence, and handed to her your letter of the eighth of December, 1873, and the draft for five hundred dollars, therein inclosed.

"Mrs. Fry, in the name of herself and her fatherless children, begged me to convey to you, and through you to the generous citizens of St. Louis, her heartfelt thanks, and to say that her gratitude for your kindness is increased by the appreciative terms in which you speak of her late beloved husband.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"H. C. CLARKE,
"Private Secretary."

Of Mrs. Fry's home in New Orleans, the Globe said, —

"NEW ORLEANS, December 10, 1873.

"A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe waited upon Mrs. Fry, at her residence in New Orleans, a few days since, for the purpose of consulting her wishes and views regarding the Globe subscription. The widow of the Cuban martyr lives in half of an unpretentious, single-story frame cottage, standing back in a little garden, opposite one of the public markets, in a thickly populated part of the city. The room into which the correspondent was shown was plainly but neatly furnished, and the matted floor was spotlessly clean. Over the chimney-piece were a very excellent portrait of poor Fry, executed by Lilienthal, of New Orleans, also a fine portrait of the Catholic Archbishop Perché. Mrs. Fry received with marked emotion the intelligence of what the citizens of St. Louis were doing, and in reply said, that had she only herself to think of, she would ask nothing but to be left alone with her grief; but for her children's sake she would gratefully accept the relief proposed, and in doing this she felt that she was only acting as her poor husband would have wished her to do. Captain Fry leaves seven children, the oldest an accomplished and beautiful girl just verging upon womanhood, who proposes to take a position as teacher in the public schools, so as to relieve, in some degree, the burden resting upon her bereaved mother. Mrs. Fry herself is a lady of culture and refinement, and is in delicate health. Much warm sympathy has been manifested toward them by the people of New Orleans."

On the seventeenth of December, it was announced that the amount paid in had reached the sum of eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars and twenty cents. The Globe, in starting the fund, had promised to duplicate the largest individual subscription. Captain Dan. Bell (a well-known "river-man") having given one hundred dollars, the duplicate one hundred dollars from the Globe left but forty-two dollars and eighty cents necessary to complete the one thousand dollars, for which the Globe had asked.

Here the matter rested, however, until the latter part of February, when public interest was once more awakened by the following letter, which appeared in the St. Louis Democrat over the signature of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, one of the editors and publishers of the Inland Monthly:—

"ST. LOUIS, February 28, 1874.

"*To the Editor of the Democrat.*

"On a late visit to New Orleans, I called upon the widow of Captain Fry, who was murdered in Cuba by the Spaniards. The household of that unfortunate man is very sad. Everything in and about the home of the widow and orphans is modest and unassuming. A touch of sadness pervades everything. Mrs. Fry is a most interesting lady, while the daughter is beautiful and highly accomplished. The death of the husband and father has left the family in very straitened circumstances indeed. But let us not draw aside the veil of the deep sorrow of that stricken family. Contributions have not been as liberal as the papers intimated, and while conversing with Mrs. Fry and her daughter, I, with some pride, mentioned that St. Louis had remembered them; that the Globe alone had collected and sent to them the sum of *one thousand dollars.* Imagine my surprise when she told me that they had received but *five hundred* dollars.

"I knew that nearly one thousand dollars had been collected at the Globe office. I never dreamed that this money had miscarried. I could scarcely believe it; but I was forced to believe it when Mrs. Fry's daughter told me this in her own simple, truthful manner.

. . . . .

"A stricken wife and seven helpless children would be immeasurably gladdened if their hard lot could be ameliorated. This could be done by a little well-directed effort. . . . Cannot the great heart of St. Louis, and that of New Orleans, respond in more liberal terms, and rear a home for the widow and orphans of the hero and patriot? I saw this family, and I think the generous of all classes, if they could see what I saw, would be glad to lift up their hands and lessen the grief and poverty of this stricken and desolate family. If the people whom he served so well in the last war are able to do nothing, let the citizens of the West take pity. There is no nobler, more sacred duty. Let the last dying appeal of the martyr for his helpless family ring in the ears of our own people.

"CHARLOTTE SMITH."

This elicited the following liberal offer: —

"ST LOUIS, March 4, 1874.

"*To the Editor of the Democrat.*

"MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH'S letter, contained in your issue of this date, touching the deplorable condition of the late Captain Fry's family, appeals to every man of generous impulses, and deserves more than mere passing consideration. It deserves a substantial response.

"Fry was a brave man, a type of superior manhood, and deserved a better fate. Passing over —

. . . . .

I come to the main object of this communication, which is to propose to contribute one hundred dollars to purchase a home for Mrs. Fry and her children, provided one hundred gentleman, including myself, will contribute a similar amount. This would secure a comfortable home, and greatly relieve a very worthy and stricken family.

"MAIN STREET BOOKKEEPER."

Mrs. Smith published a second letter in response, from which I extract as follows: —

". . . There are always, in every community, persons who will cry, 'On to Cuba, on to victory,' but there they stop. It was so in the late war, on both sides. As a corollary to this, it is a sad fact that the maimed heroes, and children of the same, have little favor shown them when the rewards (such as official place and office) are meted out.

"So, too, in the case of the Fry family. A position as teacher in the public schools of New Orleans was offered to the oldest daughter of the martyr, but when she accepted there were 'no vacancies.' Mrs. Fry has been quite ill for some time, not being able to go out, as the public well know. Her health has been greatly impaired by the tragic end of her husband. The only support of the family is a crippled son of eighteen, who is employed in the Morning Star office — Father Ryan's paper. He receives but a meager salary. Miss Fry is very expert in making wax flowers, but has met with little success in the sale of them, for the reason that natural flowers are so abundant in New Orleans.

. . . . .

"The card of a 'Main Street Bookkeeper' appears in your paper of yesterday. He proposes to be one of a hundred to contribute one hundred dollars to purchase a home for the widow and orphans of Captain Fry. God bless the 'Main Street bookkeeper,' and the invocation will be echoed in the sad home of the widow and fatherless. Think of this proposition, you who are blessed with wealth — you who send annually millions of dollars' worth of goods to the South. If a bookkeeper will contribute so generously, what will the rich merchant and manufacturer do? It is a noble thought that St. Louis will have made a stricken home happy and forever grateful. Will St. Louis and Chicago respond? The two great cities of the West joined in a glorious work of charity; even the thought cheers us. The consummation of the bookkeeper's proposition will be one of the sweetest and brightest events in the history of these grand cities of the West. New Orleans is almost bankrupt, and can do nothing. I said New Orleans was poor. The whole State is on the verge of bankruptcy.

. . . . .

Therefore, I say, New Orleans can do but little in the way of charity.

"CHARLOTTE SMITH."

The result of this agitation of the matter was, that a second draft for five hundred dollars was sent to Mrs. Fry on the eleventh of March, with the following letter: —

"GLOBE OFFICE,
"ST. LOUIS, March 11, 1874.

"*To his Excellency* GOVERNOR KELLOGG.

"INCLOSED please find draft for five hundred and five dollars and twenty cents, being the remainder of the fund collected at the Globe office for the benefit of Mrs. Captain Fry, making, with the sum of five hundred dollars already sent you and receipted for, one thousand and five dollars and twenty cents. It ought to have been sent sooner, but I was unwilling to abandon the hope of making it larger, and I had seen in the newspapers a statement that Mrs. Fry was temporarily absent from New Orleans.

"If you will have the goodness to forward this sum as you forwarded the last, you will greatly oblige

"Very respectfully yours,
"WILLIAM MCKEE."

The amount transmitted was promptly placed in the hands of Mrs. Fry, thus making over one thousand dollars generously contributed by St. Louis alone. Had other large cities responded as freely, the family of Captain Fry would have been placed beyond the reach of want, and the present appeal to the sympathies of the world would have been unnecessary.

Perhaps the most touching of the many tributes was the following from a little girl in Augusta, Ga. Written in French, it was translated thus:—

"In yesterday's paper I saw the last letter of poor Captain Fry! I have wept for the sake of his children. Inclosed you will find one golden dollar. It is a very small sum, but I hope you will not refuse it, as it comes from a little girl. It is a *souvenir* of my own papa, and it is given by an orphan to the orphans of Captain Fry.

"—— ——."

Toward the end of the month of January, the following card appeared in the different papers of New Orleans, failing, however, to elicit any very substantial response:—

"TESTIMONIALS TO THE FAMILY OF CAPTAIN FRY.—In many parts of the country there have been spontaneous offers to contribute to the creation of a fund for the relief of Captain Fry's family. From time to time we have observed in our exchanges notices of certain amounts that had been collected to this end, and in some cases returns have been made, greatly to the relief of the bereaved family. Many places have not yet, however, been communicated with, and it has been supposed that a difficulty is in some instances experienced in knowing how to make remittances.

"For the convenience of sympathizers abroad, therefore, the Hon. L. A. Wiltz, mayor of this city, has consented to act as a medium for the transmission of these funds. Parties abroad desiring to remit collections will do well to address him."

May all who now read this appeal, perhaps for the first time, remember that it is not too late to respond, and that the address given is a permanent one. Though the name of the *mayor* may be changed, the *mayor's* office is always open, and remittances will be gladly forwarded.

Remember the address —

HON. L. A. WILTZ,
Mayor of New Orleans, La.

After defraying the current expenses of living, the remainder of the little fund resulting from these various charities has, by the advice of wise friends, been invested in a "wood and coal yard," the precarious income from which (with the addition of the meager salary of a crippled boy) constitutes the sole resource of this heart-broken, invalid widow, for the maintenance and education of a family of seven children; of whom the eldest son is a cripple from infancy, the eldest daughter a frail, delicate, young girl, the five others having to be clothed and educated, the youngest being but little more than a babe.

"And now," — in the eloquent words of the editor of the Mobile Register,—"and now, will his countrymen answer his dying prayer?—'May God bless my poor boys, and raise up friends for them who will show them how to live and how to die.' A part of the prayer is already answered; for surely the father has taught the sons 'how to die.' But how are they to live?—these helpless minors and orphans of a man who has honored his race, and adorned humanity? Surely the strain of blood like Fry's is worth cherishing in the land; and who should do it but his countrymen and countrywomen? That this is being done, every one takes for granted, because every one feels that, as a matter of course, it should be, and is being done; but this is a great though natural mistake. The contributions that have flowed in to the succor of the widow and seven children of this heroic man are strangely small, and, as we learn, are hardly sufficient for a year's support and education. Alms is not what the great and pathetic appeal of this case requires. It is to answer his prayer to God to 'raise up *friends*' to take care of and place beyond want the little brood, whose near bereavement of father and protector wrung anguish from his big heart. We hope the world will pay back to the orphans the worth of the moral 'pearl of great price' the sire has left to it."

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

The Navy of Twenty Years ago. — Several Evils of the System. — Captain Fry's Suggestions of Amelioration. — Flagrant Abuses. — Extracts from Captain Fry's Journal: a Thorough and Able Discussion of the needed Reformation. — The Navy (then, 1854) "the Spectacle of an Institution gone to Decay." — The Sailor's Comfortless Life and Labors graphically pictured. — Merit no Assurance of Position in the Navy. — "Position has the Ear of Power." — "Power, like the Cuttle-fish, can blacken all who threaten it." — Captain Fry's Definition of Evil. — What followed the Abolition of the Cat-o'-nine Tail Discipline in the Navy, etc. — The Shame of a Republican Government, etc.

Captain Fry's humane disposition, his earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures, early led him to reflect seriously and earnestly upon the evils existing in the naval system, which his long experience enabled him fully to appreciate, and to theorize upon the possible remedies which might be applied for the correction of these great evils. The following thoughts upon the subject bear date May, 1854. I give them in their crude form as I find them jotted down in one of his journals, evidently intended as the germ for more mature reflection and elaboration.

"I am trying to plan a way for improving the navy, and have many serious thoughts upon the subject. The demoralization in the navy is fearful; the institution is scarcely anything but a hot-bed in which vice is fostered, to the extinction of everything like morality, or the chivalry which once characterized it. It could be re-organized upon a footing which would render it an honor to the country in every respect.

"I desire earnestly to devote myself to doing good, and efforts for a complete reformation of the navy are suggested by my present mode of life as the fulfillment of part of my whole duty.

"We must expose evils in order that they may be eradicated. To do this thoroughly in the present case, we must consider the navy *as it is,* and see how it compares with the navy *as it should be,* and as it could easily be made by correcting its most flagrant abuses, and establishing it upon a proper basis. In effecting such a reformation, very little is to be hoped for from the navy itself, scarcely anything from Congress. It is by the action of *the people* alone that any good can be effected. Their interests are concerned, and they are, after all, to be the judges in the matter; and unless they become interested in it, nothing can ever be accomplished. In point of fact, the lamentable condition of the service, is in a great degree, to be ascribed to the precautions taken to prevent its corruptions from being known, under the mistaken notion that an eruption could injure a diseased body.

"It is difficult to know where to begin the treatment of so foul a case, but as nature, on some good principle doubtless, is at work attempting a cure, in order to assist these efforts, it is necessary to thoroughly understand the condition of the patient, that we may promote the unrestrained exercise of such influences as may be brought to bear upon it.

"There is a disposition toward improvement pervading every condition of society, evidenced either in actual advances gradually made, or by efforts to advance upon the part of diseased and tottering organizations. A spirit of inquiry, of research, has been aroused, seeking for the good and useful, and casting off the old and cumbersome, as though a preparation were being made for the adequate performance of some great work, the execution of some design, both new and striking; like the arousing of some long-slumbering genius, tossing restlessly, endeavoring to understand its relations to surrounding objects, preparatory to the accomplishment of its appropriate task.

"This fact is apparent to all but the willfully blind, and its existence stands marked by most unequivocal symptoms.

"Those who know the force of pride nurtured in ignorance and prejudice, and grown into a fixed habit, need but cast their eyes toward China, (where thousands of years have been devoted to the fostering of these evil principles, cultivated in the most congenial soil, till they become deep-rooted and wide-spread) to be struck with astonishment at the changes so rapidly and so certainly operating there. Japan illustrates the same fact. The growth of California, the condition of many portions of Europe, the modern improvements and advances in every department of art and science,—all point to the same thing, all indicate the dawn of a new era, and the downfall of everything depending upon mere *antiquity* for its vitality and authority.

"The necessity for a change in the navy, involving improvement commensurate with the degree of progress perceptible in every other direction, is beginning to make itself strongly felt. Ancient abuses, for which no remedy could be devised whilst they originated in a morbid condition, now cry out loudly for correction. The principle of change and improvement is in direct antagonism with ancient, and *therefore* venerable usages—usages springing up like mushrooms from a dung-heap, allowed to cumber the ground without any effort for the substitution of healthier vegetation, or the production of nobler esculents.

"In a country like our own, where the principle of self-government is so strongly inculcated and carefully cherished, it is impossible that it should not enter largely into the character, disposition, and affection of any community composed of individuals purely American; and it would be difficult to organize an association for any inducement that could be offered, upon a principle requiring implicit obedience to commands, while at the same time the individual should be cut off from the right of judging freely of the necessity that binds him to obedience, and the right of appeal from the arbitrary exercise of authority. This is the grand privilege which distinguishes free institutions; and though a military organization could never tolerate the unrestricted exercise of such a right, it is necessary that none other than wholesome restraints be imposed, lest out of a desire to avoid one extreme, an equally great evil should arise.

"Where prompt and implicit obedience is essential, it must be cheerfully given; but this can be the case only where a community of interests or of principles exists. Where such requisites are essential, the necessary conditions should exist to promote their mutual and healthy exercise.

"It would of course be absurd to attempt an organization of a military character, upon the basis of a right to judge of the propriety of an order ere it be obeyed; but it would be equally absurd to bind any individual to strict compliance with the caprices of a superior, to the subversion of any vital principle. Hence, in the army or navy, it is essential that a legal constitution should sanction whatever principle might be called into exercise, in the fulfillment of any obligation on either hand. The obligation itself should be mutually recognized in order to the harmonious discharge of duty; and it should have its foundation upon moral principles, clearly established.

"The nearer perfect the organization, the freer the action; the purer the principle, the more just the government.

"It is immensely important that this should be the case in the navy. The commander-in-chief should be able to point to the law that binds him in common with the crew, and it should no longer be said, 'There is no law for post-captains.'

"It should be a great object to guard against evils and abuses of every kind. In order to do this, they should be defined and specific, and their avenues be well guarded. Complete organization is as essential to discipline as discipline is necessary to success. They go hand in hand. Authority should be placed beyond the reach of caprice, and should be restricted to the exercise of good.

"As the navy exists now, it presents the spectacle of an institution gone to decay. Every element of disorganization is in active exercise, and ruin and disorder are visible on every side. This is a sad condition, and it may be instructive and useful to ascertain how it is that an institution so necessary and valuable should have met with so sad a fate.

"Particular periods are marked by particular events, and great occasions by great principles and actions, as well as by great actors; and thus, throughout nature, correlative objects and influences exist.

"But it would be difficult to account upon any principle for the existing predilection for the navy, or that anything save the strictest necessity could lead to a second sea-voyage, after the bitter experience of one long cruise, the exchange of the nightly shelter of even the humblest roof for the involuntary *star-gazing* which divides his nights at best. Picture the peltings of the pitiless storm, as the ship rolls from side to side, bathing his feet in icy water; the struggle for life as he clings to the ropes, taking in the canvas as it flaps in the gale, the lightning-flashes revealing the upheaving, foaming sea, into which he is apparently about to plunge, as he clings to the lofty yards; the rough, heavy work about the decks; his only consolation his tobacco or the cud of reflection. Hard work, exposure, a cheerless, comfortless, friendless life, harden his heart; coarse associations corrupt his morals and harden his conscience; drunkenness makes sad inroads upon his constitution, and soon poor Jack is seen no more!

"True, there is much that attaches to the fame of a Nelson or a Perry calculated to excite wonder and emulation in young and ardent minds. Heroic achievements, noble deeds, always inspire admiration, and the interest is in no wise lessened when the ocean is the theater.

"The boy of impulsive temperament is, by injudicious restraints, made to feel that the natural exuberance of childhood is antagonistic to the sterner instincts of mature age; hence result depression of spirits and a desire for freedom. As the boy contemplates the boundlessness of the sea, compared with the restraints of home and school-room, he longs for change, for the variety to be found in foreign lands, in scenery, climate, productions, customs, space, air, motion, the excitement of danger, the love of wonder. All, fed, perhaps, by some buccaneer story, serve to inflame his passions, render the restraints of home more irksome, and increase the sense of confinement, until finally off he goes, a victim to the injudiciously administered restraints of home.

"On the other hand, many a weakly indulgent parent, after spoiling a boy, sends him to sea with the idea that the stern discipline of a ship will effect that which he found out of his power.

"In either case the ruin of the boy almost inevitably follows, from association with the ignorant, the vicious, and the depraved. The restraints of ship-board are never such as tend to improve the mind, the heart, or the character; they are instituted solely to facilitate the discharge of duties, and prevent disorder. They have no moral effect.

"The assumption is very general that high merit leads to high position; but in the navy, individuals who are standing monuments of all the vices may, and do, attain to the highest pinnacle of naval eminence, and all resource is cut off by the stringent regulations preventing the publication of abuses. Position has the ear of power, and the advantage of the application of certain maxims and principles which appear to be violated in any attempt to correct abuses or punish offenders when the powerful are assailed. It is curious to see how exclusive power is in its appropriation of virtue, and how, like the cuttlefish, it can blacken all who threaten it.

"I would lend all my influence to deter parents from sending or allowing their boys to go to sea until the navy and merchant marine are improved, as they may be.

"As an agency for the accomplishment of good, the navy and mercantile marine might be made invaluable, were they purified and rendered fit for the work. As they exist, they are moral pest-houses for the reception of all to whom idleness, dissipation, vice, and crime deny a footing upon shore, and the employment of whom is but paying a premium to immorality and wickedness.

"Most, if not all, of the *evil* in the world is owing to the misapplication or perversion of some principle of *good;* and a change for the better must be effected by the destruction of whatever encourages this wrong, or by the forcible operation of the good principle toward its legitimate tendency.

"One great cause of the immorality in the navy is the low rate of *wages*, offering no inducement to the better class of laborers. If the life of the sailor be compared with that of the lands-man, it will be found to be quite as laborious, while also deprived of comforts and enjoyments, and exposed to hardships unknown on shore. If the toil of the sailor were estimated in comparison with that of the day-laborer on shore, and his employers actuated by a spirit of justice, and a fair price paid for the sailor's services, a competition would be excited between the present class of sea-going men and a far better class of population, who would be willing to undergo the added privations for the added pay.

"The incurable drunkard, who on shore is a vagrant or a criminal, to avert the consequences of his evil life, ships in the navy, or perhaps seeks refuge from temptation on board ship. He sails upon a three years' cruise. After this life of close confinement, he experiences, on landing at long intervals, a degree of exhilaration which can only be compared to that of the invalid at the approach of spring, who, having been confined through the long winter months, drinks in, with the fresh, warm atmosphere, the keen enjoyment of returning health and strength.

It is said that none but the drunkard knows the fierceness of the drunkard's thirst. There is a yearning after the bowl which is so powerful as to weaken all the moral susceptibilities of the soul; and for the gratification of which the poor *habitué* will brave shame and ignominy, and subject himself to sufferings which would be sufficient to immortalize him, were they endured for virtue's sake.

"The appetite of the drunkard is kept alive by the small potion allowed him twice a day on board ship; otherwise he might, perhaps, be cured by a long cruise. As it is, he lands in company with others who are all prepared for unrestrained indulgence in low, guilty, groveling pleasures. They return on board, their passions inflamed, their nerves excited; they are sick, irritable, and turbulent; the quiet and order of the ship is disturbed by oaths, indecency, quarreling, and insubordination, and the 'brig' is speedily filled with gagged and manacled, inflamed and furious demons.

"The picture is a painful one. I make no effort to excite that false philanthropy, which does harm rather than good by attacking and overthrowing systems in which evils are found, instead of pointing out methods of correcting those abuses — in exciting a fanatical enthusiasm against *individuals* rather than against *evils*. Cruel as the picture seems, many a kind-hearted, benevolent officer has found himself obliged to resort to expedients against which all his sensibilities revolt. If we take away the power of subduing those whom brute force alone can subdue, we subvert order, and place power in hands not bound by restraining influences.

"The causes which send men to sea are various, and all are not evil; but government fosters an institution which is a prolific source of evil, much of it the result of injustice, carelessness, and ignorance upon the part of the people. In a dozen years' service on different vessels, ranging from the one-hundred-and-twenty-gun-ship down to the schooner, I cannot remember six instances of religious sailors; and I believe that more than ninety per cent. may be set down as profane and indecent in language and behavior. The great majority of our seamen are foreigners, very few of whom can even read. Few of these men have any ties on shore, for the naval service is so intolerable that no man who has not lost all self-respect, or who is not driven to such an extremity, will enter it, unless oblivious of all the discouragements which his cooler moments suggest.

"Wherever 'Jack' goes, so bad is he, proverbially, that all the vices follow in his train. Drunkenness, disease, and death are his portion. The virtues ascribed to him, as a sailor, are generally fabulous. His generosity is rarely displayed on board ship, and the carelessness with which he lavishes it, at the end of a cruise, upon worthless and evil objects, shows merely the reaction which then takes place, and the total absence of any regulating principle. Subject to the rigid control of ship government, a feeling of restraint hangs over him. On shore, that being removed, his only care is to keep out of the watch-house. To those who know and feel the value of early culture of the moral qualities, and who know how easily temptation besets those from whom all restraints are removed, and how rapidly demoralization takes place from evil contact, it is useless to explain further. To those who know nothing of vice, it would be shocking in the extreme to expose it. There is no hope for Jack except to offer inducements to better men to fill his place.

"The 'cats' were useful in controling the vicious. The effect of their abolition was to destroy the restraints which were really needed, making it impossible for the better disposed to remain in the navy; they therefore left it in the possession of the worst characters. The disorganization which has ensued only proves the character of the service. It is a shame that a republican government, in the nineteenth century, should uphold an institution which depends for its efficacy upon such degrading instruments.

"The 'cats,' or flogging, never degraded any individual. The individual who required them was already degraded in the commission of the offense which necessitated the punishment. Little is to be hoped for from those who could only be controlled by the lash.

"The character of the merchant service is even worse, for the voyages are shorter, the temptations more frequent, the restraints less, the treatment worse.

"Poor Jack! you see the service in which you have gained your bread for many a day going to wreck, and there is nothing but the bare plank upon which you stand in which you have any interest; and that but for the hope that it may float you safely ashore.

"Will no one stretch out a hand to save or to help?"

Such were the views of Fry on the abuses in the naval service, as it appeared to him when a young man occupying the grade of passed midshipman. Perhaps, as he rose in his profession, and looked at the subject from a different point of view, his ideas may have undergone a corresponding modification; but as I found them recorded at that period of his career, I have given them, simply to exhibit the workings of his mind.

CHAPTER II.

DREAMS OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN JAPAN. — CAPTAIN FRY'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE IN REGARD THERETO, JANUARY, 1855. — HE SELECTS THE ISLANDS OF LOO CHOO, IN HIS FANCY, AS A PROSPECTIVE RESIDENCE. — LOO CHOO INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBED. — THE SITE OF "A PERFECT GARDEN FOR MAN." — DIFFICULTIES AND SACRIFICES WEIGHED, ETC.

BEFORE laying aside the Journals of Captain Fry forever, I must transcribe one more chapter, which exhibits in a striking light one of the prominent traits of his character; namely, his self-sacrificing love of humanity. He was unselfish to the last degree, thinking always of others before himself, and — even when apparently consulting his own interests — interweaving in all his projects some ultimate good to others, in which he was to be instrumental.

The result of his intercourse with the Japanese, in his cruise of 1851 to 1854, and consequent knowledge of their necessities and capacities, was the following scheme, into which his wife entered with almost his own enthusiasm, but which they were deterred from attempting to carry into execution by the obstacles placed in their way by others to whom he looked for co-operation. The extract bears date January, 1855, and is addressed to his wife.

"I have for some time past been resolving in my mind a scheme which, with the influence I could bring to bear upon the executive, might (I think) be adopted by government. It is my appointment as agent for the government, or Resident Consul,—out here. By study of the language, customs, habits, etc., of the people, I could qualify myself for the effort to induce them to open their ports freely to our commerce, and to communicate with all the rest of the world.

"I wish to pursue certain studies, in order to the improvement of my mind, and I am anxious that *you* should share them with me. I believe that God made man *male and female* that he might have a 'helpmeet' in every respect, in the action of every function of mind, soul, and body; and that he has made them to differ only where the difference should tend to develop principles of good, by the exercise of opposite influences; and that this happiness shall be the result of a harmonious operation of these seemingly opposite characteristics.

"If we take true religion and its teachings for a guide and interpreter, we refer all good, all happiness, to God as a giver, thus glorifying him as we develop the wisdom and goodness to be brought to light through means which he has appointed.

"It is through the relation of man and wife, through the marriage state alone, that man is complete in his humanity; because God has so constituted him that it is through sympathy and reaction alone that he can exercise powers which yield their highest reward when employed in the service of God.

"When I think of your *ménage*, and how easily all your wants could be provided for by coming out here, I fancy you would like to join me in this scheme. We should enjoy each other's society, though we should be obliged to give up that of the rest of the world, and, in fact, most of the advantages of civilization. But we could study hard, and in a few years reap the advantages of such a course. There is scarcely an avocation in life for which we could not fit ourselves, and it would afford us highly-useful occupation for years. With the love of God, and of our fellow-beings, filling our hearts, and engaging our minds and lives, we should find no room for the petty sorrows and cares which now distract our lives.

"I am going to try and get the commodore interested in the matter, and urge him to recommend it to the secretary of the navy.

"I want to adopt the mode of life, or form of business, by which I shall accomplish the most good while upon earth. I must consider my health, temperament, and disposition, as well as my inclinations and qualifications. I wish to engage in a business by which both my health and condition of mind will be benefited. My physical necessities demand a shore-life. I desire to be with my family in order to afford them the comfort, protection, and love of which they stand in need. My occupation must be such as to keep me with them. So far, duty and inclination appear to accord. I also earnestly desire to do something for the benefit of my fellow-men; and in selecting a site for a *point d'appui*, it would be natural for me to look for one where my talents would be most productive — where my influence would be greatest. This (with one of my poor qualifications) would evidently be where the community was worse off than myself; where the light of religion is most needed; where efforts toward the development of resources of every description would meet with the largest success, and the most abundant return be yielded.

"In the Islands of Loo Choo, — far away from the scenes of our infancy, — the prospect of such a future opens to me. There is everything in the character of the people, as well as in the nature of the institutions under which they exist, to excite interest in their behalf. A despotic government forbids all intercourse upon any subject with foreigners, thus shutting out completely the light of our improved civilization, and keeping them in heathen ignorance.

"While looking around upon their beautiful islands, I have thought of many things that could easily be done to improve their condition. Perhaps we could be instrumental in preparing the way for much future good by a residence amongst them. A missionary society would not employ me, for I do not possess the qualifications for such a profession, but I might nevertheless do much good in my own way — as consular agent and storekeeper.

"Loo Choo lies directly in the route of vessels trading between the two hemispheres, and just upon the borders of the immense whale fisheries of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, at about equal distance from Canton and Shanghai.

"The ports are excellent, the climate salubrious, the soil very productive, and — lying as it does within three degrees of the tropics — capable of supplying every tropical production.

"And yet, with this soil and climate, favorable to the production of nearly all fruits and vegetables, I observed but a single cocoanut tree, and know it to be without grapes, figs, oranges, peaches, pears, or even the banana. It is almost destitute of fruits, and extremely poor in vegetables, though such as there are thrive well. The island is brilliant with verdure, and needs only the introduction of seeds and fruits to become a perfect garden for man.

"The staple productions are wheat, rice, sweet potatoes, and peas. They know nothing of Indian corn, which grows in China as finely as in the United States, though by whom introduced, or when, I do not know.

"They have beautiful, strong, though diminutive, horses. They do not use milk, butter, or cheese. The temperature is mild and equable; in winter never needing a fire, and in summer rarely lacking a cool breeze. The mildness of the climate, as well as the hilly character of the country, would favor convalescence from the inevitable result of protracted sea voyages and bad food — the scurvy. The safe harbors of Loo Choo are almost wholly unused, for they have little or no commerce except the yearly departure and return of junks bearing tribute to China and Japan.

"My recent intercourse with Japan has suggested to me this new field of labor. I doubt not I could obtain the consulship to Loo Choo. Public opinion, the religious and benevolent, as well as commercial people,—all would favor such an establishment. Our government, through Commodore Perry, has just purchased some land, and a depot of coal will be opened there. We could soon learn the Japanese language, and, as the trade with Japan began to develop, it would afford us facilities for business.* The Japanese would engage our services as agents, as would also our own countrymen. From such small beginnings we might work our way up to fortune, and, by constantly multiplying our resources, possess ourselves of influence and power, and thus promote religion, education, and many blessings that are now unknown in this far-off land.

"Prints of every description, illustrative of our country (especially maps and globes), excite their interest. Music has a powerful effect upon them; in this respect they differ widely from the Chinese. Models of buildings and vessels, steam-engines and other machinery, agricultural implements, brick-making, — all these and many other things could readily be introduced. (I merely note these items as they occur to me, as hints for future thought.)

---

* He included in his calculations other members of his family,—father, brother, etc.,—who, he thought, would join in the enterprise.

"One of our first projects would be the opening of a school for the native children. A corps of translators would be formed, who would receive as well as confer benefits.

"It is true that in thus going to Loo Choo, even under the most favorable circumstances, we would suffer many privations: the pleasures of cultivated, refined society, the sights which please, and the events and incidents which interest at home, — all this would have to give place to a very different set of objects and emotions, with nothing but the consciousness of doing our duty to sustain us.

"But a life of this sort, with a holy purpose to accomplish, an earnest interest in our work, in dependence upon God, would insure to us all we need in this world, and a strong, bright hope for the next, into which we step when God calls us to render an account of our stewardship here below.

"Should we conclude to adopt such a course as I propose, and the advantages to others and to ourselves accrue which I have depicted, we would find much to reconcile us to the inevitable sacrifices it would necessitate. Our lives would brighten in the consciousness of acquitting ourselves of our obligations to humanity, and in realizing the measure of success (spiritual and temporal) which awaits those who lead pure and useful lives. We should be looking forward to another and a happier world when our course in this shall have been run, with an eternity of enjoyment in the sunshine of God's love."

CHAPTER III.

PREFATORY. — THE JAPAN EXPEDITION. — THE SECRECY ATTENDING IT. — NO NOTES OF IT IN CAPTAIN FRY'S PRIVATE JOURNAL. — THE REASON WHY. — SKETCH OF PERRY'S EXPEDITION. — JAPAN'S SECLUSION FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD. — PORTUGUESE, ENGLISH, AND DUTCH EFFORTS TO EXPLORE AND ESTABLISH RELATIONS WITH JAPAN. — THE UNITED STATES THE FIRST NATION, IN MODERN TIMES, TO EFFECT A TREATY WITH JAPAN. — HISTORY OF CERTAIN ATTEMPTS TO SECURE INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN. — EXPEDITION UNDER COMMODORE BIDDLE, 1846. — THE EXPEDITION OF THE PREBLE, 1849, UNDER COMMANDER GLYNN. — PERRY'S EXPEDITION.

As a naval officer attached to one of the vessels of Commodore Perry's celebrated expedition, it was not the place of a young midshipman to record in the pages of a private journal, kept for his wife, anything, regarding the movements or business of the fleet, that might be regarded as official; especially as the commodore's instructions required of him to prohibit those under his command from making any communications touching the movements of the squadron, or of the vessels composing it. Even private letters to friends were to avoid these topics, and all journals and letters kept by members of the expedition were to be considered as belonging to the government. It was therefore very natural that Fry, in a journal designed only for the eyes of his wife, should avoid touching upon any topics which might render it liable to be claimed by the navy department.

The total omission of everything of this kind from the journal was a great puzzle to me, until I found this explanation in the official report published by order of Congress.

The following sketch of the objects and execution of this great expedition, in which Fry bore an active, though humble part, may not be inappropriate in connection with this record of his life, and may prove of interest to those of my readers who have not waded through the three huge volumes which constitute the official report from which I have gathered this sketch.

To my younger readers it may be new; to

older ones it may prove pleasant as a reminiscence of the newspaper topic of twenty years ago.

There can be no doubt that Japan was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and that it was first brought to the knowledge of the European world by the celebrated traveler Marco Polo, about the year 1295.

Japan consists of a great number of islands, said to be three thousand eight hundred and fifty, lying off the eastern coast of Asia, containing probably about one hundred and sixty thousand square miles.

For centuries it was the policy of the Empire of Japan to envelope herself in a mantle of profound mystery. This naturally excited the curiosity of all the rest of the world.

The political inquirer desired to learn the details of that form of government under which a nation, systematically prohibiting all intercourse with outsiders, yet attained to a remarkable state of civilization, refinement, and intelligence, exaggerated by the stolen glimpses which alone were possible. The naturalist desired to know more of the physical characteristics of this almost *terra incognita*. The man of commerce asked to be told of its products and its needs. The ethnologist hoped to supply a gap in the story of man's early wanderings over the globe. The divine and the philosopher, the navigator and the naturalist, the man of business and the man of letters, all joined in a desire for the exploration of a field at once so extensive and so inviting. Scarce a maritime nation in the civilized world but had made the effort. The Portuguese succeeded partially, but were afterward expelled. The English voluntarily abandoned the field. The Dutch alone acquired the right of traffic, purchased at the price of national humiliation and personal imprisonment.

It was reserved for our own — the youngest of the nations of the earth — to break down at last the barriers with which this singular people had surrounded themselves, and to be the first in modern times to establish a treaty of friendship and trade, introducing Japan into the circle of commercial nations.

In 1831 a Japanese junk was blown off the coast, and after drifting about for some time in the Pacific, went ashore on the western coast of America. Kindness was shown to the shipwrecked Japanese, and an American merchant vessel was fitted out to return them to their homes. To manifest her purely pacific purposes, all her guns and armament were taken out. The Japanese, on hearing this, not only treated the vessel with contempt, but fired at her with shotted guns. Weighing anchor, in another harbor a battery opened upon her, when she returned to Macao, where the poor men were left, not having been allowed to land upon their native shore, so strict were the laws concerning non-intercourse.

In 1846 an expedition, under Commodore Biddle, was sent to Japan, but accomplished nothing. No one was allowed even to land, and the answer of the emperor was very short: "No trade can be allowed with any foreign nation, except Holland."

In 1849 information was received of the detention and imprisonment of sixteen American seamen, who had been shipwrecked on one of the Japanese islands. They had been imprisoned for nearly seventeen months, and treated with great cruelty and inhumanity. The United States ship Preble, under Commander Glynn, was dispatched to demand their release. When she entered the harbor of Nagasaki, the Japanese boats endeavored to oppose her ingress, but she kept steadily on, although batteries of heavy artillery were unmasked and trained upon the decks of the Preble.

When Commander Glynn first demanded the release of the prisoners, the demand was treated with a well-affected haughty indifference. Finding that this would not answer, the Japanese officials then resorted to evasive diplomacy. Tired of this, the commander of the Preble, with the rough bluntness of a soldier and a sailor, peremptorily told them, in most unmistakable language, that they must immediately be given up, or means would be found to compel them to do so, as the government to which they belonged had both the power and the will to protect its citizens (Things were very differently managed *twenty years ago*, it seems, judging from the management of the Virginius affair! The Japanese hereupon changed their tone, and promised that the Americans should be sent on board in two days' time — which promise was fulfilled to the letter. Nothing more than this, however, was either attempted or accomplished.

After the treaty which closed the war of the United States with Mexico, by which we gained the territory of California, our extended Pacific sea-coast rendered direct trade with Asia a natural consequence. The agency of steam was of course involved, and for this coal was indispensable: whence was it to be obtained? The resources of Japan were comparatively unknown, but it appeared probable that the requisite supply of fuel lay within her territories. The minds of naval officers were drawn strongly to a consideration of the subject of commercial intercourse with Japan. There could be but one opinion as to the desirableness of such intercourse; but study and calm reflection, aided by long experience, could alone suggest *the* *means* by which the wished-for end might best be attained.

Among the many whose minds were turned in this direction, Commodore Perry gave the subject thorough attention. He sought for the causes of the failures of other nations, and perceived the advantages possessed by the United States. Presenting his matured views to the government, his propositions were favorably received, and in 1852 an expedition was decided upon. A squadron was to be dispatched, under his command, on the peaceful mission of endeavoring to open a friendly commercial intercourse with the Japanese.

Of the vessels selected to form his squadron, the Susquehanna, the Saratoga, and the Plymouth were, as we have seen from the journal of Midshipman Fry, already in the East Indian Ocean.

The most liberal equipment was authorized, and the commander of the expedition was invested with extraordinary powers, diplomatic as well as naval, and much was necessarily confided to his prudence and discretion. The great objects of the expedition were to procure friendly admission to Japan for purposes of trade, and to establish, at proper points, permanent depots of coal for our steamers crossing the Pacific.

Applications came from all quarters of the civilized world for permission to take part in the service. Literary and scientific men, Europeans as well as Americans, students and travelers by profession, all eagerly sought to accompany the expedition. All such requests were refused. The duties confided to the commander were of a peculiar nature, and required the most prudent and delicate management on his part. It was indispensable that the most exact order and discipline should be maintained, while civilians could not be expected to submit patiently to the restraints of naval discipline. The expedition was not scientific, but diplomatic. If successful, the way would be opened for scientific explorations.

On the twenty-fourth of November, 1852, Commodore Perry set sail from Norfolk, Virginia, casting anchor in the Bay of Yeddo, the commercial capital of Japan, on the ninth of July, following.

On the twenty-second of December, the commodore issued a general order prohibiting all information as to the movements of the squadron, either through the public prints or in private letters; requiring that all private notes or journals relating to the objects of the expedition should be considered as belonging to the government until otherwise ordered, and requesting all the officers to employ such time as was convenient in contributing to the general mass of information.

Taking in coal and water at Madeira on the twelfth of December, and also at St. Helena on the tenth of January, they came to anchor at Cape Town on the twenty-fourth of January, 1853. They landed at Mauritius on the nineteenth of February, and at Ceylon on the tenth of March, where they obtained abundant supplies of fruit and vegetables. On the twenty-fifth of March they came to anchor in the port of Singapore. At Hong Kong they overtook the Plymouth, the Saratoga, and the store-ship Supply (to which Fry was afterward transferred).

The Susquehanna, which had been designated by the government as the flag-ship of the expedition, had sailed a fortnight previous for Shanghai, having on board the Hon. Humphrey Marshall, United States commissioner to China; Dr. Parker, the secretary of legation, and Mr. Forbes, the United States consul; all of whom it was necessary for the commodore to see before sailing for Japan. Accordingly the Plymouth (having Fry on board) was dispatched to the same port with orders for the Susquehanna to await the arrival of the Mississippi with the commodore on board.

The Susquehanna, the Plymouth, and the Supply, all grounded in approaching Shanghai, and the Mississippi narrowly escaped the same bad luck.

The political condition of China being at that time very unsettled, and a revolution going on, it was considered unwise to withdraw the naval force entirely; accordingly the Plymouth was left as a protector of Americans and their property, with orders to follow the squadron as soon as it could be done consistently with the safety of American interests at Shanghai. The Saratoga was left at Macao to await the arrival of Dr. Williams, the interpreter. Rendezvous was given at Napha, the principal port of the Loo Choo Islands.

The first object to be attained was the securing of "ports of refuge" for whaling vessels and other ships; upon the main land if possible, otherwise at some of the islands south of Japan, having good harbor and facilities for obtaining water and supplies.

England was already in possession of the most important points in the East India and China Seas. With Singapore commanding the south-western, and Hong Kong the north-eastern entrance, and the Island of Labuan, off Borneo, at an intermediate point, she had control of the enormous trade of these seas.

Japan was, however, untouched, and in the direct route of a commerce of great importance. The Loo Choo Islands were considered, from their size and situation, well adapted to this purpose.

On the twenty-sixth of May, the squadron anchored quietly in the harbor of Napha, the principal port of the Great Loo Choo Island, and the first point where the expedition touched Japanese territory, just six months from the date of leaving home.

The ships had not been at anchor two hours before — notwithstanding a severe rain — a boat came off, with two Japanese officials. On reaching the deck, they made many profound salutations, and presented a folded red card of Japanese paper, about a yard long. The principal personage wore a loose salmon-colored robe, of very fine grass-cloth, while the dress of the other was of similar fashion, but blue. On their heads were oblong caps of bright yellow. They had blue sashes tied around their waists, and white sandals upon their feet. Their beards were long and black, though thin. They were seemingly thirty-five or forty years of age.

Who they were, or the purpose of their visit, could not be ascertained, as the interpreter was not on board.

The next day other boats came off, bearing presents — which, however, were refused. The

Loo Choo dignitaries, a venerable old man acting as regent for the prince, who was represented as a lad of some eleven years of age, and some six or eight other officers, next visited the commodore. They preserved an imperturbable gravity, though it was plain that they felt intense curiosity, not unmingled with considerable alarm.

Permission was accorded to the Americans to go on shore, and exploring parties were immediately organized. One was sent to explore the interior of the island, especially to ascertain if it could furnish coal.

They applied for a guide, but none being furnished, they started out, feeling secure that they would not be allowed to proceed far without escort; and, in fact, before they had fairly left the main street, they were joined by a chief and two subordinate officers, and followed by a curious crowd. Wherever they turned, scouts were seen running in advance, driving the inhabitants out of sight, so that silence and desertion, like that which follows pestilence, greeted them everywhere. In the villages the shops were closed and the stalls deserted in such haste that the contents were often left exposed, showing that the owners were not very far away, though absolutely invisible.

They soon found that they were closely watched. The officers remained with them, though the escort was frequently changed; they could neither tire them down nor run away from them. They found it impossible to hold any communication with the natives, but were, through their guides, supplied with fowls, eggs, vegetables, and all compensation rigidly refused.

This party, being limited in time to six days, returned without finding coal.

Many were the devices to prevent Commodore Perry from returning the visit of the officials *at the palace;* but he persevered in this design, and obtained a formal reception. The queen dowager and the boy prince were still mysteriously invisible, the regent doing the honors.

The Susquehanna and the Saratoga now left for a trip to the Bonin Islands, leaving the Mississippi and the Supply at Napha, to cultivate friendly relations with the islanders. On their return they found the Plymouth at anchor with the two other vessels. They found that the old regent, who had so hospitably entertained them, had been deposed, owing, it was alleged, to his admission of the commodore and suite to the royal residence; and that he would probably be banished. Their regrets at having been thus innocently the cause of the old man's degradation were lessened by doubts as to this being the real cause; that it was a voluntary resignation on his part is probable, from the fact that the new regent went even further in his courtesies and attentions than the former had done.

On the second of July, the commodore, with the Susquehanna, the Mississippi, the Saratoga, and the Plymouth, departed from Loo Choo for Japan proper, coming to anchor on the eighth, at the city of Uraga, in the Bay of Yeddo.

The vice-governor soon after came on board the Susquehanna, all other lower officials having been refused admission. He was informed that the commodore had brought a letter from the president of the United States, which he could only deliver on a proper interview with the highest official of the Japan government. Being informed that Nagasaki was the only place where foreign business could be negotiated, and that it would be necessary for the squadron to go there, Commodore Perry declared very positively that he should not go to Nagasaki, the policy of the commodore being to assume a resolute attitude toward the Japanese government; to demand as a right, not solicit as a favor, those acts of courtesy which are due from one nation to another; and to disregard all acts and threats of the authorities which in the least conflicted with his own sense of what was due to the dignity of the American flag. He was well aware, that the more exclusive he should make himself, and the more unyielding he might be in adhering to his declared intentions, the more respect this people of forms and ceremonies would be disposed to award him. He therefore resolved to confer personally with no one but a functionary of the highest rank, teaching them, by stately and dignified reserve, to respect the country he came from, and to suspend for a time their accustomed arrogance and incivility toward strangers.

The Japanese understood him, and learned the lesson at once. The squadron was thus left free from all annoyance and interference on the part of the authorities. All this was in striking contrast to the humiliations submitted to by the Dutch and other nationalities.

The governor, the highest authority in the city, came on board the next day, but was received by the commander of the vessel, Commodore Perry still refusing to treat with any one but a counselor of the empire.

The governor, objecting to the survey of the harbor by the ships' boats, received for reply that they were only obeying American laws, which were as binding upon Americans as Japanese customs were upon the Japanese.

Thus far the commodore had carried every point. An imperial counselor, the highest functionary in the empire, came from Yeddo to Uraga, to receive the president's letter, and convey it to the emperor. He bore an order with the emperor's seal, wrapped in velvet, and inclosed in a sandal-wood box.

A building was erected by the Japanese, in which to hold the interview, and make the formal delivery of the president's letter. The blows of the hammers and the noisy voices of the laborers were heard throughout the night, and the morning light displayed the almost magical result of their brief labors. Ornamental screens of cloth were stretched between posts of wood, presenting the appearance of elaborate paneling, upon which were emblazoned the imperial arms and the device of scarlet flowers with large, heart-shaped leaves. Flags and streamers of various designs, in gay colors, floated from the angles of the screens. Nine tall standards stood in the center of an immense number of banners of divers brilliant colors, which were arrayed on either side, until the whole formed a crescent of variously tinted flags, which fluttered gayly in the rays of the morning sun. From the tall standards were suspended broad pennons of bright scarlet, which swept the ground with their flowing length. On the beach, in front of this display, were ranged regiments of soldiers, who stood in fixed order, evidently arrayed to give an appearance of martial force, that the Americans might be duly impressed with the military power of the Japanese. Hundreds of Japanese boats were arranged in parallel lines along the margin of the shore, with a red flag flying at the stern of each.

The day was bright, with a clear sunlight which seemed to give fresh vitality alike to the verdant hill-sides, and the gay banners, and the gaudy soldiery. The Japanese officials were in gorgeous costumes of very rich silk brocade of gay colors, turned up with yellow velvet, the whole dress embroidered with gold lace in various figures. The elaborate toilets produced very much the effect of unusually brilliant *knaves of hearts!*

Commodore Perry was attended by as large a retinue as could possibly be spared from the ships, — some three hundred men, all told, — the officers in full dress official uniform, the sailors and marines in their naval and military uniforms of white and blue. The two bands from the steamers enlivened the occasion with music. The thirteen guns of the Susquehanna announced the embarkation of the commodore. The United States flag and the broad pennant were borne by two athletic seamen, who had been selected for their stalwart proportions.

Two boys, elaborately dressed for the occasion, preceded the commodore, bearing in an envelope of scarlet cloth the boxes containing the documents. These were beautifully written on vellum of folio size, not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of interwoven gold and silk, with pendant gold tassels, was encased in a circular box, six inches in diameter, and three in depth, of pure gold. Each of the documents, together with its seal, was placed in a box of rosewood, about a foot long, with lock, hinges, and mountings of gold. On either side of the commodore marched a tall, well-formed negro, armed to the teeth, acting as his personal guard. All this, of course, was designed for effect.

The interview was conducted with the most statuesque formality, in perfect silence. The documents, in English, Dutch, and Chinese translations, were displayed to the Japanese officials, and placed in the receptacle prepared for them, and a roll of papers, the imperial receipt, given in return — all done in absolute silence, because of its being in opposition to Japanese law for foreign business to be transacted elsewhere than in Nagasaki.

Considering the exclusive policy of Japan, there was ground for proud self-satisfaction on the part of every American participating in the events of the day. Japan was at last roused to a sense of her relationship to the rest of the world; she had broken her code of selfish exclusiveness to obey the universal law of hospitality.

The whole squadron now proceeded up the bay, to select an anchorage for the vessels on their return in the spring, to the evident displeasure of the Japanese. Finding their expostulations in vain, however, they yielded with very good grace, and cheerfully shared in the hospitalities of the cabin, so delighted with the cheer that they even carried off, in their capacious sleeves, bread, and ham, and other substantial mementoes. They examined the machinery of the steamers with great curiosity and intelligent comprehension, rapidly gaining an insight into the nature of steam, and the method of its application to the machinery.

During this short stay of eight days, a number of very important points had been gained, in striking contrast to the degrading conditions of the concessions heretofore made to the Dutch. An unprecedented concession was obtained in the interchange of presents, this being prohibited in the most stringent and absolute manner by the laws of this strange government.

While awaiting the arrival from the United States of the vessel conveying from the American government the presents which were to seal the treaty, the squadron, after a thorough survey of both coasts of the harbor, to within eight miles of Yeddo, left the anchorage on the seventh of July.

The Saratoga was dispatched to Shanghai for the protection of American interests there, the revolution in China still continuing, and both life and property being considered unsafe.

The Plymouth was sent to Loo Choo, where an interview was held with the regent. Several very important demands were made, all of which, after the usual attempts at evasion and quibbling, were eventually granted, exactly as presented.

These demands included the establishment of a coal depot, free trade in the market, the discontinuance of espionage, and free communication with the inhabitants.

The Plymouth was left at Loo Choo with instructions to maintain a conciliatory but firm attitude, receiving nothing without returning fair compensation, cultivating the friendship and securing the confidence of the natives.

The Vandalia and the Powhatan now joined the squadron. The revolution rendering the Americans in the various Chinese seaport towns fearful for their safety, the Supply was sent to Canton, and the Mississippi to Whampoa, relieved later, first by the Susquehanna, and then by the Powhatan.

. . . .

During the winter sudden and inexplicable movements on the part of the French commodore and the Russian admiral, leading Commodore Perry to believe that they contemplated interfering in Japanese affairs, he resolved to hasten his return to Yeddo; and the Lexington having arrived from the United States with a portion of the expected presents, he sailed again for Japan on the fourteenth of January, the squadron being now increased to fifteen vessels.

Arrived at Loo Choo, the people were found to be evidently more and more disposed to friendly intercourse. The men in the streets were quite familiar, while even the women no longer fled from the market-places, but remained quietly in charge of their stalls. They evidently rejoiced in the prospect of a political position which might, in a degree, render them independent of Japanese despotism.

Exploring parties were again dispatched into the interior of the island, and the important discovery was made of coal in abundance, and readily obtainable by mining. The natives were apparently unaware of its existence, or unacquainted with its uses.

The squadron now proceeded to the "American anchorage" previously selected, in Yeddo Bay, about twelve miles beyond Uraga.

They were informed that two high Japanese officials were prepared to treat with them *at Uraga.* Commodore Perry refusing to go there, Kama-kura was proposed. This being twenty miles below Uraga, and a very shoal and rocky bay, the commodore signified that he would either meet the commissioners on the shore opposite the present anchorage, or he would move his vessels higher up the bay, even to Yeddo itself if necessary.

To this it was emphatically replied, "You cannot be received at Yeddo." The Japanese insisted strenuously upon Uraga, as being the place appointed by the emperor, and where buildings had been erected, and preparations made for the conference.

The commodore as persistently refused, in view of the insecurity of the harbor, and because of the custom of civilized nations to transact such business at the seat of government.

The Japanese admitted that the commodore was right in desiring to adhere to American and

European usages, but that they were equally bound to compliance with the orders of their emperor, regardless of the customs of foreign countries.

For ten days they used every inducement to prevail upon the commodore to return to Uraga, when, finding it impossible to shake his resolution, they suddenly abandoned their pretended ultimatum.

The place now proposed by them being within sight of Yeddo, with a safe and commodious anchorage, was accepted by Commodore Perry.

The Japanese were soon at work erecting buildings, and making arrangements for the customary gaudy display; and on the eighth of March the conference took place.

They dispensed with the military display of the previous occasion, but the treaty-house was adorned with the same gay paraphernalia as before. The commodore also adhered to the same parade, pomp, and ceremony.

The five Japanese commissioners were august-looking personages, and their grave but courteous manners, and flowing robes of rich silk, set them off to great advantage.

The commissioners stated — as their reply to the letter from the president of the United States to the emperor of Japan — that to continue their adherence to their ancient laws was evidently to misunderstand the spirit of the age; but that — in view of the fact that the former emperor had died since the reception of the president's letter — the confusion and occupation consequent upon the accession to the throne of the new emperor had prevented the full consideration due to such important matters, and that they were therefore unprepared to reply explicitly; that they would, however, prepare for American use the harbor they might select, — which preparation would require about five years, — and that whatever provisions might be required should be supplied.

Commodore Perry replied that the seven months which had elapsed had afforded ample time for the consideration of the just and reasonable demands of the president; and that it was necessary, in order to prevent all future misunderstandings, that the treaty be concluded immediately. He adverted to the advantages gained by the Chinese in their free intercourse with the United States, and presented for their consideration the draught of a treaty, identical in all essential features with that subsisting between the United States and China.

The presents were now landed, presented, and accepted. The more important among them were a telegraphic apparatus, with a mile of wire, and a railroad, with locomotive, tender, passenger-car, and circular railroad. The latter was perfect in its mechanism, and the car a most tasteful specimen of workmanship, but so small that it could hardly carry a child of six years of age. The Japanese were determined to ride, and as they could not reduce themselves to the capacity of the *inside* of the car, they betook themselves to the *roof!* Imagine a dignified mandarin whirling round the circular road at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with his loose robes flying in the wind, clinging with desperate hold to the edge of the roof, grinning with intense interest, his huddled-up body shaking convulsively with laughing timidity as the car spins rapidly round the circle, the movement of the car apparently depending more upon the enormous exertions of the uneasy rider than upon the power of the little puffing locomotive, which was so easily performing its work.

Agricultural instruments, seeds, clocks, stoves, boxes of perfumery, baskets of champagne, cordials, etc., were among the presents, either for the emperor or for distribution.

The Japanese showed a peculiar passion for *buttons*, asking again and again for one, and stowing it away as if it were of great value.

Great offense was given by the chaplain of one of the ships, who penetrated several of the dwellings and temples, and, by his pertinacious perseverance, succeeded in obtaining some Japanese coin, this latter being a great offense against the laws of the empire. Being allowed, in one of the shops, to examine the coin, he placed them in the balance against some of his own American coins, as if to try them, and then, suddenly transferring the Japanese coins — gold, silver, and copper indiscriminately mixed — to his own pocket, walked off, leaving the American coin in the balance, not having been content, as the authorities reported, with gentle persuasions and mild exhortations, but having used "threatening dangers" in which his drawn sword had figured conspicuously. There was a gentle and graceful suggestion of an apology for the conduct of the American chaplain, which showed in beautiful accordance with the precepts of the faith of the intruder, though in unpleasant contrast with his practice.

On the sixteenth of March a reply was received, in which the commissioners repeated the assurance of the impossibility of the emperor's giving his attention at that time to extraneous negotiations. "Among those points which you now propose for adoption, the two items of extending succor and protection to the distressed and wrecked vessels on our coasts, and of furnishing coal to passing ships, and supplying provisions and other necessaries to those who may be in need of them, are founded in reason, and ought to be granted without hesitation. But as to opening a trade, such as is now carried on with China by your country, we certainly cannot yet bring it about. The feelings and manners of our people are very unlike those of other nations; and it will be exceedingly difficult, even if you wish it, to immediately change the old regulations for those of other countries," etc., etc.

Seven propositions were made — all of them looking to the Dutch port of Nagasaki as the only one which could be opened for a trial treaty of five years, the ports asked for in Loo Choo and Matsmai being represented as belonging to independent princes.

To this the commodore replied that he would in that case negotiate directly with those princes himself.

Finding him resolute on all points, the port of Simoda, near Uraga, Napha in Loo Choo, and Hakodadi, near Matsmai, were substituted for Nagasaki.

These important concessions betokened a favorable prospect. For the entertainment of the strangers, they offered a display of twenty-five professional Japanese wrestlers; huge monsters of fat and muscle, whose animal natures had been so carefully developed, that, instead of human beings, they seemed more like fierce bulls, whose very look and movements they had acquired. As they eyed each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing, as it were, with impatience; stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of dirt, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, even bellowing loudly as they rushed forward, with heads lowered, for the conflict.

In return the sailors improvised an exhibition of "negro minstrelsy." The gravity of the most saturnine was not proof against this grotesque entertainment, and they exhibited unbounded delight at the farcical antics and humorous performances of the troupe.

The harbor of Simoda having been found in every respect suitable, the treaty was finally signed on the thirty-first of March. It was drawn up in English, Dutch, and Japanese.

In order to fully appreciate what was thus accomplished, it must be borne in mind that we were treating with a nation which had hitherto maintained a voluntary absolute isolation, communicating with the outside world only through one port, and through foreign agents who were held strict prisoners.

By the new treaty with the United States, a consul was to reside at the port, and Americans were to have perfect freedom for the distance they could go and return in a day, or about seven miles; to enter shops and temples without restrictions; to purchase what they chose from the shops; public houses or inns to be built as resting-places for them in their walks; and they were at liberty to accept invitations to partake of the hospitality of the natives.

The treaty having been signed and exchanged, it was sent, together with the necessary communications, to our government at Washington, for ratification, under the especial charge of a bearer of dispatches, who sailed on the fourth of April, in the Saratoga.

The squadron now departed from the Bay of Yeddo, and proceeded to Simoda. The harbor was thoroughly surveyed, and found to possess all the requirements of a "port of refuge," both from its contiguity to the sea, being on the

Island of Nippon, near the mouth of the lower Gulf of Yeddo, and from its safe and easy approach. The surrounding country was also explored.

Some little trouble was experienced at Simoda with the officials, who apparently found it difficult to understand that the rules by which they had been governed in their intercourse with the Dutch did not hold good with Americans, pleading ignorance of the terms and interpretation of the treaty. The difficulties were finally all removed, and there was no further interruption of the friendly intercourse between the people of Simoda and the Americans.

The ninth of May having been appointed for meeting the Japanese officials at Hakodadi, the other port of refuge, the squadron proceeded thither, leaving the Supply at Simoda.

Hakodadi was found to possess one of the finest harbors in the world for accessibility and safety. The Japanese officials from Yeddo had not yet arrived, and the people were greatly alarmed at the arrival of the American ships, having received no intimation of the intended visit of the squadron, nor even heard of the treaty and the opening of the ports.

They were apparently disposed to be friendly, but fearful of making any concessions before receiving special commands from the emperor, fearing serious consequences for themselves. The Americans were, however, allowed to stroll around unmolested, and a bazaar was opened, where various articles could be obtained at fair prices.

Hakodadi, in its position and general aspect, was found to present a striking resemblance to Gibraltar, offering similar natural advantages for making it impregnable. The harbor was found to abound in excellent fish, while on shore game was abundant.

Having surveyed the harbor and explored the country, and finding the Hakodadi officials unauthorized to ratify the treaty, and no commissioners arriving from Yeddo, Commodore Perry returned to Simoda, where the squadron anchored preparatory to a final departure.

A harbor-master and three pilots were appointed, and furnished with a spy-glass and two American ensigns.

All arrangements having been concluded, on the twenty-eighth of June the whole squadron got under weigh. They came to anchor on the first of July, in the harbor of Napha, Loo Choo, where a treaty, based upon that with Japan, was made with but little delay, opening the port of Napha for commerce, and giving Americans the same freedom there that had been obtained for Simoda and Hakodadi.

A parting entertainment was given to the authorities, which passed off very pleasantly. On the seventeenth of March, 1854, Napha was left to the quiet in which it reposed when the American squadron first anchored in its waters.

The copy of the treaty which had been sent to the United States, in April, was received with great satisfaction, and obtained the immediate and unanimous approval of the Senate.

The approved copy of the treaty, signed by the president and secretary of state, was returned to Japan, and, after much delay, and the interposition of the inevitable quibblings and evasions, exchanged for the Japanese copy, signed by the emperor and the supreme council, and with the imperial seal attached. The formal exchange of ratifications took place on the twenty-first of February, 1855.

With the lapse of time the Japanese were found to have become much more disposed to be friendly and sociable. There was no attempt to watch or follow the officers; they roamed wherever they pleased, and were welcomed everywhere. A bazaar was opened, filled with the finest articles of Japanese manufacture, which the Americans were importuned to buy. The ship was daily visited by some officer of rank, the governor even intimating that it would be very agreeable to him personally that a consul from the United States should be appointed to reside at Simoda.

On the twenty-fifth of June the Japanese ratification was delivered to the secretary of state at Washington.

While Captain Adams was at Simoda, the Russian admiral concluded a treaty with Japan on precisely the same terms as that of the United States, except that they accepted the Dutch port of Nagasaki instead of Napha.

The English government soon after concluded a similar treaty on the same basis.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION. — ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO VARIOUS PERSONS. — THE PRESS, ETC. — NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

IN conclusion I desire, in the name of Mrs. Joseph Fry, to tender my grateful acknowledgments and sincere thanks to all who have aided me in this "labor of love."

Especially would I name Mrs. Sarah E. Dorsey, the distinguished Southern *littérateur* and artist, for kindly words of counsel and encouragement; Dr. De Zayas, for valuable documents; the gentlemen of the New Orleans press, for their critical examination of my manuscripts, and subsequent flattering notices of my work; the Morning Star office, for gratuitous publication of a large number of circulars, subscription list, etc.; Washburn Bros., Photographic Artists, for the portraits which adorn the book; and all those who have labored to procure subscribers to defray the expenses of publication.

MRS. JEANIE MORT WALKER.

NAPOLEON AVENUE, NEW ORLEANS,
November, 1874.

SONN/387

MICKLER'S
ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS
CHULUOTA,FL 32766